THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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AUGUST 16, 1913 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

In This Number

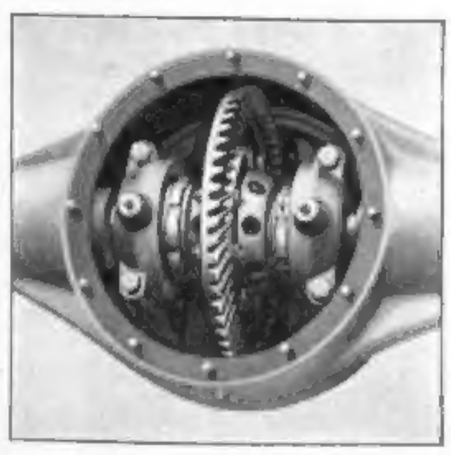
Stories by Edna Ferber and Meredith Nicholson

"38" **Packards** "48"

NEW PACKARD WORM BEVELS MEAN A SILENT REAR AXLE

PACKARD WORM DESIGN GIVES SMOOTH SILENT ACTION BETWEEN PINION AND BEVEL

THE PACKARD WORM BEVEL IS ACCESSIBLE AS WELL AS SILENT



WORM BEVEL GEARS HAVE PRODUCED AT LAST THE SILENT REAR AXLE—THE AIM OF BUILDERS SINCE HIGH GRADE CARS WERE FIRST MADE—NOW AN EXCLUSIVE FEATURE OF THE NEW PACKARD CARS.

WITH THIS ADVANCE IN DESIGN, THE FULL MEASURE OF POWER IS TRANSMITTED WITHOUT NOISE TO THE REAR WHEELS. THE ENTIRE ABSENCE OF REAR AXLE "GRIND" GIVES AN ADDED ZEST TO THE ENJOYMENT OF THE RIDE.

TO ROUND OUT THIS RESULT PACKARD SPIRAL TIMING GEARS INSURE ALSO A SILENT FRONT END.

LEFT DRIVE, LEFT HAND GEAR SHIFT, CONTROL BOARD ON THE STEERING COLUMN.

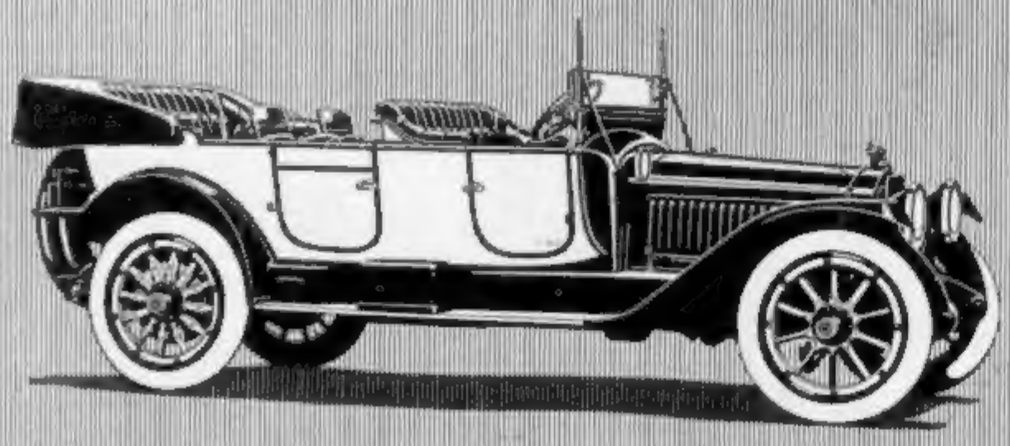
NINETEEN BODY STYLES. TOURING CAR IN EITHER SIZE, SEATS SEVEN.

ANY PACKARD DEALER WILL DEMONSTRATE THE SMOOTH, SILENT ACTION OF THE NEW PACKARD SIXES. CATALOG ON REQUEST.

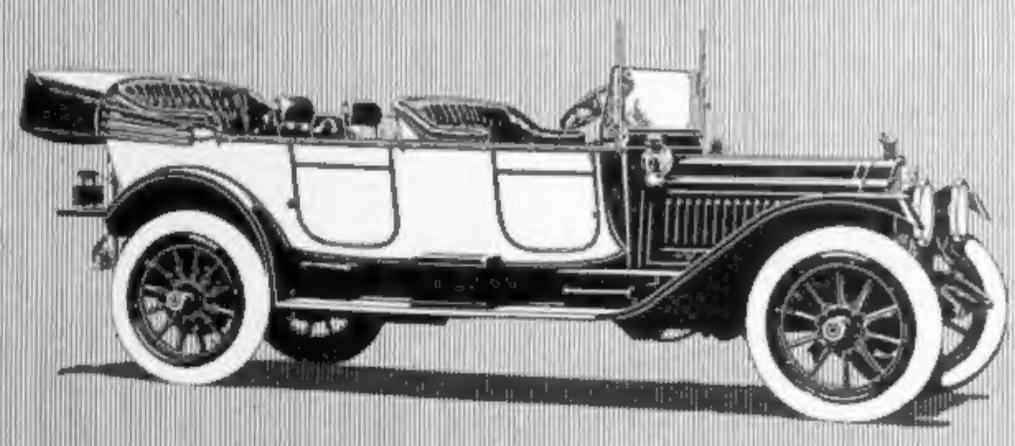
Ask the man who owns one

Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit

THE "38" TOURING CAR



THE "48" TOURING CAR



Gentlemen:

I would like to have you consider with me the one feature that, more than any other, really distinguishes good from mediocre clothes. That is STYLE. Any tailor can use fine fabrics and put them together with more or less accuracy. But to get real style into them is another proposition.

The designer of Society Brand Clothes is an artist, conceded by clothes-makers to be unsurpassed in his line.

The style he imbues in Society Brand Clothes is as essentially a part of them as the fragrance of a flower or the beauty of a woman. It's organic. It stands forth as a consummate expression of harmony and good taste. A Society Brand garment is a creation. In looking at it, you are not moved to think of details—of style as such, of tailoring, or of fabrics. You behold an effect—a result of an artist's complete plan, from the selection of the fabric down even to the buttons.

The final achievement, for the want of a better and more comprehensive word, we call Style. But, like the masterpiece, it is the product of a higher artistic instinct, of "feeling," genius.

And herein lies the secret of the wonderful success and adaptability of Society Brand Clothes to young and young-thinking men.

Ask your clothier to show you the Fall Models. If you have never worn these clothes, it will be a revelation to you to see them, and try them on before a mirror.

Society Brand Clothes

Ready-to-Wear *$20 to $40*

MADE IN CHICAGO BY
ALFRED DECKER & COHN

Made in Montreal, for Canada, by Samuel Hart & Co.
under Alfred Decker & Cohn supervision

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The Style Book

Fall & Winter

When you get a copy of The Style Book for fall, here's what you'll find in it:

1. A series of artistic illustrations showing the new models in men's clothes; new soft-roll sacks; the latest in shawl-collar overcoats; the men's-styles-for-women models. And a few words to tell you what style really means.

2. We have something to say about the price of good clothes; we'll tell you why you'd better pay $25 or more for a suit or overcoat; but you'll find good clothes with our name in them for less.

3. In a few words you'll find a statement that ready clothes, as we make them — all wool fabrics, fine tailoring, satisfaction guaranteed — are better for you to buy than made-to-measure clothes. It's a convincing statement; better read it.

4. Young men will be particularly interested in the illustrations of their special models, and in what's said about them.

5. The question of fit is touched on; you'll get a new idea about that in this Style Book; you can be correctly fitted in ready clothes.

6. Men's styles for women are the coming thing; not simply "mannish" styles for women — dressmakers and women's tailors have been doing that right along. These are men's styles; made that way.

The Style Book is a valuable contribution to a subject that interests a good many people; don't treat it as a mere advertisement. You can get something out of it. If you are not sure of seeing a copy, send us your name. The book will be ready about September 1st.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

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The Girl Who Went Right

By EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THERE is a story—Kipling, I think—that tells of a spirited horse galloping in the dark suddenly drawing up tense, hoofs bunched, slim flanks quivering, nostrils dilated, ears pricked. Urging being of no avail the rider dismounts, strikes a match, advances a cautious step or so, and finds himself at the precipitous brink of a newly formed crevasse.

So it is with your trained editor. A miraculous sixth sense guides him. A mysterious something warns him of danger lurking within the seemingly innocent oblong white envelope. Without slitting the flap, without pausing to adjust his tortoise-rimmed glasses, without clearing his throat, without lighting his cigarette—he knows.

The deadly newspaper story he scents in the dark. Cub reporter. Crusty city editor. Cub fired. Stumbles on to big story. Staggers into newspaper office wild-eyed. Last edition. "Hold the presses!" Crusty C. E. stands over cub's typewriter grabbing story line by line. Even foreman of pressroom moved to tears by tale. "Boys, this ain't just a story this kid's writin'. This is history!" Story finished. Cub faints. C. E. makes him star reporter.

The athletic story: "I could never marry a molly-coddle like you, Harold Hammond!" Big game of the year. Team crippled. Second half. Halfback hurt. Harold Hammond, scrub, into the game. Touchdown! Broken leg. Five to nothing. "Harold, can you ever, ever forgive me?"

"It Ain't Bad. How Much Did You Say?"

The pseudo-psychological story: She had been sitting before the fire for a long, long time. The flame had flickered and died down to a smoldering ash. The sound of his departing footsteps echoed and reëchoed through her brain. But the little room was very, very still.

The shop-girl story: Torn boots and temptation, tears and sneers, pathos and bathos, all the way from Zola to the vice inquiry.

Having thus attempted to hide the deadly commonplaceness of this story with a thin layer of cynicism, perhaps even the wily editor may be tricked into taking the leap.

Four weeks before the completion of the new twelve-story addition the store advertised for two hundred experienced saleswomen. Rachel Wiletzky, entering the superintendent's office after a wait of three hours, was Applicant No. 179. The superintendent did not look up as Rachel came in. He scribbled busily on a pad of paper at his desk, thus observing rules one and two in the proper conduct of superintendents when interviewing applicants. Rachel Wiletzky, standing by his desk, did not cough or wriggle or rustle her skirts or sag on one hip. A sense of her quiet penetrated the superintendent's subconsciousness. He glanced up hurriedly over his left shoulder. Then he laid down his pencil and sat up slowly. His mind was working quickly enough though. In the twelve seconds that intervened between the laying down of the pencil and the sitting up in his chair he had hastily readjusted all his well-founded preconceived ideas on the appearance of shop-girl applicants.

Rachel Wiletzky had the coloring and physique of a dairymaid. It was the sort of coloring that you associate in your mind with lush green fields, and Jersey cows, and village maids, in Watteau frocks, balancing brimming pails aloft in the protecting curve of one rounded upraised arm, with perhaps a Maypole dance or so in the background. Altogether, had the superintendent been given to figures of speech, he might have said that Rachel was as much out of place among the preceding one hundred and seventy-eight bloodless, hollow-chested, stoop-shouldered applicants as a sunflower would be in a patch of dank white fungi.

He himself was one of those bleached men that you find on the office floor of department stores. Gray skin, gray eyes, graying hair, careful gray clothes—seemingly as void of pigment as one of those sunless things you disclose when you turn over a board that has long lain on the moldy floor of a damp cellar. It was only when you looked closely that you noticed a fleck of golden brown in the cold gray of each eye, and a streak of warm brown forming an unquenchable forelock that the conquering gray had not been able to vanquish. It may have been a something within him corresponding to those outward bits of human coloring that tempted him to yield to a queer impulse. He whipped from his breast-pocket the gray-bordered handkerchief, reached up swiftly and passed one white corner of it down the length of Rachel Wiletzky's Killarney-rose left cheek. The rude path down which the handkerchief had traveled deepened to red for a moment before both rose-pink cheeks bloomed into scarlet. The superintendent gazed rather ruefully from unblemished handkerchief to cheek and back again.

"Why—it—it's real!" he stammered.

Rachel Wiletzky smiled a good-natured little smile that had in it a dash of superiority.

"If I was putting it on," she said, "I hope I'd have sense enough to leave something to the imagination. This color out of a box would take a spiderweb veil to tone it down."

Not much more than a score of words. And yet before the half were spoken you were certain that Rachel Wiletzky's knowledge of lush green fields and bucolic scenes was that gleaned from the condensed-milk ads that glare down at one from billboards and street-car chromos. Hers was the ghetto voice—harsh, metallic, yet fraught with the resonant music of tragedy.

"H'm—name?" asked the gray superintendent. He knew that vocal quality.

A queer look stole into Rachel Wiletzky's face, a look of cunning and determination and shrewdness.

"Ray Willets," she replied composedly. "Double l."

"Clerked before, of course. Our advertisement stated ——"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Ray Willets hastily, eagerly. "I can sell goods. My customers like me. And I don't get tired. I don't know why, but I don't."

The superintendent glanced up again at the red that glowed higher with the girl's suppressed excitement. He took a printed slip from the little pile of paper that lay on his desk.

"Well, anyway, you're the first clerk I ever saw who had so much red blood that she could afford to use it for decorative purposes. Step into the next room, answer the questions on this card and turn it in. You'll be notified."

Ray Willets took the searching, telltale blank that put its questions so pertinently. "Where last employed?" it demanded. "Why did you leave? Do you live at home?"

Ray Willets moved slowly away toward the door opposite. The superintendent reached forward to press the button that would summon Applicant No. 180. But before

"Well, Sure. Did You Think I Had a Flat Up on the Drive?"

his finger touched it Ray Willets turned and came back swiftly. She held the card out before his surprised eyes.

"I can't fill this out. If I do I won't get the job. I work over at the Halsted Street Bazaar. You know—the Cheap Store. I lied and sent word I was sick so I could come over here this morning. And they dock you for time off whether you're sick or not."

The superintendent drummed impatiently with his fingers. "I can't listen to all this. Haven't time. Fill out your blank, and if ——"

All that latent dramatic force which is a heritage of her race came to the girl's aid now.

"The blank! How can I say on a blank that I'm leaving because I want to be where real people are? What chance has a girl got over there on the West Side? I'm different. I don't know why, but I am. Look at my face! Where should I get red cheeks from? From not having enough to eat half the time and sleeping three in a bed?"

She snatched off her shabby glove and held one hand out before the man's face.

"From where do I get such hands? Not from selling hardware over at Twelfth and Halsted. Look at it! Say, couldn't that hand sell silk and lace?"

Some one has said that to make fingers and wrists like those which Ray Willets held out for inspection it is necessary to have had at least five generations of ancestors who have sat with their hands folded in their laps. Slender, tapering, sensitive hands they were, pink-tipped, temperamental. Wistful hands they were, speaking hands, an inheritance, perhaps, from some dreamer ancestor within the old-world ghetto, some long-haired, velvet-eyed student of the Talmud dwelling within the pale with its squalor and noise, and dreaming of unseen things beyond the confining gates—things rare and exquisite and fine.

"Ashamed of your folks?" snapped the superintendent.

"N-no—No! But I want to be different. I am different! Give me a chance, will you? I'm straight. And I'll work. And I can sell goods. Try me."

That all-pervading grayness seemed to have lifted from the man at the desk. The brown flecks in the eyes seemed to spread and engulf the surrounding colorlessness. His face, too, took on a glow that seemed to come from within. It was like the lifting of a thick gray mist on a foggy morning, so that the sun shines bright and clear for a brief moment before the damp curtain rolls down again and effaces it.

He leaned forward in his chair, a queer half-smile on his face.

"I'll give you your chance," he said, "for one month. At the end of that time I'll send for you. I'm not going to watch you. I'm not going to have you watched. Of course your sale slips will show the office whether you're selling goods or not. If you're not they'll discharge you. But that's routine. What do you want to sell?"

"What do I want to—— Do you mean—— Why, I want to sell the lacy things."

"The lacy ——"

Ray, very red-cheeked, made the plunge. "The—the lawnjeree, you know. The things with ribbon and handwork and yards and yards of real lace. I've seen 'em in the glass case in the French Room. Seventy-nine dollars marked down from one hundred."

The superintendent scribbled on a card. "Show this Monday morning. Miss Jevne is the head of your department. You'll spend two hours a day in the store school of instruction for clerks. Here, you're forgetting your glove."

The gray look had settled down on him again as he reached out to press the desk button. Ray Willets passed out at the door opposite the one through which Rachel Wiletzky had entered.

Some one in the department nicknamed her Chubbs before she had spent half a day in the underwear and imported lingerie. At the store school she listened and learned. She learned how important were things of which Halsted Street took no cognizance. She learned to make out a sale slip as complicated as an engineering blueprint. She learned that a clerk must develop suavity and patience in the same degree as a customer waxes waspish and insulting, and that the spectrum's colors do not exist in the costume of the girl-behind-the-counter. For her there are only black and white. These things she learned and many more, and remembered them, for behind the rosy cheeks and the terrier-bright eyes burned the indomitable desire to get on. And the finished embodiment of all of Ray Willets' desires and ambitions was daily before her eyes in the presence of Miss Jevne, head of the lingeries and negligées.

Of Miss Jevne it might be said that she was real where Ray was artificial, and artificial where Ray was real. Everything that Miss Jevne wore was real. She was as modish as Ray was shabby, as slim as Ray was stocky, as artificially tinted and tinctured as Ray was naturally rosy-cheeked and buxom. It takes real money to buy clothes as real as those worn by Miss Jevne. The soft charmeuse in her graceful gown was real and miraculously draped. The cobweb-lace collar that so delicately traced its pattern against the black background of her gown was real. So was the ripple of lace that cascaded down the front of her blouse. The straight, correct, hideously modern lines of her figure bespoke a real eighteen-dollar corset. Realest of all, there reposed on Miss Jevne's bosom a bar pin of platinum and diamonds—very real diamonds set in a severely plain but very real bar of precious platinum. So if you except Miss Jevne's changeless color, her artificial smile, her glittering hair and her undulating head-of-the-department walk, you can see that everything about Miss Jevne was as real as money can make one.

Miss Jevne, when she deigned to notice Ray Willets at all, called her "girl," thus: "Girl, get down one of those Number Seventeens for me—with the pink ribbons." Ray did not resent the tone. She thought about Miss Jevne as she worked. She thought about her at night when she was washing and ironing her other shirtwaist for next day's wear. In the Halsted Street Bazaar the girls had been on terms of dreadful intimacy with those affairs in each other's lives which popularly are supposed to be private knowledge. They knew the sum which each earned per week; how much they turned in to help swell the family coffers and how much they were allowed to keep for their own use. They knew each time a girl spent a quarter for a cheap sailor collar or a pair of near-silk stockings. Ray Willets, who wanted passionately to be different, whose hands so loved the touch of the lacy, silky garments that made up the lingerie and negligée departments, recognized the perfection of Miss Jevne's faultless realness—recognized it, appreciated it, envied it. It worried her too. How did she do it? How did one go about attaining the same degree of realness?

Meanwhile she worked. She learned quickly. She took care always to be cheerful, interested, polite. After a short week's handling of lacy silken garments she ceased to feel a shock when she saw Miss Jevne displaying a *robe-de-nuit* made up of white cloud and sea-foam and languidly assuring the customer that of course it wasn't to be expected that you could get a fine handmade lace at that price—only twenty-seven-fifty. Now if she cared to look at something really fine—made entirely by hand—why ——

The end of the first ten days found so much knowledge crammed into Ray Willets' clever, ambitious little head that the pink of her cheeks had deepened to carmine, as a child grows flushed and too bright-eyed when overstimulated and overtired.

Miss Myrtle, the store beauty, strolled up to Ray, who was straightening a pile of corset covers and *brassières*. Miss Myrtle was the store's star cloak-and-suit model. Tall, svelte, graceful, lovely in line and contour, she was remarkably like one of those exquisite imbeciles that Rossetti used to love to paint. Hers were the great cow-like eyes, the wonderful oval face, the marvelous little nose, the perfect lips and chin. Miss Myrtle could don a forty-dollar gown, parade it before a possible purchaser, and make it look like an imported model at one hundred and twenty-five. When Miss Myrtle opened those exquisite lips and spoke you got a shock that hurt. She laid one cool slim finger on Ray's ruddy cheek.

"Sure enough!" she drawled nasally. "Whereja get it anyway, kid? You must of been brought up on peaches 'n' cream and slept in a pink cloud somewheres."

"Me!" laughed Ray, her deft fingers busy straightening a bow here, a ruffle of lace there. "Me! The L-train runs so near my bed that if it was ever to get a notion to take a short cut it would slice off my legs to the knees."

"Live at home?" Miss Myrtle's grasshopper mind never dwelt long on one subject.

"Well, sure," replied Ray. "Did you think I had a flat up on the Drive?"

"I live at home too," Miss Myrtle announced impressively. She was leaning indolently against the table. Her eyes followed the deft, quick movements of Ray's slender, capable hands. Miss Myrtle always leaned when there was anything to lean on. Involuntarily she fell into melting poses. One shoulder always drooped slightly, one toe always trailed a bit like the picture on the cover of the fashion magazines, one hand and arm always followed the line of her draperies while the other was raised to hip or breast or head.

Ray's busy hands paused a moment. She looked up at the picturesque Myrtle. "All the girls do, don't they?"

"Huh?" said Myrtle blankly.

"Live at home, I mean? The application blank says——"

"Say, you've got clever hands, ain't you?" put in Miss Myrtle irrelevantly. She looked ruefully at her own short, stubby, unintelligent hands, that so perfectly reflected her character in that marvelous way hands have. "Mine are stupid-looking. I'll bet you'll get on." She sagged to the other hip with a weary gracefulness. "I ain't got no brains," she complained.

"Where do they live then?" persisted Ray.

"Who? Oh, I live at home"—again virtuously—"but I've got some heart if I am dumb. My folks couldn't get along without what I bring home every week. A lot of the girls have flats. But that don't last. Now Jevne ——"

"Yes?" said Ray eagerly. Her plump face with its intelligent eyes was all aglow.

(Continued on Page 29)

"We Had the Doctor—and Medicine—I—— Say, Your Own Folks Come Before Black One-Piece Dresses"

REGISTERED

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

CAN'T understand your delay! Come at once!" ran the telegram. Webster G. Burgess pressed a button and demanded a timetable. In fifteen minutes he was on his way to the station in response to his wife's summons.

The first clause of the message was responsible for putting the president of the White River National Bank in motion. It was never safe for Mrs. Burgess not to understand anything; hence Webster's haste to reach Lake Waupegan and satisfy her of his good intentions.

Waupegan bored Webster G. His wife had taken a house there for the season over his protest, and he meant to make his visits few and far between. At home he was comfortably established at the Country Club, where the view of the canal from his window was as good as anything he had seen at the lake—so he said. He dismissed Waupegan as a capital place for women and children, but it obviously offered no uplift to a man who had camped and hunted in the wildest parts of the Canadian Rockies, and who had won a wager by sailing a schooner from Portland to Havana.

Mrs. Burgess liked Waupegan because she could hold executive committee meetings of the Jane Austen Club on her veranda as easily as at home, and foregather and conspire with her sisters from Logansport, South Bend, and other intellectual centers of the Hoosier commonwealth against the—alleged—machine that dominated the State Federation of Civic Leagues.

The idea of canoeing through Maine with a frying-pan and one suitcase did not appeal to her as it did to Web. But Web had the reputation of being a good sport, and if she wanted to rent a house at Waupegan and plot the overthrow of the federation tyrants he was not the man to act ugly about it. And if she wrote and wired demanding that he run up in the middle of the week, all on account of Eva Haverford's love affairs, it was not in Web's nature to complain.

Besides, he liked Eva. Eva was a nice girl, who meant to do the right thing. As she was an orphan and he managed her business affairs, he was acutely aware of this. She had ideals about her obligations to mankind and gave away a lot of money every year. The cashier of the White River National frequently complained to the president of Miss Haverford's overdrafts. Web repeated the complaints to Eva as though they were a big joke, and she was always sorry and said she did not know how it happened. These incidents were valuable in proving that Eva was human after all, for no mere woman is ever satisfied that the bank isn't robbing her when her passbook comes back illuminated with red ink.

The banker's slight annoyance at being obliged to start for Waupegan on a hot afternoon in a daycoach smoker passed quickly as the train rolled out of the station. Any sort of journey might, he had found by experience, bring him face to face with adventure. He did not at once see it in Eva's case; but as three years earlier, on his way to attend his aunt's funeral in St. Louis, he had rescued two deputy United States marshals from death at the hands of a noted crook they were convoying to Leavenworth Prison, he never embarked upon even the briefest excursion without a definite faith that something might turn up.

A few men scattered through the car smoked pipes with democratic simplicity, and he lighted a cigar in self-defense and took refuge in the afternoon paper. Scareheads proclaimed a post-office robbery at Mercury, a town on the Ohio River; and this interested Burgess. The yeggs had hauled the safe out of the post-office, carried it in a borrowed wagon to a country church a mile distant, and there had blown it open among the gravestones. The humor of this lifted the banker's spirits a good deal. In his prison-reform work he had specialized, so to speak, in yeggs; and he held a high opinion of the guild.

A young man two seats ahead of Burgess rolled cigarettes and read a book. As he was the only passenger between the banker and the baggage-room partition Burgess noted him with some particularity. After the conductor had taken the tickets the young gentleman rose, yawned, tried to turn the seat in front of him and, finding it locked, produced some sort of implement from his pocket, released the seat, and then appropriated it as a footrest.

"How Could He Answer When He's Been Shot!" Burgess Blurted

The shoes thus brought within range of Burgess' vision bore a high polish. The young man wore a blue serge suit the trousers of which retained the lines of their latest pressing. He wore a white wing collar with a blue tie, and he threw out his arms occasionally to shake down the cuffs of his blue shirt.

These facts went to work in Burgess' subconsciousness while he reread a letter from his wife that had preluded her importunate telegram:

Eva's mind has been poisoned against Orbison and she is at the point of breaking their engagement. You know how highminded she is; and you can imagine how she would take any suggestion that the man she has promised to marry is not all she has believed him to be. Dick Whittlesey is here. Eva's engagement doesn't seem to have dampened his ardor, and the sudden calling away of the regiment the week after Eva began wearing O.'s engagement ring has given W. his chance. Eva has practically admitted that W. has told her these stories—as an old friend, of course, anxious for her happiness, and that sort of rot. You know she was a little interested in W. before O. took her fancy. It's not a pretty story. It seems that while the regiment was in the Philippines O. was mixed up unpleasantly with a native girl. I wish you would telegraph and cable, and do everything possible to get the truth of this. W. is persistent and I've done about all I can to hold things as they are. And you know O. is the most interesting and attractive fellow who has ever been stationed at the fort.

Burgess did know. There had never been a finer officer at Fort Benjamin Harrison than Captain Tommy, and it roused Burgess' ire to hear that an unsuccessful rival was circulating scandalous tales about Orbison while the captain was off with his regiment doing picket duty along the Mexican frontier.

The banker's heart warmed to Orbison as he pondered. He had given a dinner at the University Club in the captain's honor just before the regiment's departure from Indianapolis, and Eva had been there, radiantly happy. She and the captain were to be married just as soon as Mexico decided to be good and allow the American army to go about its business, which in the case of Orbison's regiment meant a peaceful return to the handsome brick buildings and green parade ground near the Hoosier capital.

Burgess had telegraphed Colonel Westfield a long message demanding to know what truth there was in the story about Orbison; and, as he knew the colonel well as a gentleman with the strictest sense of honor, he was satisfied that the reply he had directed to be forwarded to Waupegan would settle matters and avert the calamity that threatened Miss Haverford's peace and happiness.

Whittlesey was a broker and promoter, whose schemes had impressed Burgess for several years by their unsoundness. He was an extremely plausible young person, whose glib tongue and handsome exterior were calculated to deceive the unwary investor. One of his projects, a light-and-power company in Northern Indiana, had gone pretty close to the line. Burgess happened to know that Whittlesey had been trying to borrow money on bonds of the power company to which his title was a trifle dubious; and it was conceivable that he was looking covetously upon Eva Haverford's fortune, which Burgess was not disposed to relinquish to just any suitor who offered himself. The more he thought of it the more indignant he became that Dick Whittlesey had dared to follow Eva to Waupegan.

He returned to the newspaper and looked again at the description of George Bennett, alias Woods, alias the Streak, who was believed to have robbed the Mercury post-office. The Streak was described as youthful, athletic, blond, and of prepossessing appearance—and the young man who had picked the lock of the seat was all these things. Burgess made a mental calculation as to how long it would take an energetic traveler to jump from Mercury, on the Ohio, to Indianapolis, and he decided that the young gentleman might easily be the Streak. He walked to the baggage-room door, and in retracing his steps begged the blond young man's pardon and asked the loan of a match.

The suspect raised his head and looked at Burgess absently. His eyes were blue, their gaze steady and unhurried.

"Match? Certainly. Please don't mention it."

The match produced and delivered, the young man's attention became riveted at once upon his book. Burgess caught a glimpse of the title. His yeggman was reading Emerson's Essays! Seeing that he lingered, the student of Emerson glanced up again, seemed to remember that it was time to smoke, drew the makings out of his pocket and rolled a cigarette. He did it with the fewest possible strokes, blew the first draft of smoke into the air, and seemed surprised to find Burgess still standing before him.

"Beastly train!" he suggested.

"Rotten!" said Burgess. "Lake?"

"Waupegan—yep!"

He swept the banker with a swift scrutiny and, apparently satisfied, removed his legs, dusted the seat with his handkerchief, and bade Burgess make himself at home. He lifted a shabby hand-satchel and placed it carefully in a new position beside him. Its contents rattled suggestively even under his cautious handling. It was a disreputable piece of baggage and nowise related to the smart suitcase thrust under the seat. A thief in rapid flight from the scene of his latest robbery would hardly be likely to incumber himself with so much luggage; but Bennett, alias Woods, was set down as an extraordinary criminal. To all appearances he was a very proper person and his manners were admirable. The newspaper description of the Streak covered this point, reciting that between jobs he traveled through the country as a book agent.

Undoubtedly the post-office inspectors for the district, reënforced by all the police and detectives in the Middle West, were on the lookout for the Streak. This young gentleman who read Emerson for recreation might shrewdly have calculated that main-traveled roads offered the safest retreat. He seemed well disposed, at any rate, and began to talk of the corn crop and other subjects that did not at the moment interest Webster G. Burgess.

"Travel a good deal?" asked Burgess presently, his eye falling upon the battered satchel.

The blue eyes regarded him with a humorous twinkle.

"Not exactly. The fact is that isn't my bag. It's one I borrowed. Traveling under false pretenses!"

The thought of the bag evidently tickled the Streak. He regarded it with an amused smile and patted it gently as his hand rested upon it.

"Traveling for pleasure, I suppose—not much business at Waupegan?"

"Oh, you never can tell! In my line you never know what's going to turn up. Here today and there tomorrow—and the devil take the hindmost!"

The Streak turned to the window dreamily. Whatever his business might be, it was apparently giving him no great concern. He was clearly not heavily burdened with his sins or troubled by the fear of arrest. Burgess had read of such crooks; he had always particularly enjoyed the chronicles of gentlemanly road agents who joked with their victims while taking their purses. He felt drawn to the Streak; he wished in some way to convey to him the idea that he, Webster G. Burgess, was a human being who looked with tolerance and sympathy upon crime and criminals.

"After conducting a negotiation you sometimes leave—er—er—without saying goodby?" he suggested with a meaningful glance.

The Streak pursed his lips and lifted his brows.

"Sometimes it is better that way! You've probably found it so yourself!"

They grinned at each other in the happy consciousness that they were on the same circuit and spoke the same language.

The banker was liking the burglar better all the time. He prided himself on his knack of reading men. His chest expanded as he reflected that he was not only able to pick out a crook for whom keen eyes were searching all over the Ohio Valley, but that he was able to carry on a conversation with the criminal in perfect amity, as though he were a person he had met in a club or anywhere else that gentlemen meet.

"My name is Burgess; I live in Indianapolis. If you ever visit there ——"

"Webster G. Burgess, banker? I have heard the boys speak of you. They know a friend when they see him."

This pleased Webster G. Burgess greatly. He was glad to be known by the boys and counted among their friends. The fact that he had hired a lawyer to defend a poor counterfeiter who had been arraigned in the district court at Indianapolis, and that he had sheltered in his own house an escaped convict he had picked up on an automobile trip, had not, then, passed without appreciation in the underworld of mystery. Prison-reform agents sometimes sent him men in search of positions, and it must be said for Burgess that he had placed them to advantage. Just why he had found ex-convicts anxious to lead a better life less interesting than irreclaimable crooks was a delicate question in ethics with which Burgess did not trouble himself.

"Red Snapper told me what you did for him," the Streak continued after glancing over his shoulder.

Red Snapper was the counterfeiter whom Burgess had found in a fence-corner in Southern Indiana, with a secret-service bullet in his leg. He had liked Red Snapper. If he hadn't he wouldn't have roused Mrs. Burgess' indignation by establishing him in her blue guest chamber and turning loose the best surgeon in Indianapolis on his shattered leg. And Burgess, being a banker, should have been the last man in creation to have shielded a clumsy coiner like Red Snapper, whose silver dollars were the saddest imitations of money that had ever been floated.

"Poor old cuss! He got pinched after all," remarked Burgess in a low tone intended to express sympathy with the whole underworld.

"That wasn't your fault!" the Streak replied with an inflection that acquitted the banker of all responsibility.

"Locked up in Stillwater now?" Burgess queried.

The Streak nodded and yawned.

"That's where I saw him last. Two years more for Snapper!"

"I must remember that and see what we can do for him when his time's up."

"If I'm jugged again I'll tell him that. He's too old for the game; and it's pretty hard to get by with the queer these days."

"You had your nerve to come through Indianapolis," ventured Burgess as their intimacy deepened. "They might have nabbed you!"

The Streak was rolling a fresh cigarette. He looked up as he applied the paper to his lip and winked.

"A lot of rubes! They don't worry me any. By the way, that Mercury job was a picked rooster—no feathers and tough meat. But—there's always the Law of Compensation old Waldo leans on so hard. Bully old Waldo! Care for him?"

He pointed his cigarette at the volume of Emerson. Nothing in all his adventures had been so much to Burgess' liking! That this pleasant-voiced young man, in flight from the scene of his latest robbery, should cite the Sage of Concord caused any lingering discomfiture over his enforced midweek trip to Waupegan to vanish. He must keep a hand on the Streak. It would be the best of jokes to introduce him to his wife and invite him to dinner. The thought of presenting a burglar to the sober folk of the tame little summer resort struck fire upon his imagination. Mrs. Burgess believed that the penitentiaries should be enlarged and kept filled; but, once she had entertained an angel of the underworld unawares, he would be fortified forever against her attacks upon his mistaken philanthropies.

In a Moment the Recovered Engagement Ring Shone Upon Her Finger

"You may be amused to know how I came to be drawn to the eminent New England thinker," the Streak was saying. "In my boarding house at college pie was the only article of food that was at all edible. The woman who ran that joint couldn't serve a raw turnip without spoiling it en route from garden to consumer; but when it came to pie she was a wizard. Any old kind—it was all the same to her! Maybe you remember that the usual rhubarb pie is of about the consistency of warmed-over asphalt pudding; but not so with Mrs. William B. Robinson's! Her piecrust was of a flakiness that made snowflakes seem like buckshot in comparison. Finding that Waldo had been a master pie-eater, I became addicted to his works. You might say that I'm a martyr to Emerson's philosophy. That line of his about Duty whispering low 'Thou must!' and Youth replying, 'I can!' caused me to take a dare to plant Prexy's red cow on the Greek professor's woodshed—and I was bounced in my Freshman year. I thereupon took up crime, you may say, as a pursuit. Can you blame me?" he concluded.

Webster G. Burgess could not. He burned to ask this blithe adventurer the name of his college, but refrained from a sense of delicacy.

By the time the train was running along the starlit lake, with the dock lights twinkling round its long oval, the Streak had regaled Burgess with endless stories of crime and criminals. He had described the little affair at Mercury circumstantially. Yegging, as the Streak talked of it, was a delightful sport, that seemed to the admiring banker as worthy of emulation by a man of spirit as breasting Mount McKinley or shooting rapids, or cruising amid icebergs in a kayak off the Greenland coast—at all of which things Webster G. Burgess had tried his skill.

He argued that the Streak's gentlemanly exterior and indubitable good looks made it possible for him to hide in places little likely to be sought by the police. Waupegan, that soothing kettleful of tepid water, was just such a haven as the student of Emerson would seek for recreation from his strenuous life; and he could resume business at any time at the nearest post-office.

"You may rely on me—I hope you understand that," remarked Burgess solicitously. He was fearful that the Streak would shake him off; and he was averse to losing this engaging safeblower, with his quizzical smile, his charming eyes, and his reliance upon Emerson.

"Your visit to the lake is not—er—professional?" queried Burgess guardedly, recalling that the Waupegan post-office was in the village confectionery shop, for the greater convenience of young persons prone to peruse their letters over a chocolate sundae. It was a delicate matter to ask a young man who leaned upon Emerson's Law of Compensation whether he intended varying the monotony of his vacation with safeblowing. The banker's suggestion caused the Streak to smile.

"One never quite puts one's business aside," he observed. "I dare say you find it difficult yourself—force of habit and that sort of thing."

This seemed to perfect the chain that bound burglar and banker. If his wife were not already fully occupied with Eva Haverford's troubles, and one guest were not the limit of the cottage, Burgess would then and there have pressed the burglar to accompany him.

"Stopping long?"

"Only until ——" The Streak flashed Burgess an inscrutable smile. He had exchanged his cap for a straw hat of the latest pattern and was drawing on a pair of tan gloves. He stood up, tall and slim—a presentable person anywhere; and he carried his kit of tools as jauntily as a young surgeon whose adoring parents have just endowed him with his first bag of instruments.

"I think," he remarked as they stepped out of the stuffy car into the cool air of the lake shore, "that I'll try the Kingfisher. I believe it's rated a little higher than the Grand. Perhaps we shall meet again."

Burgess did not dare confess how reluctant he was to lose a newfound friend whose every tone and trick of manner fascinated him. The Streak touched his baggage with the point of his toe as a sign to the waiting porter that he might honor himself by leading the way to the inn. The Kingfisher was a bit exclusive. Young widows were rather conspicuous among its patrons; there was much bridging on its ample verandas. If the burglar meditated a raid on the widows' jewels ——

The Streak lifted his hat and they shook hands.

The little steamer was waiting to carry passengers across the lake, and Burgess embarked after a final glance at the Streak's back as that young person strolled up the dock toward the Kingfisher, from whose bright verandas an orchestra of four pieces played a cheery welcome.

"You Had Your Nerve to Come Through Indianapolis. They Might Have Nabbed You!"

II

IT WAS Mrs. Burgess' idea that Web always did the wrong thing. This was the basest calumny, for he scored high in the good-intentions column; but he played his own system. And he liked to be abused for disobeying orders before announcing that he had followed them to the letter. Married men in their early forties employ this method; it leaves a line of retreat when the orders have been strictly obeyed and results prove unfortunate.

"Where's Eva?" he demanded after he got into his dinner coat and sat down to the supper his wife had kept for him.

It was eight o'clock, and his absorption in the Streak's reminiscences had caused him to overlook the fact that at six the train had stopped at Kernville for supper.

"Eva," replied Mrs. Burgess, "has gone to the dance at the Casino, and we're to follow and bring her home."

"I suppose she went alone?"

"With Whittlesey, of course. She can't dodge him—he's on the place every minute. It's perfectly maddening the way he's been hanging round!" It might have been inferred from her tone that Burgess had sent Whittlesey to the lake for the sole purpose of annoying Eva Haverford; but he was meek under suffering—he encouraged his wife to go on and do her worst. "I suppose you've done nothing toward straightening out this Orbison business? I don't believe a word of it—it's the most infamous thing I ever heard!"

"It is," replied Burgess, forking an olive—"it undoubtedly is; and I admire your broad and catholic spirit, Gertie. Men are not always hopelessly vile. I'm glad to find you supporting my own theory that men are not so depraved as they are made out to be in the novels you're always reading."

"But you haven't any news ——"

The telephone jingled opportunely and the operator read him a message repeated from Indianapolis in reply to his inquiry about Captain Orbison. What the colonel of Captain Orbison's regiment said was this:

Perfect rot! Subject of inquiry was not in Manila with regiment at time indicated, but on important detail at Pekin. You can confirm this at the War Department. Besides, he is not that kind of man. Incidentally he was slightly wounded two weeks ago while reconnoitering. Hope to smuggle him into camp inside week. Regard this as confidential, as presence on foreign soil voluntary and not officially sanctioned.

"It's all a lie!" he replied to Mrs. Burgess' importunity. "Nothing doing! Wasn't in the Philippines at all during the year given in Dick's story; away over on the other side of the earth. Incredibly foolish and stupid!"

"Did you tell them to send the message over at once? You never can rely on telephoned telegrams."

He paused in lifting a spoonful of strawberries.

"Certainly not! It was perfectly clear and final, and the incident is closed. All we have to do is to tell Eva that Whittlesey's a blackguard and that Tommy Orbison is the gentleman we've all believed him to be—and it's all fixed. Calm yourself, Gertie! You should cultivate tranquillity. Everything comes out right in the end. Old Waldo Emerson says ——"

"You quoting Emerson!" she sniffed. "When I was writing my paper on Emerson's Genius for the Addison Club you looked over some of my quotations and called them piffle!"

"Did I? Well, I'm disposed to give the old boy another chance."

He was thinking of the Streak's stubborn confidence in the Law of Compensation, and was sorry to find his faith in it weakening. He did not see just then how it applied. He had come up in the heat to take a hand in Eva Haverford's love affairs, and a word over the wire had settled everything without the hoped-for excitement. His mind reverted to the timetable and thence to the Streak. If he had to spend a whole day at Waupegan, where children angled for sunfish from the docks and old ladies talked about the neighbors and their club papers of yesteryear, and fellow citizens from Indianapolis reviewed the panic of 1872, he must certainly look up the Streak and cultivate his further acquaintance. During these disloyal cogitations he became aware that Mrs. Burgess was watching him with the resigned air of a woman who has found by long experience that her husband is hopeless beyond redemption.

"Web!"

"Yes, Gertrude."

He was lighting a cigar and feigned a cough to hide his perturbation. It was his way when he had disposed of a piece of business to forget it and seek new diversions. And, now that he was in a position to satisfy Eva Haverford that the scandalous stories about Captain Orbison were the base fabrication of a contemptible rival, he saw no reason for wasting lung-power in discussing it.

"I think," said Mrs. Burgess with impressive disdain, as though accusing him of some dark crime, "that she has broken her engagement."

"Possible, but not irrevocable! As I remember, you used to break our engagement every other Sunday evening. And yet see how happy we are!

"A broken engagement can always be mended," he added; "but you don't mean to say that she's gone and done it!"

"I don't know what she's done. She's been acting queerly—spirits up one day and down the next. I suspect something, because she hasn't said a word about Orbison lately; and Whittlesey's being here has evidently pleased her. You know if a man hangs on long enough he can win any girl."

"That's a dangerous concession, Gertie, for a woman of your standing to make. However, to return to our Eva—you don't know that she has broken with Tommy?"

Burgess Struck a Match and Ran His Eye Over the Registered Articles Hastily

"I don't feel," she replied evasively, "that I'm in her confidence any longer. She didn't have her engagement ring on at dinner. She had been crying and I didn't like to ask her about it. And then Whittlesey came and took her to the dance. I have felt for a week that things have gone beyond me. That's why I've been trying to get you up here. You and she always have hit it off. I know you're fond of her."

"Eva's a reasonable girl," he said consolingly; "and she's not going to throw over a real man like Tommy for a scamp like Whittlesey. She would have told you if she had decided to break the engagement; and when she learns"—he deliberated calculatingly—"that the captain's been shot ——"

"Killed!" she cried.

"Slightly wounded—that's all. But that will restore the romance to its normal footing. Leave it all to me! I'll take care of it," he ended in the magisterial manner of one used to sitting at the head of directors' tables.

Mrs. Burgess was inclined to be hysterical at first; but it flashed upon her immediately that she must take Eva and go to Texas at once to minister to the wounded officer. She saw her duty plainly. When she recovered from the shock and had announced her determination to fly with Eva on the following morning she discovered that they must go to the Casino and bring the girl home. She called the man who operated their launch and they were soon skimming over the lake.

III

THE Waupegan Casino was the usual clubhouse where young people dance on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, while their mothers admire them from the sidelines and their fathers smoke and talk politics and business on the verandas. Sometimes there were as many as three fathers at the lake; this was a quorum. Burgess counted four; and as they were men who bored him at home he decided that the inside of the building was preferable. And besides, he wished to have it out with Eva as quickly as possible.

They were dancing a new dance, of which he did not know the name, as he followed his wife to a seat her ready eye had detected at the farther end of the room. He failed to see Eva at once, but when the music ceased he caught sight of her walking toward a wide-flung door with Whittlesey. The promoter was conspicuous from the fact that he wore evening dress, when ducks and any sort of tailless coat satisfied the Waupegan requirements. Whittlesey was almost the only adult male on the floor, the honors of his sex being carried mainly by college boys. A nudge in his ribs spurred Burgess to action. He must lose no time in getting hold of Eva and telling her what he had heard from Tommy's colonel. He was about to rise when Mrs. Burgess whispered in his ear:

"Who's that with Nellie Arnold?"

Nellie was a girl from home who was always picking up new suitors. She was the friendliest of girls; and just now she was making herself agreeable to a young gentleman in flawless white flannel whose back was to the Burgesses. There was something familiar in that figure; Burgess immediately stood up. His wife noted his interest and repeated the question.

"Don't just make him out," Burgess replied; "I'll ask somebody in a minute."

He had forgotten the Streak in rehearsing his interview with Eva; but, satisfying himself that this was indeed the yegg, his powers of speech were paralyzed for the moment. Burgess was giddy from his effort to reconcile the stories of crime related by his late traveling companion with the sophisticated social bearing of that same person on the Casino's sacred floor.

Nellie and the Streak were crossing the floor toward Eva and Whittlesey. A moment later Nellie was introducing the yegg, who bowed from the hips at each introduction. The music struck up and the Streak danced away with Eva. Webster G. Burgess mopped his brow. There was never any such fellow as this safeblower! Mrs. Burgess again demanded enlightenment as to the identity of the stranger, and Webster said he was a University Club man—he would think of his name in a moment.

Though Burgess' dancing days were over, he knew a good dancer when he saw one. The yeggman glided over the floor as though dancing was the one great passion of his life. He and Eva were of a height and beyond doubt they looked well together. The Streak talked as he danced and from her brightened face it was evident that he was saying something amusing.

When the dance ended Burgess walked quickly to where the two had been left by the last strain of music and shook hands with Eva. She said she was glad to see him. She did not look glad. Then, remembering her partner, she murmured: "Oh, Mr. Burgess, this is Mr. Roberts."

Burgess frowned, repeated this new alias, and took the gloved hand the Streak extended. If he played a joke on his wife by taking a burglar home for dinner the humor of the thing was a sufficient excuse—if Mrs. Burgess chose

(Continued on Page 26)

ROUGHING IT DE LUXE

LOOKING FOR LO!—By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

As She Located the Lens a Yell Went Up From Somewhere

IF IT is your desire to observe the Red Indian of the Plains engaged in his tribal sports and pastimes wait for the Wild West Show; there is sure to be one coming to your town before the season is over. Or if you are bloodthirsty by nature and yearn to see him prancing round upon the warpath, destroying the hated paleface and strewing the soil with his desiccated fragments, restrain your longings until next fall and then arrange to take in the football game between Carlisle and Princeton. But, whatever you do, do not go journeying into the Far West in the hope of finding him in great number upon his native heath, for the chances are that you won't find him there in great number; and if you do he will probably be a considerable disappointment to you; because, unless he is paid for it, the red brother absolutely declines to be picturesque.

I am reliably informed that he is still reasonably numerous in Oklahoma, in North and South Dakota, and in Montana and Washington; but my itinerary did not include those states. I did not see a live Indian—that is to say, a live Indian recognizable as such—in Nevada or in Colorado or in Utah, or in a four-hour run across one corner of Wyoming.

In upward of a thousand miles of travel through California I saw just one Indian—a bronze youth of perhaps twenty summers and, I should say, possibly half that many baths. He was wearing the scenario of a pair of overalls and a straw hat in an advanced state of decrepitude, and he was working in a truckpatch; if a native had not told me what he was I would have passed him by for a sunburnt hired hand.

I saw a few Indians in New Mexico and a few more in Arizona, but not a great many at that; and these, as I found out later, were mainly engaged to linger in the vicinity of stations and hotels along the line for the purpose of adding a touch of color to the surroundings and incidentally selling souvenirs to the tourists.

The Call of the Wild

MIND you, I'm not saying there are not plenty of Indians in those states; but they mostly stay on their reservations and the reservations unfortunately are not, as a rule, near the railroad stations. A traveler going through the average small Southern town sees practically the entire strength of the colored citizenry gathered at the depot and jumps at the conclusion that the population is from ninety to ninety-five per cent black. In the West he sees maybe one little Indian settlement in a stretch of five or six hundred miles, and he figures that the Indian is practically an extinct species.

Of course, though, he is not extinct. In these piping commercial days of acute competition he has no time to be gallivanting down to the depot every time a through train rolls in, especially as the depot is frequently eighty or ninety miles distant from his domicile. He is closely confined at home turning out souvenirs. It is a pity, too, that he cannot spare more of his time for this simple and inexpensive pleasure. In one week's study of the passing tourist breed he could see enough funny sights and hear enough funny things—unintentionally funny sights and things—to keep his family entertained on many a long winter's evening as they sit peacefully in the wigwam making knickknacks for the Eastern trade.

No, sirree! Those Southwestern tribes are far from being extinct—especially the Navajos. You can, in a way, approximate the tribal strength of the Navajos by the number of Navajo blankets you see. From Colorado to the Coast the Navajo blanket carpets the earth. I'll bet any amount within reason that in six weeks' time I saw ten million Navajo blankets if I saw one. As for other things—bows and arrows, for example—well, I do not wish to exaggerate; but had I bought all the wooden bows and arrows that were offered to me I could take them and build a rustic footbridge across the Delaware River at Trenton, with a neat handrail all the way over. Taking the figures of the last census as a working basis I calculate that each Navajo squaw weaves, on an average, nine thousand blankets a year; and while she is so engaged her husband, the metalworker of the establishment, is producing a couple of tons of silver bracelets set with turquoises. For prolixity of output I know of no female in the entire animal kingdom that can compare with the Navajo squaw—unless it is the lady Potomac shad.

Right here I wish to claim one proud distinction: I went from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again—and I did not buy a single blanket! Since the return of the Lewis & Clark expedition I am probably the only white person who has ever done this. Goodness knows the call was strong enough and the opportunities abundant enough; blankets were available for my inspection at every railroad station, at every hotel, and at every one of two hundred thousand souvenir stores that I encountered—but I was under orders from headquarters.

As we were bidding farewell to our family before starting West, our wife said to us in firm, decided accents: "I have already picked out a place where we can hide the Cheyenne war-bonnet. We can get rid of the moccasins and the stone hatchets and the beadwork breastplates by storing them in a trunk up in the attic. But do not bring a Navajo blanket back to this already crowded establishment!" So we restrained ourself. But it was a hard struggle and took a heroic effort.

I recall one blanket, done in gray and black and red and white, and decorated with the figures of the Thunder Bird and the Swastika, the Rising Sun, the Jig Saw, and other Indian signs, symbols and emblems. It was with the utmost difficulty that I wrenched myself away from the vicinity of this treasure. And then, when I got back home, feeling proud as Punch over having withstood temptation in all its forms, almost the first words I heard, spoken in tones of deep disappointment, were these: "Well, why didn't you bring a Navajo blanket for the den? You know we've always wanted one!" Wasn't that just like a woman?

Though I refrained from seeking bargains in the blankets of the aborigine I sought diligently enough for the aborigine himself. I had my first glimpse of him in Northern New Mexico just after we had come down out of Colorado. Accompanied by his lady, he was languidly reposing on the platform in front of a depot, with his wares tastefully arranged at his feet. As a concession to the acquired ideals of the Eastern visitor he had a red sofa tidy draped round his shoulders, and there was a tired-looking hen-feather caught negligently in his back hair; and his squaw displayed ornamented leggings below the hems of her simple calico walking skirt. But these adornments, I gathered, constituted the calling costume, so to speak.

When at home in his village the universal garment of the Pueblo male is the black sateen shirt of commerce. He puts it on and wears it until it is taken up by absorption, and then it is time to put on another. These shirts do not require washing; but, among the best Pueblo families, I understand it is customary—once in so often—to have them searched. And thus is the wild life of the West kept down.

Farther along the line, in Arizona, we met the Hopi and the Navajo—delegations from both of these tribes having been imported from the reservations to give an added touch of picturesqueness to the principal hotel of the Grand Cañon. The Hopi, who excels at snake dancing and pottery work, is a mannerly little chap; and his daughter, with her hair done up in elaborate whorl effects in fancied imitation of the squash blossom—the squash being the Hopi emblem of purity—is a decidedly attractive feature of the landscape.

The Upstairs Underground Temple

THE Hopi women are industrious little bodies, clever at basket weaving—and the men work, too, when not engaged in attending lodge; for the Hopis are the ritualists of the Southwest, and every Hopi is a confirmed joiner. Their secret societies exist today, uncorrupted and unchanged, just as they have survived for hundreds and perhaps thousands of years. In the Hopi House at Grand Cañon there is a reproduction of a kiva or underground temple. It isn't underground—it is located upstairs; but in all other regards it is supposed to conform exactly to one of the real ceremonial chambers of the Hopis. The dried-mud walls are covered thickly with symbolic devices, painted on; and there is an altar tricked out with totems of the Powamu clan, one of the biggest of these societies.

Just in front of the altar, with its wooden figures of the War God, the God of Growing Things, and the God of Thunder, is a sand painting set in the floor like a mosaic. When one of the clans is getting ready for a service the

Each Navajo Squaw Weaves, on an Average, Nine Thousand Blankets a Year

official high priest or medicine man of that particular clan sprinkles clean brown sand upon the flat earth before the altar and upon this foundation, by trickling between his thumb and forefinger tiny streams of sands of other colors, he makes the mystic figures that he worships. After the rites are over he obliterates the design with his hand, leaving the space bare for the next clan.

In the Hopi House at Grand Cañon a sand painting sacred to the Antelope clan is preserved under glass for the benefit of visitors. The manager of the establishment, a Mr. Smith, who has spent most of his life among the tribes of Arizona, told us a story about this.

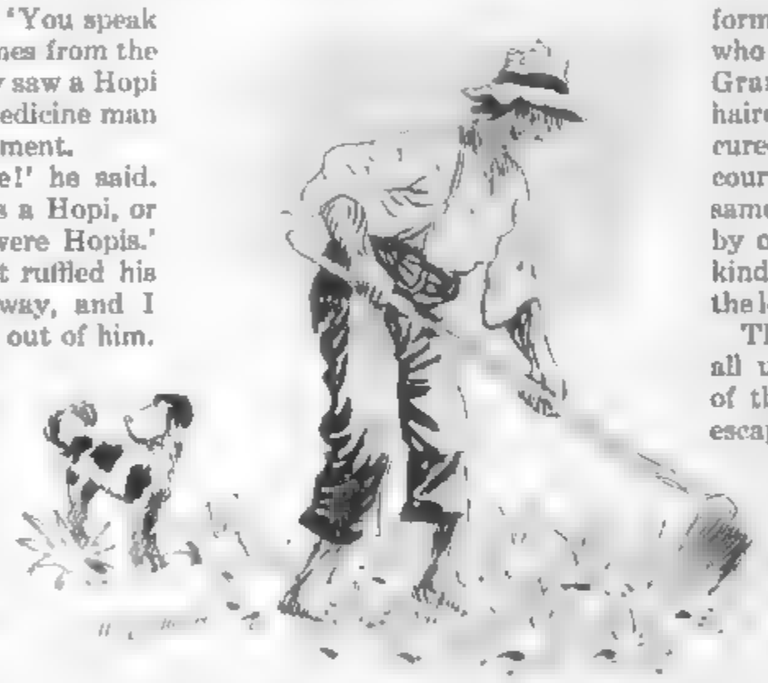
Two years ago this summer, a party of Mystic Shriners on an excursion visited the cañon. Mr. Smith chaperoned one group of them on their tour through the Hopi House. In the sand painting of the kiva they seemed to find something that particularly interested them. They put their heads together, talking in undertones and pointing—so Smith said—first at one design and then at another. An old Hopi man, a priest of the Antelope clan, was lounging in the low doorway watching them. What the Shriners said to one another could have had no significance for him, even admitting that he heard them, for he did not understand a word of English; but suddenly he reached forth a withered hand and plucked Smith by the sleeve. I am letting Smith tell the rest of the tale just as he told it to us:

The Hopi and the Mason

"THE Hopi pointed to one of the Shriners, an elderly man who came, I think, from somewhere in Illinois, and in his own tongue he said to me: 'That man with the white hair is a Hopi—and he is a member of my clan!' I said to him: 'You speak foolishness—that man comes from the East and never until today saw a Hopi in his whole life!' The medicine man showed tremendous excitement.

"'You are lying to me!' he said. 'That white-haired man is a Hopi, or else his people long ago were Hopis.' I laughed at him and that ruffled his dignity and he turned away, and I couldn't get another word out of him.

"As the Shriners were passing out I halted the white-haired man and said to him: 'The Hopi medicine man insists that you are a Hopi and that you know something about his clan.' 'Well,' he said, 'I'm no Hopi; but I think I do know something about some of the things he seems to revere. Where is this medicine man?'



A Bronze Youth of Perhaps Twenty Summers and, I Should Say, Possibly Half That Many Baths

"I pointed to where the old Indian was squatted in a corner, sulking; he walked right over to him and motioned to him, and the Hopi got up and they went into the kiva together. I do not know what passed between them—certainly no words passed—but in about ten minutes the Shriner came out, and he had a puzzled look on his face.

"'I've just had the most wonderful experience,' he said to me, 'that I've ever had in my whole life. Of course that Indian isn't a Mason, but in a corrupted form he knows something about Masonry; and where he learned it I can't guess. Why, there are lodges in this country where I actually believe he could work his way in.'"

Not being either a Mason or a Hopi, I cannot undertake to vouch for the story or to contradict it; but Smith has the reputation of being a truthful man.

Languidly Reposing in Front of a Depot, With His Wares Tastefully Arranged

The Navajos are the aristocrats of the Southwestern country. They are dignified, cleanly in their personal habits, and orderly; and they are wonderful artisans. In addition to being wonderful weavers and excellent silversmiths, they shine at agriculture and at stock raising and sheep raising. They are born horse-traders, too, and at driving a bargain it is said a buck Navajo can spot a Scotchman five balls any time and beat him out; but they have the name of being absolutely honest and absolutely truthful.

This same Mr. Smith, who has lived several years on the Navajo reservation and who is an adopted member of the tribe, took several of us to pay a formal call upon a Navajo subchief, who spends the tourist season at the Grand Cañon. The old chap, long-haired and the color of a prime smoke-cured ham, received us with perfect courtesy into his winter residence, the same being a circular hut contrived by overlapping timbers together in a kind of basket design and then coating the logs inside and out with adobe clay.

The place was clean and free from all unpleasant odors. In the middle of the floor a fire burned, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. At one side was the primitive forge, where the head of the house worked in metals; and against the far wall his squaw was hunkered-down, weaving a blanket on her wooden loom. A couple of his young offspring were playing about, dressed simply in their little negligee-strings. The mud walls were hung with completed blankets. Long, stringy strips of dried beef and mutton—the national dishes of the tribe—were dangling from cross-pieces overhead; and on a rug upon the earthen floor lay a glittering pile of bracelets and brooches that had been made by the old man out of Mexican dollars. When we came away, after spending fifteen minutes or so as their guests, the whole family came with us; but the old man tarried a minute to fasten a small brass padlock through a hasp upon his wattled wooden door.

"Up on the reservation, away from the railroads and the towns, there are no locks upon the doors," Smith said.

"Why is that?" I asked.

Smith grinned. "I'll tell the old man what you said and let him answer."

He clucked in guttural monosyllables to the chief, and the chief clucked back briefly, meanwhile eying me with a whimsical squint out of his puckered old eyes. And then Smith translated:

"Why should we lock our doors in the place where we live? There are no white men there!"

I will confess that as a representative of the dominant Caucasian stock I had, for the moment, no apt reply ready. Later I thought of a very fitting retort, which undoubtedly would have flattened that impertinent Indian as flat as a flounder; unfortunately, though, it only came to me after several days of study, and by that time I was upward of a thousand miles away from him. But I am saving it to use on him the next time I go back to the Grand Cañon. No mere Indian can slander our race, even if he is telling the truth—not while I'm around!

Down in Southern California I rather figured on finding a large swarm of Mission Indians clustering about every Mission; but, alas! they weren't there either. We saw a few worshipers and plenty of tourists, but no Indians—at least I didn't see any personally. There is something wonderfully impressive about a first trip to any one of those old gray churches; everything about it is eloquent with memories of that older civilization which this Western country knew long before the Celt and the Anglo-Saxon breeds came over the Divide and down the Pacific Slope, filled with their lust for gold and lands, craving ever more power and more territory over which to float the Stars and Stripes.

The Ancient Spanish Missions

THE vanished day of the Spaniard now lives only within the walls of the early Missions, but it invests them with that added veneration which attaches to whatever is old and traditional and historic. We haven't a great deal that is very old in our own country; maybe that explains why we fuss over it so when we come across it in Europe.

There is one Mission which in itself, it seemed to me, is almost worth a trip clear across the continent to see—the one at Santa Barbara. It is up the side of a gentle foothill, with the mountains of the Coast Range behind it. Down below the roofs and spires of a brisk little city show through green clumpage, and still farther beyond the blue waters of the Pacific may be seen.

Parts of this Mission are comparatively new; there are retouchings and restorations that date back only sixty or seventy years, but most of it speaks to you of an earlier century than this and an earlier race than the one that now peoples the land. You pass through walls of solid masonry that are sixteen feet thick and pierced by narrow passages; you climb winding stairs to a squat tower where sundry cracked brazen bells, the gifts of Spanish gentlemen who died a hundred years ago perhaps, swing by withes of ancient rawhide from great, worm-gnawed, hand-riven beams; you walk through the Mission burying-ground, past crumbly old family vaults with half-obliterated names and titles and dates upon their ovenlike fronts, and you wander at will among the sunken individual graves under the palms and pepper trees.

Most convincing of all to me were the stone-flagged steps at the door of the church itself, for they are all worn down like the teeth of an old horse—in places they are almost worn in two. Better than any guidebook patter of facts and figures—better than the bells and the graves and the hand-made beams—these steps convey to the mind a sense of age.

You stand and look at them, and you see there the tally of vanished generations—the heavy boot of the conquistador; the sandaled foot of the old padre; the high heel of a dainty Spanish-born lady; the bare, horny sole of the Indian convert—each of them taking its tiny toll out of

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Filled With Hope I Fell In Behind the Procession and Followed It Across to the Hotel

AS PROOFS OF HOLY WRIT

VIII

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ON THE day after the Ruritania sailed Ashton Welles, whose first wifeless evening at home had not been pleasant, found on his desk a marked copy of Society Folk. These were the four marked paragraphs:

The man who first said there was no fool like an old fool had in mind that form of folly which consists of the purchase of a beautiful girl by a man who endeavors to span a difference of thirty years in age by means of a bridge of solid gold. It is unnatural, unwholesome and even immoral. The sordid romances of high life that begin in a Fifth Avenue jewelry shop are apt to end in a Reno divorce mill. Why shouldn't they? A girl who marries once for money is always ready to marry again for more money—or for more love—for she always wants more than the desiccated ass who first bought her can give her. A girl of twenty who is famous for her good looks is always a beautiful young woman, no matter what else she may be. But a man close to sixty, whether he is the head of a big trust company or a poet, is an old man. Speaking of remarkable coincidences, is it not odd that both Fool and Financier should begin with an F? And Frailty, too, whose other name is Woman?

If there are some things that gold cannot do it is perfectly wonderful how many things love can do! It bridges all chasms with kisses, and solves all riddles—with glances. It even defies the high cost of living and makes men think themselves demigods. It has been known to make champagne drunkards swear off long before they are bankrupt. It even now depopulates the lobster palaces. It turns dining-room navigators into fearless Vikings, braving the wild Atlantic and its midwinter gales in order to be by their ladyloves. It may even reform Tammany leaders—for we know it can transform young asses into handsome Lancelots.

Among the passengers on the Ruritania, sailing for Liverpool at this unfashionable season of the year, were Mrs. Ashton Welles, who has the gorgeous Suite D all to herself, and young Mr. Francis Wolfe, who is content with the more modest stateroom across the way. Frank's friends are always singing his praises these days. He never looks at a chorus girl save from the middle of the house, and has not taken anything stronger than Vichy in long weeks. If we were not averse to advertising male beauty shows we would remark that young Wolfe is the handsomest bachelor who ever sidestepped matrimony.

It takes more than money to keep the Wolfe from the door—eh? What?

The Clerk Reported the Boxes Averaging a Little Better Than Fifty Thousand Dollars Each

The Ashton Welles who finished reading the beastly paragraphs of Society Folk was not the same Ashton Welles who began them. He was not an efficient financier, but a man benumbed, whose brain had turned to plaster of Paris. His mind at once lost all elasticity, all power to functionate. And, since he could not think, he could not act. That wonderful world, which financially successful people create for themselves with so much pride, tumbled about his ears. Out of the chaos made by a few printed words, only one thing was certain—he suffered!

Men are always wounded in a vital spot when they are wounded by jealousy, and Ashton Welles was particularly vulnerable because he lived in only two places—his office and his home. He did not have other houses of refuge to which his soul could retreat—like music or literature or art—in case of need. He had been so busy winning success that he had not had time for anything else. He had worked for the aggrandizement of the personal fortune of Ashton Welles. When circumstances and that reputation for luck, shrewdness and caution, which is in itself a golden sagacity, finally placed him, still a young man, at the head of the VanTwiller Trust Company, David Soulett, one of the directors, remarked: "Welles has married the company; but we don't yet know whether he is to be the company's husband or whether the company is to be his wife!" And a fellow director, who had been in profitable deals with Welles, retorted: "Well, I call it an ideal match!"

Welles brought to the company what it needed and the presidency brought to Welles many opportunities—none of which he neglected. He saw the deposits increase tenfold—and his own fortune twentyfold. What might not have been politic in an individual playing a lone hand was altogether admirable in the head of a financial institution—his cold-bloodedness, for example, and the dehumanized attitude toward life habitually assumed by the principal cogwheel in that intricate aggregation of cogwheels known as a modern trust company. Being an excellent money-lender, he was an uninteresting human being. You lose much when you win money—for gold is hard and cold, and the enjoyment of life calls for softness and warmth. It is the appalling revenge capital takes on its self-called masters!

As he approached his fiftieth year he began to find that his isolation might be splendid, but it was also damnably uncomfortable. Did you know that in certain millionaire households, where everything always runs very smoothly, the master gets to long for a burnt steak or the spilling of soup by the very competent servant? Welles, accustomed to the wonderfully comfortable life of a very rich bachelor in New York, desired a home where everything need not be so comfortable. And as his fortune became a matter of several millions it began—as swollen fortunes always do, also in revenge!—to take on the aspect of a monument, something to admire during the monument-builder's lifetime and to endure impressively afterward! With the desire of permanence came the dream of all capitalists that makes them dynasts of gold—an heir to extend the boundaries of the family fortune! It was inevitable that Ashton Welles should grow to believe that, though the trust company's deposits were in other people's names, they really belonged to Ashton Welles, because they were merely the marble blocks of the Welles monument. The name of Welles must never cease to be identified with the work of Ashton Welles the First!

Wherefore the need of an heir became almost an obsession with him, and with it came a quite human dissatisfaction with hotels and clubs, and trained nurses in times of illness. When a capitalist realizes clearly that, apart from his money-lending capacity, he has absolutely no power to bring tears to human eyes, he grows jealous of his own money. He wishes to be feared, though penniless, just as he would be loved, though a pauper. All these desires combined to force Ashton Welles into a decision. He had kept up a desultory sort of friendship with Mrs. Deering, the widow of his predecessor in the presidency of the trust company, and Anne Deering was the girl he knew best of all—though he really did not know her at all.

The Deerings had not been fortunate in their investments; in fact the Deering holdings of VanTwiller stock had been benevolently assimilated at one-fifth of their value by Ashton Welles himself during one of those panics that make reckless persons cease being reckless ever after. It was not very difficult for Anne Deering to be made to feel that she could save her mother's life and assure ease and comfort for herself forever by marrying Mr. Ashton Welles, who at fifty was one of those men whom old friends invariably classify as well-preserved. To be fair, he was really distinguished-looking and had a sort of uniform urbanity that made him at least unobjectionable.

He was also very rich. She married him. She learned to like him. He grew to love her!

She was a doll—beautiful and utterly useless; but it was this very uselessness that made Ashton Welles worship her. This financier, who in his office was not only a skillful bargain driver but preached and practiced the religion of efficiency, in his home plunged into an orgy of utterly juvenile love-making. He reveled in his wooing, which he had to do after his marriage. He did not merely desire to have a wife—he must have a wife of an extreme femininity; she must be one of those womanly women who exist only in the imaginations of men of a tyrannical cast of mind. His having been for years exclusively a money-making life, he had become very selfish. And he continued to find his greatest pleasure in pleasing himself—only that he now best pleased himself by being a boy sweetheart; by achieving his puppy love at fifty and deeming it marvelously rejuvenating and therefore altogether admirable.

Very well! Now imagine that man, living for two years amid those pitifully evanescent illusions so cherished by middle-aged men of money who marry very young women of looks—imagine that man suddenly informed that he is no longer to be anything but an old man! And not only old but deserted! Imagine that selfsame man brought face to face with the invincible opponent of all old men—youth!

To Ashton Welles, sitting in his office surrounded by glittering millions, there came the deadly chill of age—doubly cold from being surrounded by gold. In the twinkling of an eye all young men suddenly became redoubtable warriors, love-conquerors, irresistible as a force of Nature—and as heartless! He was beaten by the universal victor—Time!

He stared fixedly at a photograph of his wife in an elaborately chased silver frame, but he did not see her. He saw ruins, as of a conflagration—the smoking débris of a destroyed home; and heaps of ashes—ashes everywhere! And in the rising puffs of smoke he saw faces of men—of young men—of very handsome young men!

Stewardson, the vice-president, walked in—the door was open as usual. He saw his chief's face and was shocked into a quite human feeling of consternation.

"Great Heavens, Mr. Welles, what is the matter?"

"Nothing!" said Ashton Welles. He suddenly felt an overwhelming impulse to hide his face from the sight of his fellowmen. He thought his forehead must show in black letters—Fool! and—and—and ten thousand terrible legends that changed with each beat of his heart; and told what he had been and what had happened; and—yes—what was bound to happen!

"Nothing! Nothing!" he repeated fiercely. "Nothing, I tell you!" He was certain all the world knew his disgrace.

"Shall I call a doctor?"

"No! No!" he snarled. Call in the entire world and gloat at his discomfiture? He glanced at the vice-president. The impolitic alarm on Stewardson's face exasperated him. "What do you want? Damn it, what do you want?" It was almost a shriek.

"I wanted to consult with you about that Consolidated Cushion Tire bond issue ——"

"Yes, yes! Well?"

"Have you decided whether to ——"

"Yes! I mean no! I mean—Wait! Ask Witter. I dictated a memorandum to him, I think. Yes, I did!"

He was making desperate efforts to speak calmly; but he stopped, because Stewardson, a dastard of thirty-two, suddenly grew to resemble young Mr. Francis Wolfe! Stewardson saw the gleam in Ashton Welles' eyes and felt that the president must have hated him all his life!

"I'll get it from Witter," he said, and hastily left the room.

Welles stared wide-eyed at the open door for perhaps a full minute; always he saw ruins—smoke and ashes ashes everywhere! And then he started up and squared his shoulders. He rang for an office boy and said to him:

"Tell Mr. Witter I've gone for the day'"—Witter was his private secretary—and left the office.

He could not bear even to think of going home, for he now had no home! Therefore he went to Central Park and walked aimlessly about until his unaccustomed muscles compelled him to sit down. There he sat, thinking! After three hours he had grown sufficiently calm to believe himself when he called himself a fool for being jealous. Having convinced himself of his folly he clutched eagerly at every opportunity to close his own ears to the whisperings of his own doubts. At length he went to his house, dressed as usual and went to the Cosmopolitan Club to dine.

Francis Wolfe Showed His Cablegram to Miss Keogh and Miss Keogh Did Not Show Hers to Francis Wolfe

IX

A FEW minutes after Ashton Welles left his office, stabbed to the soul by the poisoned paragraphs of Society Folk, Jerningham sought Stewardson and told him he had decided to send some more golddust to the Assay Office. His own attendant, a young man, dark-haired and blue-eyed, who properly answered to the name of Sheehan, accompanied him. Stewardson, whose nerves had not recovered from the shock of Mr. Welles' behavior, decided that he, also, would go to the vaults.

"I want ten boxes sent to the Assay Office," said Jerningham.

"Certainly, sir," said the superintendent of the vaults very obsequiously. To show how eager he was to please, he asked: "Any particular boxes, Mr. Jerningham?"

Immediately a half-formulated suspicion fleeted across the mind of the second vice-president of the VanTwiller Trust Company. How did they know what those boxes contained? How did they know that all of them were full of Yukon gold? How did they know anything about this man or about his treasure—his alleged treasure?

Almost immediately afterward, however, he reproached himself. Why, the man had deposited over a million—the proceeds of twenty of the boxes!

"Oh, take any ten," said Jerningham "the first ten. They are the easiest to take out."

"The last ten!" said Stewardson hastily, obeying an impulse that came upon him like a flash of lightning.

Jerningham turned and asked:

"Why the last ten? They are away back, and ——"

"I have my reasons," smiled Stewardson—the smile of a man who knows something funny about you, but does not wish to tell it—not quite yet. It is the most exasperating smile known.

Jerningham looked at him a moment. Then he said coldly:

"Why not pick them out haphazard—one here and another there, as if you were sampling a mine and wanted to make sure they hadn't salted it on you?" He turned to the men and said: "Pick out ten at random, no two from the same place; and be sure they are not full of stable litter!"

Stewardson flushed and whispered apologetically to the superintendent: "The more the boys work, the more grateful he will be."

"Oh, he is very generous anyhow," said Sullivan, the superintendent, watching his helper and Sheehan pick out the ten boxes at random.

Stewardson accompanied Jerningham upstairs and then excused himself long enough to say to a confidential clerk:

"Follow Mr. Jerningham and his ten boxes of golddust, and find out what he does, how much he gets, and every detail of interest. Don't let him see you."

The clerk found out and later reported to the vice-president that the ten boxes all contained Alaskan golddust, and that their value was $531,687, the boxes averaging a little better than fifty thousand dollars each. Stewardson then had the remaining boxes counted. There were one hundred and twenty-one left. They were worth over six million dollars. Jerningham ought to have the golddust coined and then deposit the proceeds in the trust company. The company would allow him two and a half per cent—or maybe three per cent—on the six millions. That would be one hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year. The company could then loan the entire six millions, not having to bother with keeping a reserve like the national banks; and, the way the money market was, the money could be loaned at five per cent. That would be three hundred thousand dollars a year.

Men properly must end in dust; but dust, when gold, should end in eagles. He would speak to Jerningham about it—one hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year that Jerningham was not making—which was silly! And one hundred and twenty thousand a year the company was not making—which was a tragedy!

Ashton Welles sent word to the office on the following morning that he would not be down until late, if at all. He did not send word that he had decided to consult his lawyer about the Society Folk article. He had received eight marked copies, addressed to him at his house in different handwritings, and he did not know that on his desk at the office there were a dozen more. Friends always tell you about anonymous attacks anonymously. They wait for them.

Jerningham seemed disappointed when he learned, at ten-thirty, that Mr. Welles might not come to the office at all. Stewardson came upon him looking disgruntled. That did not deter the vice-president from broaching the subject nearest his heart. "I'd like to ask you one question, Mr. Jerningham. Of course I know you must have a reason—a very good reason too— "

"If the reason is good I'll confess," said Jerningham pleasantly.

"Well, I'd like to know what your reason is for not sending all your gold to the Assay Office?"

"My reason is that I want to make a lot of money later by not sending the gold to the Assay Office now. Remember my very words!"

"But how are you going to do it?" Stewardson could not help asking, because he was so puzzled that his sense of humor was paralyzed.

"By having the gold—that's how."

"That's all right! But why don't you change it into coin? That way you can have it at a moment's notice."

"My dear chap, do you know how many hours it will take the Assay Office, after I take my dust in there, to give me a check for the proceeds? I get ninety per cent of the value at once. If I cash this gold now I'll spend it. I know it! I never could resist the temptation to spend—it is my one weakness. And if I spent it what would I have to show for the hardships of thirty years?"

"But why don't you deposit it with us? We'll allow you two and a half per cent. Or if you make it a time deposit we can do better than that by you. You know you can always get gold for it if you ask us for it."

"I can, can I?" laughed Jerningham with a sort of good-natured mockery. "How about 1907 and your old clearing-house certificates—eh? What?"

Stewardson was nettled. So he permitted himself the supreme, all-conquering argument of business:

"But you are losing one hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year by leaving your gold uncoined and undeposited."

"I won't lose a year's interest, because it isn't going to take a year for the big panic to come."

Stewardson laughed—a kindly laugh.

"For pity's sake, don't wait for that! Panics have a habit of not coming if expected. Just now everybody is bluer than indigo. You'd think the United States was on its last legs. Invest at once, and don't wait for the bargains at the funeral that may never come."

"How sound is this institution?" Jerningham looked Stewardson full in the face. The vice-president answered smilingly:

"Oh, I guess we'll weather the storm."

"Then I'll buy more stock. Mr. Welles advised me to buy all I could get hold of. A wonderful man ——"

"Yes, indeed," acquiesced Stewardson solemnly.

"Wonderful! Great judgment!" pursued Jerningham with a sort of boyish enthusiasm that made Stewardson think his superior had designs on the Klondike gold in the vaults. "He is so clear-cut—and never, never loses his head! To tell you the truth," and Jerningham lowered his voice, "I used to think he was an icicle—the sort of man nothing can disturb; but, for all his calmness and imperturbability, he has a great warm heart and a great big brain!"

Stewardson had never before heard anybody accuse the president of the

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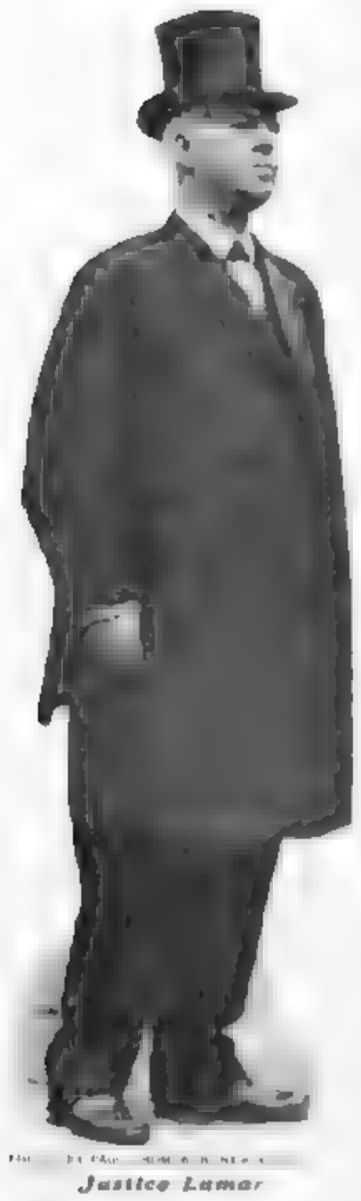
Brought Face to Face With the Invincible Opponent of All Old Men—Youth!



Justice Lamar

An Intimate View of the Supreme Court

By Henry Beach Needham

UP TO that moment not one of the nine men had been detected in the act of laughing. With the chief in the lead and the associates following in the order of seniority, they appeared at the door of the chamber where Daniel Webster often addressed the Senate. The crier struck a single blow with his gavel; members of the bar and spectators promptly stood up and the crier announced:

"The Honorable the Supreme Court of the United States!"

Six of the august tribunal then disappeared behind the screen, leaving three of their number at attention on the left; then reappeared the chief justice and two of the associate justices at the opening in the center and three associate justices on the extreme right; then the nine ascended the bench, bowed stiffly to the lawyers in attendance, who returned the salutation in kind, and the members of the court of last resort took their seats.

So far it was a solemn and an impressive ceremony. Physically big and with "bumps" aplenty to delight the most blasé phrenologist, the justices had presented an awesome appearance in their rustling black-silk gowns, their majestic mien and their slow stately entrance. Even now they were fearfully inspiring as they sat gazing into limitless space. They looked as ordinary men try to look, but fail, when passing the collection plate in church.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine days out of a thousand the crier, who was letter perfect in his part, would have said, immediately the justices were seated:

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business before the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting." Then bowing his head and in a lower tone: "God save the United States and this honorable court."

But this day last term was one time in a thousand. No sooner were the nine seemingly joyless justices comfortably settled in their leather-upholstered chairs than the crier began his "Hear ye!" He got along swimmingly with his piece until he came to the admonishing, when for the first occasion in his career as crier his tongue slipped.

"All persons having business before the Supreme Court are admonished to get busy"—sensation in the court room!—"are admonished to get busy——" the crier repeated falteringly, realizing that he was off the track. There was a pause, best though tritely described as painful. The chief justice looked round at the crier. It was a moment of acute distress in the historic chamber.

A Hard-Worked Judiciary

HAPPILY in this crisis the youngest man on the ancient bench threw back his head and laughed naturally and unaffectedly. As if acting in concert another of the associate justices, the next-to-the youngest, laughed heartily. The tension was relieved—in a moment there wasn't a justice who didn't join in the levity. Under cover of the frivolity the crier made good his escape. He got no nearer the prescribed formula, but he did reach a stopping place: "All persons should get busy at once for the court is in session." Then he sat down abruptly without appealing to the Almighty to safeguard the country and the honorable tribunal.

The Supreme Court's unexpected descent from impressive, repressive dignity to genuine affability, however embarrassing to the crier—a most efficient officer—was an enlightening episode for the court itself. The laugh from the bench was the touch of human nature demonstrating that a justice of the Supreme Court is connected, somewhat distantly to be sure, with the rest of us.

A few years ago there would have been no laugh; the court solemnly would have ignored the amusing incident. But in October, 1910, there came upon the bench a man who, as governor of New York, had been a headliner in the public prints. Came also another strong, vigorous man from the West, two genial gentlemen from the South and a true man of the world from New Jersey. All had been much in public life, all were experienced upon the bench. Unconsciously these latter-day judges have made the court more human.

Before this comical interlude in the grave dispension of justice many persons, including not a few lawyers who practice before the court, did not believe that the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States could or would unbend even momentarily. A justice was supposed either never to have been given to frivolity or to have forgotten how to laugh. This was one of those absurd notions erroneously formed because theirs is a serious business and the justices necessarily and properly go about their business seriously. The fact is their employers, the people of the United States, work them so hard that they have precious little time for fun.

A few days after adjournment for the summer I called upon a member of the court in Washington. When I reached his house he was just getting back from the country club. He was late for his luncheon—why he explained to me:

"I was playing golf with three of my associates. We hadn't played in some time and we were slow getting over the course."

"How often do you play?" I asked.

"Today is my first round in a long while. I am fond of horseback riding, too, but I haven't ridden since my vacation last summer."

"You are kept very busy, Mr. Justice?"

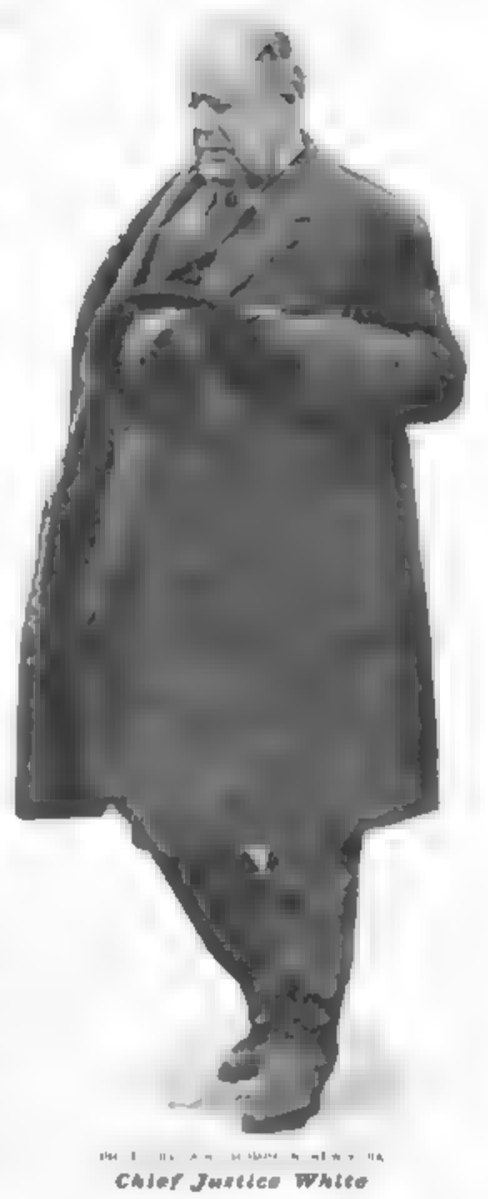
"Just about as busy as a man with a good constitution can be—busy all the time. We have our private offices in our homes," he continued, "because there is so much night work."

This was not a complaint. Far from it. The justice loves his work and looks upon his job as the most responsible and the finest on earth. But when there is no record to be read, opinion to be written or application for writ of error or certiorari to be considered, he likes to play—one can see it in the light in his eye and in the hail-fellow smile that comes so naturally to his attractive face. A talk with him, as with other members of the Supreme Court, convinces one that the highest court of the land comprises a group of men, dead in earnest but not austere, who are cheerfully devoting long hours to the public service and who are doing great constructive work according to the best of their intellectual ability and their uncommon legal fitness, with a sole regard of advancing the interests of the nation as a whole.

Of all the human instruments of government they are undoubtedly the freest to act according to the dictates of conscience. One might say that they are constrained only by the principles of law and of equity and by the Constitution and statutes of the United States. They have no constituency to humor. Their continuance in office is guaranteed by the Constitution "during good behavior." And in all American history but one member of the Supreme Court, Samuel Chase, signer of the Declaration of Independence, has faced the Senate sitting as a court of impeachment. He was acquitted.

If a justice of the Supreme Court feels under the slightest obligation save to the people of the country, it is to the president who appoints him, and in so doing the chief executive is fulfilling an obligation Constitutionally imposed. Even here the sense of obligation does not go beyond the feeling of personal gratitude. In the last presidential campaign there was a controversy between the followers of Mr. Taft and those of Mr. Roosevelt as to the right to the party name in Kansas. The matter got into the courts of the state, and having been decided adversely to the interests of the then president, his political friends baldly sought to have the United States Supreme Court interfere. The remedy hoped for, a restraining order, was not allowed, although an appeal was granted before a full bench. But as this was too late for the exigencies of politics the case was dropped. Although the justices, publicly and privately, have emulated the uncommunicative calm, it is not unlikely that they resented this attempt to embroil the highest court in party politics. The members of the Supreme Court represent no party, serve no state or section, but constitute the head of the judicial power of the United States.

When you come to think of it—which few of us do—they are unusually well equipped for their big task. All of the nine justices attended college, and all were engaged at one time in the active practice of the law. Four have seen service as administrators: Justice Hughes was twice governor of New York, Justice Day was secretary of state, Justice McKenna attorney-general and Justice Van Devanter assistant attorney-general—the three under President McKinley. Four also have had legislative experience: Chief Justice White and Justices McKenna, Lamar and Pitney were members of the legislatures of their respective states. Justice Van Devanter served in the territorial legislature of Wyoming. Three members of the court were in Congress: The chief justice represented Louisiana in the Senate and Justices McKenna and Pitney were members of the House.



Chief Justice White

The Personnel of the Court

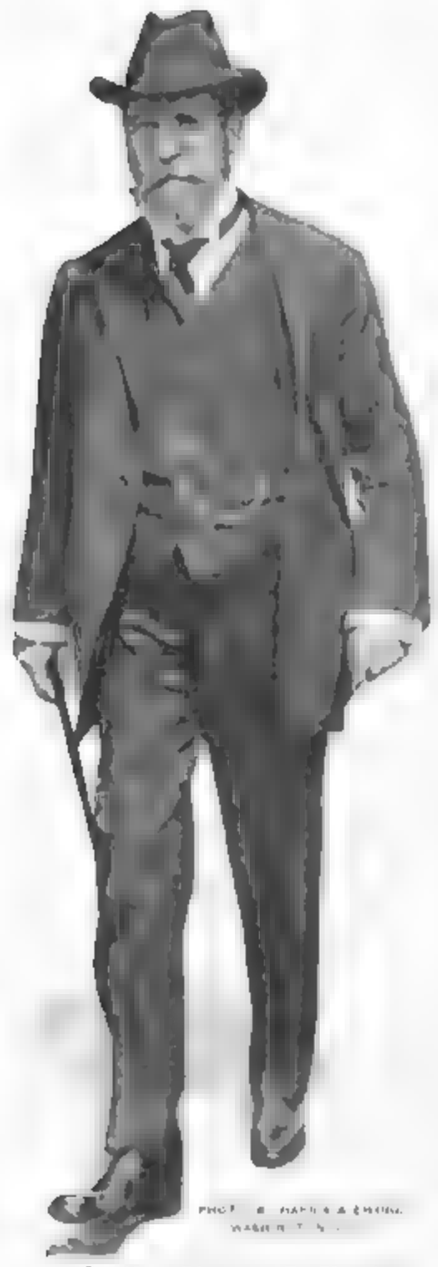
THE court is rich in judicial experience. Chief Justice White and Justices Holmes, Lurton, Van Devanter, Lamar and Pitney sat upon the supreme-court bench of their states—Justices Holmes, Lurton and Van Devanter were chief justices and Justice Pitney was chancellor of New Jersey. Further, four of the membership "graduated" from the United States Circuit Courts: Justices McKenna, Day, Lurton and Van Devanter.

Five of the nine justices—or a majority of the court—were appointed by Taft, two by Roosevelt, one by McKinley and one by Cleveland—Edward Douglass White—who after almost seventeen years of service was named chief justice by President Taft. If we take into account both the birthplace of the justices and the states to which certain members of the court changed their residence, the following are today represented in the highest court of the land: Louisiana, Pennsylvania and California, Massachusetts, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, New York, Indiana and Wyoming, Georgia and New Jersey. Therefore three were born and raised in the South; six are Northerners. All are truly American.

Justice Pitney

In age one of the justices is over seventy, four are in their sixties and four are between fifty-one and fifty-six, the youngest being Justice Hughes. The average age is sixty-two. But of the last five appointees one was sworn in at sixty-five, while the others were from forty-nine to fifty-three when they took the oath of office.

Young men—men but little over fifty—seem to be the material for justices of the Supreme Court nowadays. This means, in all probability, that the court will not receive into membership another veteran of the Civil War. Today there are three veterans:



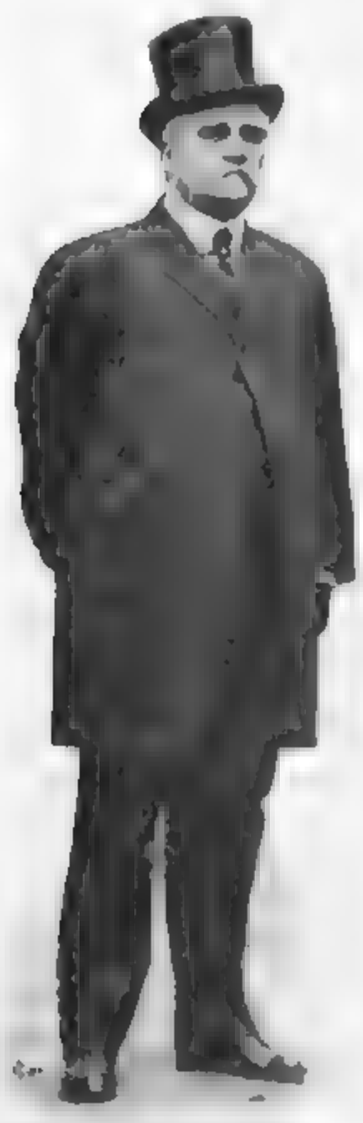
Justice Charles E. Hughes

Chief Justice White and Justice Lurton, both of whom were in the Confederate service, and Justice Holmes, who was in the Union Army. The oldest man on the bench—seventy-two—Justice Holmes, is in several respects the most interesting personality. The son of a distinguished father, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet and essayist, he has himself had a distinguished career. From a professorship of law at Harvard, his alma mater, he was called to the Massachusetts Supreme Court, of which he subsequently became the presiding justice. What he is most proud of, however, is his record in the Civil War. He was a brave Union soldier. Three times he was wounded—shot in the breast at Ball's Bluff, in the neck at Antietam, in the foot at Marye's Hill, Fredericksburg—and he was mustered out with the rank of captain. He was brevetted major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel. If you would please him most you would not address him as Mr. Justice but as Captain Holmes.

But let's get down to cases—Supreme Court cases. What is the business of the Supreme Court of the United States? Created by the Constitution it has original and appellate jurisdiction. Its original jurisdiction—that is, cases that may be commenced in the court—extends to all suits affecting ambassadors or other public ministers and consuls, or their servants, and to those cases in which a state is a party—except between a state and its citizens.

The Jurisdiction of the Court

SUPPOSE the Russian ambassador to the United States engaged, upon his arrival in Washington, a colored servant—an American citizen, a qualified voter in the state of Maryland, which adjoins the District of Columbia. Suppose this darky, while regularly washing the floors at the Embassy and doing an inside man's work for the ambassador, should visit a clothing store in Washington, purchase a nine-dollar suit of clothes, get the store to charge it, and go away and never pay the bill. Suppose then that the clothier should desire to collect his money and, finding it impossible to obtain the price of the suit of clothes through a bill collector, he should determine to sue the darky for the amount—nine dollars. That suit at law would have to be brought in the Supreme Court of the United States, and the court would have to hear the cause and award judgment! For it "shall have exclusively all such jurisdiction of suits or proceedings against ambassadors or other public ministers, or their domestics or domestic servants. . . ."



Justice Lurton

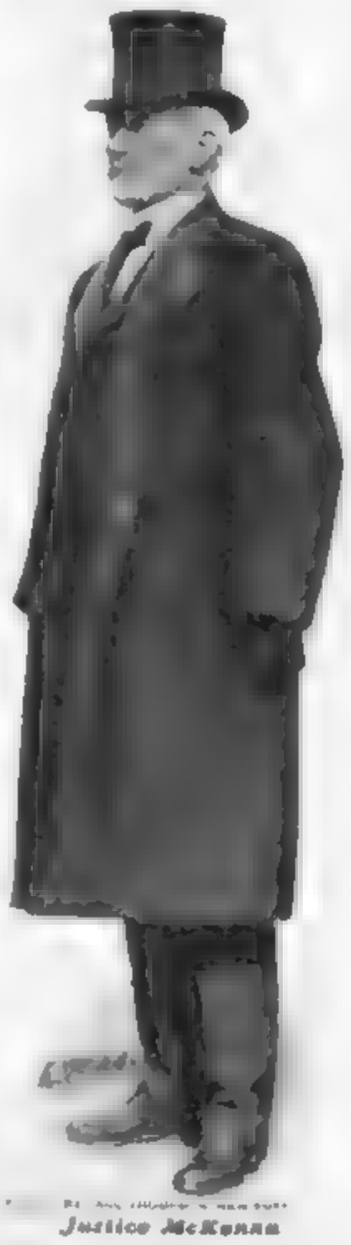
It has also appellate jurisdiction to review a final judgment or decree of the highest court of a state: first, where the validity is questioned of a treaty or statute of the United States, or an authority exercised thereunder, provided the decision of the state court is against such validity; second, where the statute of any state is questioned, or any authority exercised thereunder, on the ground of being repugnant to the Constitution, treaties or laws of the United States, and the decision of the court below is in favor of their validity; third, where any title, right, privilege or immunity is claimed under the Constitution, or under any treaty or statute of the United States, or commission held or authority exercised thereunder, provided the decision in the court below is against the title, right, privilege or immunity, especially set up or claimed by either party under the Constitution, treaty or statute.

The Supreme Court of the United States also has authority to review, in specified cases, the judgments of the Federal courts—the United States District Courts and the Circuit Courts of Appeals. The judgments of the Court of Claims—where the United States permits itself to be sued—and the judgments of the United States Commerce Court, which reviews the orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission and is at this writing hovering between official life and death by congressional recall, are reviewable by the Supreme Court of the United States. And the arm of the court extends to foreign possessions.

Something in excess of five hundred cases come to the United States Supreme Court every year. In 1910—that is, the October Term, 1910, beginning the second Monday in October and lasting until June, 1911—there were filed 509 cases; in 1911, 530 cases; and in the October term, 1912, 509 cases.

Now for the amount of business the court disposes of in a term covering about eight months: To begin with, when a case is reached on the docket there is the argument in open court, unless to advance the case the parties waive oral argument and submit it on briefs. This now consumes one and one-half hours for each side, except that in important cases the time allotted for argument is extended. After the argument every member of the court must read the record, sometimes a prodigious task. The record is the transcript of the proceedings and testimony in the court below, and in certain cases it runs as high as twenty-five volumes—not pamphlets, volumes! In many cases the record will contain five thousand pages.

After the record is read by each justice there is the discussion of the points of law involved by the members of the court, together with the harmonizing of views; then the preparation of the opinion, and of the dissenting opinion, if the court is divided. Keeping this in mind some appreciation of the amount of work performed by the Court may be judged by the figures for the last three years.



Justice McKenna

In the October term, 1910, the Supreme Court disposed of 455 cases. In the October term, 1911, 499 cases. And in the October term, 1912, which ended last June, the court rendered decrees in 576 cases—a gain of 77 over any preceding year. Furthermore in the number of vitally important cases considered and determined at the last term the record surpasses that of any term of the court for fully fifty years.

It is regrettable that some of the cases which had been argued, presenting complicated and difficult questions, could not have been determined before the summer recess, but it doubtless was unavoidable that they should go over until fall. This postponement should not obscure the fact that real progress is being made, under the leadership of Chief Justice White, in what at one time seemed the impossible task of clearing the docket. When the court adjourned at the end of the October term, 1910, there remained undisposed of 640 cases; which is to say, that so many cases had not been reached. At the close of the October term, 1911, there were 671 cases undecided—the docket was gaining on the court! But at the present time there are 604 cases waiting adjudication—a gain, in this respect, of sixty-seven cases over the preceding term and thirty-six cases over the October term, 1910. In other words, the court is beginning slowly but surely to catch up with its docket.

The work of hearing and disposing of the cases docketed is but part of the official labor of the justices. Applications are constantly being made for writs of error—the procedure whereby the court reviews the findings of the court below as to matters of law and writs of certiorari—where remedy by appeal is not specifically provided, and the court, exercising its discretion, orders the lower court to send up the case for final consideration. Applications for certiorari are presented in open court only. Applications for writs of error come to the justices in their private offices, usually by special-delivery mail, but sometimes through counsel, and these writs are sought both when the court is in session and when it has adjourned for the summer. Thus are many of a justice's "leisure moments" employed.

In the last term there has been the added burden of revising, first, the equity rules for all of the Federal courts, and, second, the rules of the Supreme Court itself. The importance of the revision of the equity rules can best be understood by remembering that a very large proportion of the actions that come before the Supreme Court are equity cases. Save for perhaps half a dozen changes these rules had not been altered or changed since 1841, or for seventy-two years.

Justice Van Devanter

The New Equity Rules

A COMMITTEE, consisting of the Chief Justice and Associate Justices Lurton and Van Devanter, undertook the revision. Suggestions were invited from Federal judges, from members of the bar and bar associations. The English rules were carefully studied. Finally an entirely new set of equity rules was formulated on November 4, 1912, to take effect February 1, 1913. These rules were designed to economize and shorten the time involved in the conduct and hearing of equity cases, to simplify the proceedings and to do away with delay. The question of lumbering up the record with unnecessary matter was regulated. Formerly a wealthy litigant would seek to encumber the record in order to pile up the expense for printing, and thus discourage the other party from taking an appeal. Under the new rules a record that formerly would have been spread out to five thousand pages must now be compressed into one hundred or one hundred and fifty pages. Postponements, even as agreed upon between opposing counsel, are now regulated by the court, except for one postponement. The purpose of this revision was to expedite justice, decrease the cost of litigation, and insure a square deal to the poor suitor-objects which, it is said, bid fair to be accomplished.

When a case is being argued before the Supreme Court of the United States it frequently happens that a particular justice asks most of the questions of one or both sides in the argument—counsel are often confronted with questions from the bench. This, perhaps, has given rise to the idea, entertained by some attorneys practicing before the court, that a certain justice is designated to handle a given case before it is argued; that he follows the oral argument with special care; that afterward he reads the record—and he alone of the nine members of the court—and that he writes the opinion, which, if it turns out to represent the views of the majority, comes to be the opinion of the court. Such is the practice in not a few of the state courts. In the supreme court of one of the Northwestern states the cases are allotted in blocks of twenty-five, and the only judge who reads the entire record is the judge designated by the chief justice to take charge of the case for the court, unless, of course, there is disagreement with his final conclusions, in which event the record is examined by another judge.

Not at all the *modus operandi* of the United States

(Concluded on Page 36)

Justice Holmes

A SINGER'S STORY

By Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch

I Was Fond of Singing Lucia

In the Title-Rôle of Aida

As Mignon in the Mirror Scene

LIKE all artists I look back upon many fluctuations in my artistic achievements. Sometimes I was good and often not so good; and curiously enough I was usually best, according to my friends and critics, when most dissatisfied with myself. But of one thing I am fairly confident—I never really went backward, never seriously retrograded artistically. Each rôle was a step farther and higher. To each I brought a clearer vision, a surer touch, a more flexible method, a finer—how shall I say it in English?—*attaque* is nearest what I mean. This I say without vanity, for the artist who does not grow and improve with each succeeding part is deteriorating. There is no standing still in any life work; or if there is it is the standing still of successful effort, the hard-won tenure of a difficult place from which most people slip back. The Red Queen in Through the Looking Glass expressed it rightly when she told Alice that "you have to run just as hard as you can to stay where you are."

As Gilda I was only laying the groundwork. My performance was, I believe, on the right lines. It rang true. But it was far from what it became in later years when the English critics found me "the most beautiful and convincing of all Gildas!" As Linda I do not think that I showed any great intellectual improvement over Gilda, but I had acquired a certain confidence and authority. I sang and acted with more ease; and for the first time I had gained a sense of personal responsibility toward and for an audience. When I beheld only three hundred people in my first-night Boston audience and determined to win them and did win them, I came into possession of new and important factors in my work. This consciousness and earnest willpower to move one's public by the force of one's art is one of the first steps toward being a true prima donna.

Amateurs, Professionals and Geniuses

I PURITANI never taught me very much simply as an opera. The part was too heavy as my voice was then, and our production of it was so hurried that I had not time to spend on it the study which I liked to give a new rôle. But in this very fact lay its lesson for me. The necessity for losing timidity and self-consciousness, the power to fling oneself into a new part without time to coddle one's vanity or one's habits of mind, the impersonal courage needed to attack fresh difficulties, these points are of quite as much importance to a young opera singer as are fine breath control and a gift for phrasing.

I have spoken of how hopeless it is for an opera singer to try to work emotionally or purely on impulse; of how futile the merely temperamental artist becomes on the operatic stage. Yet too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of feeling what one does and sings. It is in just this seeming paradox that the truly professional artist's point of view may be found. The amateur acts and sings temperamentally. The trained student gives a finished and correct performance. It is only a genius—or something very near it—who can do both. There is something balanced and restrained in a genuine prima donna's brain that keeps her emotions from running away from her, just as there is at the same time something equally warm and inspired in her heart that animates the most clear-cut of her intellectual work and makes it living and lovely. Sometimes it is difficult for an experienced artist to say just where instinct stops and art begins. When I sang Amina in Sonnambula I was greatly complimented on my walk and my intonation, both most characteristic of a somnambulist. I made a point of keeping

As Escamillo's Sweetheart in Carmen

a strange, rhythmical, dreamy step like that of a sleepwalker and sang as if I were talking in my sleep. I breathed in a hard, labored way, and walked with the headlong yet dragging gait of one who neither sees, knows nor cares where she is going. Now this effect came not entirely from calculation nor yet from intuition, but from a combination of the two. I was in the mood of somnambulism and acted accordingly. But I deliberately placed myself in that mood. This only partly expresses what I wish to say on this subject; but it is the root of dramatic work as I know it.

The opera of Sonnambula incidentally taught me one or two things not generally included in stage essentials. Among others I had to learn not to be afraid, physically afraid, or at any rate not to mind being afraid. In the sleepwalking scene Amina, carrying her candle and robed in white, glides across the narrow bridge at a perilous height, while the watchers below momentarily expect her to be dashed to pieces on the rocks underneath.

Sleepwalking the Dizzy Bridge

OUR bridge used to be set very high—it was especially lofty in the Philadelphia Academy of Music where we gave the opera a little later—and I had quite a climb to get up to it at all. There was a wire strung along the side of the bridge, but it was not a bit of good to lean on, merely a moral support. I had to carry the candle in one hand and couldn't even hold the other outstretched to balance myself, for sleepwalkers do not fall. This was the point that I had to keep in mind—I could not walk carefully, I had to walk with certainty. In a sense it was suggestive of a hypnotic condition and I was almost obliged to get into one myself before I could do it. At all events I had to compose myself very summarily first. Just in the middle of the crossing the bridge is supposed to crack. Of course the edges only were broken; but I had to give a sort of jog to carry out the illusion and I used to wonder, the while I jogged, if I were going over the side that time! In the wings they used to be quite anxious about me and would draw a general breath of relief when I was safely across. Every night I would be asked if I were sure I wanted to undertake it that night, and every time I would answer:

"I don't know whether I can!"

But of course I always did it. Somehow one always does do one's work on the stage, even if it is trying to the nerves or a bit dangerous. I have heard that when Maude Adams put on her big production of Joan of Arc her managers objected seriously to having her lead the mounted battle charge herself. A double was costumed exactly like her and was ready to mount Miss Adams' horse at the last moment. But did she ever give a double

a chance to lead her battle charge? Not she; and no more would any true artist.

The summer after my début I went on a concert tour under Grau's management, but my throat was tired after the strain and nervous effort of my first season and I finally went up to the country for a long rest. In New Hartford, Connecticut, my mother, father and I renewed many old friendships, and it was a genuine pleasure to sing again in a small choir, to attend sewing circles, and to live the every-day life from which I had been so far removed during my studies and professional work. People everywhere were charming to me. Though only nineteen I was an acknowledged prima donna, and so received all sorts of kindly attentions. This was the summer, I believe—although it may have been a later one—when a now famous singer, then only a boy, determined to become a professional singer. He has always insisted that it was my presence and the glamour that surrounded the stage because of me that finally decided him.

I did not sing again in New York until the January of 1862. Before that we had a short season on the road—Philadelphia, Baltimore and other places. As there were then but nine opera houses in America our itinerary was necessarily somewhat limited. In November of that year I sang in Les Noces de Jeannette, in Philadelphia, a charming part although not a very important one. The critics found in Jeannette a great many surprising things. It was considered "broad," "risqué," "typically French," and so on. In reality it was innocent enough; but it must be remembered that this was a day and generation that found Faust frightfully daring, and Traviata so improper that it required a year's hard effort to persuade the Brooklyn public to listen to it!

Shocked by Traviata

IT WAS really funny about Traviata. In 1861 President Chittenden, of the board of directors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, made a sensational speech arraigning the plot of Traviata, and protesting against its production in Brooklyn on the grounds of propriety, or rather impropriety. Meetings were held and it was finally resolved that the opera was objectionable. The feeling against it grew into a series of almost religious ceremonies of protest, and, as I have said, it took Grau a year of hard effort to overcome the opposition. When at last, in 1862, the opera was given I took part in it. The audience was all on edge with excitement. There had been so much talk about it that the whole town turned out to see why the directors had withstood it for a year. Every clergyman within traveling distance was in the house.

Its dramatic sister, Camille, was also opposed violently when Madame Modjeska played it in Brooklyn in later years. These facts are amusing in the light of present-day productions and their morals, or dearth of them. Salome is, I think, about the only grand opera of recent times that has been suppressed by a directors' meeting. But in my youth directors were very tender of their public's virtuous feelings. When the Black Crook and the Lydia Thompson troupe first appeared in New York people spoke of those comparatively harmless shows with bated breath, and no one dared admit having actually seen them. The Lydia Thompson Blondes the troupe was called. They did a burlesque song-and-dance affair and wore yellow wigs. Professor Brander Matthews married Ada Harland, one of the most popular and charming of them. I wonder what would have happened to an audience of that time if a modern, up-to-date Broadway musical farce had been presented to their consideration.

At any rate the much advertised Traviata was finally given, and proved a huge and sensational success. Probably I did not really understand the character of Violetta down in the bottom of my heart. Modjeska once said that a woman was capable of playing Juliet only when she was old enough to be a grandmother; and if that be true of the young Veronese girl, how much more must it be true of poor Camille. My interpretation of the

An Acknowledged Prima Donna at Nineteen

As Marguerite at Twenty

Clara Louise Kellogg in the Sixties

Lady of the Camellias must have been a curiously impersonal one. I know that when Emma Abbott appeared in it later the critics said that she was so afraid of allowing it to be suggestive that she made it so, whereas I apparently never thought of that side of it and consequently never forced my audiences to think of it either.

Violetta's gowns greatly interested me. I liked surprising the public with new and startling effects. I argued that Violetta would probably love curious and exotic combinations, so I dressed her first act in a gown of rose pink and pale primrose yellow. Odd? Yes, of course it was odd. But the color scheme, bizarre as it was, always looked to my mind and the minds of other persons altogether enchanting.

I remember that I sang the part during one season with a tenor whose hands were always dirty. I found the back of my pretty frocks becoming grimier and grimier, and greasier and greasier, and, as I provided my own gowns and had to be economical, I finally came to the conclusion that I could not and would not afford to let this go on. So I sent my compliments to monsieur and asked him please to be extra careful and particular about washing his hands before the performance as my dress was very light and delicate, and so forth—quite a polite message considering the subject. Politeness, however, was entirely wasted on him. Back came the cheery and nonchalant reply:

"All right! Tell her to send me some soap!"

I sent it; and I supplied him with soap for the rest of the season. This was cheaper than buying new clothes.

Tenors are often queer creatures. Most of them have their eccentricities and the soprano is lucky if these are innocuous peculiarities. I used to find it in my heart, for instance, to wish that they did not have such queer theories as to what sort of food was good for the voice. Many of them affected garlic. Stigelli usually exhaled an aroma of lager beer; while the good Mazzoleni invariably ate from one to two pounds of cheese the day he was to sing. He said it strengthened his voice. Brignoli had been long enough in this country to become partly Americanized, so he never smelled of anything.

A Big Order From Maretzek

ALL this time the War was going on and our opera ventures, even at their best, were nothing to what they had been in the days of peace. It seemed quite clear for a while that the old favorites would not draw audiences from among the anxious and sorrowing people. For a big success we needed something novel, sensational, exceptional.

On the other side of the world people were all talking of Gounod's new opera, the one he had sold for only twelve hundred dollars, which had made a wonderful hit both in Paris and London. It was said to be startlingly new; and Max Maretzek, in despair over the many lukewarm successes we had all had, decided to have a look at the score.

The opera was Faust.

With all my pride I was terrified and appalled when he came to me and abruptly told me that I was to create the part of Marguerite in America. This was a large order for a girl of twenty; but I took my courage in both hands and resolved to make America proud of me. I was a pioneer when I undertook Gounod's music and I had no notion of what to do with it, but my will and my ambition arose to meet the situation.

Mme. Miolan-Carvalho created Marguerite in Paris at the Théâtre Lyrique. In London Patti and Tietjens had both sung it before we had put it on in America—Adelina at Covent Garden and Tietjens at Her Majesty's Opera House, where I was destined to sing it later. Except for these productions of Faust across the sea that opera was still an unexplored field.

I had absolutely nothing to guide me, nothing to help me when I began work on my new idea. I, who had been schooled and trained in traditions and their observances since I had first begun to study, found myself confronted with conditions that had as yet no traditions. I had to make them for myself.

Maretzek secured the score during the winter of 1862-1863, and then spoke to me about the music. I worked at

the part off and on for nine months, even while I was singing other parts and taking my summer vacation. But when the season opened in the autumn of 1863 the performance was postponed because a certain reaction had set in on the part of the public. People were beginning to want some sort of distraction and relaxation from the horrors and anxieties of war and now began to come again to hear the old favorites. So Maretzek wanted to wait and put off his new sensation until he really needed it as a drawing card.

Then came the news that Anschutz, the German manager, was about to bring a German company to the Terrace Garden in New York with a fine repertoire of grand opera, including Faust. Of course that settled the question. Maretzek hurried the new opera into final rehearsal, and it was produced at the Academy of Music on November 25, 1863, when I was very little more than twenty years old.

Who was it said "the world goes round with revolutions"? It is a great truth, whoever said it. Every new step in art, in progress along any line, has cost something and has been fought for. Nothing fresh or good has ever come into existence without a convulsion of the old, dried-up forms. Beethoven was a revolutionist when he threw aside established musical forms with the Ninth Symphony; Wagner was a revolutionist when he contrived impossible intervals of the eleventh and the thirteenth and called them for the first time dissonant harmonies; so also was Gounod when he departed from all accepted operatic forms and institutions in Faust.

When Faust Was New and Strange

YOU who have heard Cari Fior upon the hand-organs in the street and have whistled the Soldiers' Chorus while you were in school, who have even grown to regard the opera of Faust as old-fashioned and of light weight, must refocus your glass a bit and look at Gounod's masterpiece from the point of view of nearly fifty years ago. It was just as startling, just as strange, just as antagonistic to our established musical habit as Strauss and Debussy and Dukas are to some persons today. What is new must always be strange, and what is strange must, except to a few adventurous souls, prove to be disturbing and hence disagreeable. People say "it is different, therefore it must be wrong." Even as battle, murder and sudden death are upsetting to our lives, so Gounod's bold harmonies, sweeping airs and curious orchestration were upsetting to the public ears.

There was very little general enthusiasm before the production of Faust. There were so few American musicians then that no one knew or cared about the music. Neither was the poem much read. The public went to the opera houses to hear popular singers and familiar airs. They had not the slightest interest in a new opera from an artistic standpoint.

I had never been allowed to read Goethe's poem until I began to study Marguerite. Then even my careful mother was obliged to admit that I should have to familiarize myself with the character before I interpreted it. It is doubtful, even so, whether I entered fully into the emotional and psychological grasp of the rôle. All that part of it was with me entirely mental. I could seize the complete mental possibilities of a character and work them out intelligently long before I had any emotional comprehension of them. As a case in point, when I sang Gilda I gave a perfectly logical presentation of the character; but I am very sure that I had not the least notion of what the latter part of Rigoletto meant. Fear, grief, love, courage—these were emotions that I could accept and with which I could work; but I was still too immature to have much conception of the great sex complications that underlay the opera that I sang so peacefully. And I dare say that one reason why I played Marguerite so well was because I was so ridiculously innocent myself.

Most of the Marguerites I have seen make her too sophisticated, too complicated. The moment they get off the beaten path they go to extremes, like Calvé and Farrar. It is very pleasant to be original and daring in a part, but anything original or daring in connection with Marguerite is a little like mixing red pepper with vanilla blanc mange. Nilsson, even, was too—shall I say, knowing? It seems the only word that fits my meaning. Nilsson was much the most attractive of all the Marguerites I have ever seen, yet she was altogether too sophisticated for the character and for the period, although today I suppose she would be considered quite mild.

Lucca was an absolute little devil in the part. She was also one of the Marguerites who wore black hair. As for Patti—I have a picture of Adelina as Marguerite in which she looks like Satan's own daughter, a young and feminine Mephistopheles to the life. Once I heard Faust in the Secondo Teatro of Naples with Alice Nielsen, and thought she gave a charming performance. She was greatly helped by not having to wear a wig. A wig, however becoming, and no matter how well put on, does certainly do something strange to the expression of a woman's face. This was what I had to have—a wig—and it was one of the chief difficulties in my preparations for the great new part.

A wig may sound like a simple requirement, but I wonder if anybody has any idea how difficult it was to get a good wig in those days. Nobody in America knew how to make one. There was no blond hair over here and none could be procured, none being for sale. The poor affair worn by Madame Carvalho as Marguerite illustrates what was then considered a sufficient wig equipment. Today prima donnas besides Lucca justify the use of their own dark locks—notably Madame Eames and Miss Farrar—but I cannot help suspecting that this comes chiefly from a wish to be original, to be different at all costs. There is no real question but that the young German peasant was fair to the flaxen point. Yet though I knew how she should be, I found it was simpler as a theory than as a fact. I tried powder—light-brown powder, yellow powder, finally gold powder. The latter was little, I imagine, but brass filings, and it gave the best effect of all my early experiments, looking, while it stayed on my hair, very burnished and sunny. But it turned my scalp green! This was probably the verdigris from the brass filings in the stuff. I was frightened enough to dispense entirely with the whole gold and green effect; after which I experimented with all the available wigs, in spite of a popular prejudice against them as immovable.

They were in general composed of hemp rope, with about as much look about them of real hair as Madame Carvalho's! I had finally to wait until I could get a wig made in Europe and have it imported. When it came at last it was a beauty. Wigs were so rare and as a rule so ugly in those days that my big blond perruque, that cost nearly two hundred dollars—the hair was sold by weight—caused the greatest sensation. People not infrequently came behind the scenes and begged to be allowed to examine it. Artists were not nearly so sacred or so safe from the public in those days. Now it would be impossible for a stranger to penetrate to a prima donna's dressing room or hotel apartment; but we were constantly assailed by the admiring, the critical and above all the curious.

Of course I did not know what to wear in my new part. My old friend, Ella Porter, was in Paris at the time and went to see Carvalho in Marguerite especially on my account, and sent me rough drawings of her costumes. As I did not like them very well I studied Von Kaulbach's pictures and those of other German illustrators and designed my own costumes. In the face of all comment and suggestion I wore in the first act a blue dress trimmed with brown, and it looked very well. Every one said I ought to wear white. Another one of my points was that I did not try to make Marguerite angelically beautiful. There is no reason to suppose that she was even particularly pretty. "Henceforth," says Mephisto to the rejuvenated Faustus, "you will greet a Helen in every wench you meet!" In the church scene I wore gray and at first a different shade of gray in the last act; but I changed this eventually to white, because white looked better when the angels were carrying me up to Heaven.

As for the cut of the dresses I seem to have been the first person to wear a bodice that fitted below the waistline like a corset. No living mortal in America had ever seen such a thing, and it became almost as much of a curiosity as my wonderful golden wig. The theater costumer was horrified. She had never cared for my innovations in the way of costuming, and her tradition-loving Latin soul was shocked to the core by the new and dreadful make-up I proposed to wear as Marguerite.

"I make for Grisi," she declared indignantly, "and I *nevair* see like dat!"

Well, I worked and struggled and slaved over every detail. No one else did. There was no great effort made to have good scenic effects. The lighting was absurd and I had to fight for my pot of daisies in the garden scene. The jewelbox I provided for myself, and the jewels. I felt—oh, how deeply I felt—that everything in my life, every note I had sung, every day I had worked, had been merely preparation for this great and lovely opera.

A Memorable First-Night

SO THE great night came round. There was no public excitement before the production. People knew nothing about the new opera. On the first night of Faust there was a good house, because frankly the public liked me. Nevertheless in spite of me the house was a little inanimate. The audience felt doubtful. It was one thing to warm up to an old and popular piece; but something untried was very different. The public had none of the present-day chivalry toward the first try-out of an opera.

Mazzoleni, of the cheese addiction, was Faust, and on that first night he had eaten even more than usual. In fact he was still eating cheese when the curtain went up and munched cheese at intervals all through the laboratory scene. He was a big Italian with a voice as big as himself, and was in a measure one of Max Maretzek's finds. Maretzek had taken an opera company to Havana when first the war slump came in operatic affairs, and had made with it a huge success and a wide reputation. Mazzoleni was one of the leading tenors of that company. He sang Faust admirably, but dressed it in an atrocious fashion, looking like a cross between a Jewish rabbi and a Prussian *gendarme*. Of course he gave no idea of the true age of Faust—the experienced, mature point of view showing through the outward bloom of his artificial youth. Very few Fausts do give this; and Mazzoleni suggested it rather less than most of them. But the public was not enlightened enough to realize the lack.

At first every one was stunned by the new treatment in the opera. In ordinary accepted operatic form there were certain things to be expected—recitatives, andantes, arias, choruses—all neatly laid out according to rule. In Faust everything was new, startling, overthrowing all traditions. About the middle of the evening some of my friends came behind the scenes to my dressing room with blank faces.

"Heavens, Louise," they exclaimed, "what do you do in this opera anyway? Every one in the front of the house is asking: 'Where's the prima donna?'"

Indeed an opera in which the heroine has nothing to do until the third act might well have startled a public accustomed to the old Italian forms. However I assured every one:

"Don't worry. You'll get more than enough of me before the end of the evening!"

The house was not much stirred until the love scene. That was breathless. We felt more and more that we were beginning to get our audience. There were no modern effects of lighting; but a calcium was thrown on me as I stood by the window, and I sang my very best. As Mazzoleni came up to the window and the curtain went down there was a dead silence. Not a hand for ten seconds. Ten seconds is a long time when one is waiting on the stage. Time and the clock itself seemed to stop as we stood there motionless and breathless. Maretzek had time to get through the little orchestra door and up on the stage before the applause came. We were standing as though

(Continued on Page 30)

PHOTO BY BORA, NEW YORK CITY

Wartime Portrait of Gen. W. T. Sherman
Presented to Miss Kellogg

THE PRICE OF PLACE

XVIII

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

THERE were enough men on the county committee who were willing to depose McManus as chairman to sign a call for a meeting, and the call was issued and the meeting held. McManus was voted out and Marsh elected in his stead. Marsh devoted the next two weeks to perfecting his organization. A special grand jury was impaneled to consider the election frauds, and at the suggestion of Marsh enough delays were secured to postpone action until after January first, when Carver came into office as district attorney.

McManus was seen but little about the streets. He remained at home. A few of his friends were loyal to him, but not many. He was nervous, irritable and depressed. His power was gone. He had plenty of money, however, and his case dragged through the courts for eighteen months when he was fined and left Morganville to live in Southern California. Johnnie Trevelyan was not heard of for several years. Then a Morganville tourist discovered him working as a clerk in a hotel in Portland, Oregon. He was still an advanced dresser, but had changed his name to William P. Jones.

"Broke is No Name for it. I'm Smashed. I'm Flatter Than a Flounder"

Mrs. Marsh had taken Dorothy to Washington in September and had insisted on placing her in a most fashionable institution for young ladies. Marsh was so busy with his politics that he did not protest much, and was not fully aware of the change until he was notified that his daughter's expenses would be more than double what they were the year before. He was inclined to take the girl out of school, but Mrs. Marsh protested so vigorously and proved so conclusively—to her thinking at any rate—the change meant a great social advance for all the Marshes, that he finally consented. Dorothy's desires were not considered by Mrs. Marsh.

Marsh had little money ahead when he got back to Washington. He had borrowed five thousand dollars from Senator Paxton for his campaign expenses, and it had cost him all of that and a good deal more to elect Carver and himself. There had been some contributions but not many, for Morganville held Marsh to be well-to-do. The people were eager to help him with advice and counsel, and they criticised freely; but they were not liberal with cash. Paxton said Marsh need be in no hurry about returning the money he owed, and apparently meant what he said, so Marsh did not let his indebtedness to the senator worry him. He did worry, though, about the increased expenses for his daughter's accomplishments and finishing, and about Mrs. Marsh's determination to have an entire new outfit of gowns, which, she said, she thought she might manage for eight or nine hundred dollars or at most a thousand.

"Well, Jim," said Senator Paxton a few days after Marsh returned to Washington, "the firm of Paxton and Marsh starts out like a winner."

"Yes," Marsh replied, "it's all right politically, but I want to tell you the junior partner in the combination is no John D. Rockefeller, financially."

"Are you broke?"

"Broke is no name for it. I'm smashed. I'm flatter than a flounder. My salary is in hock now for as much as the disbursing officer will let me have, and I've got to find some cash pretty soon or go into genteel bankruptcy."

"Is that so?" The senator appeared deeply concerned.

"It's so-er than anything you know."

Senator Paxton pursed his lips, tapped with his fingers on the edge of his desk. "Well," he said, after a moment's thought, "maybe something will turn up. Meantime I can let you have a thousand if it will help out."

Marsh took a check for a thousand dollars. He hated himself when he took it, but he had to have the money. He felt humiliated; but Paxton made light of the affair, and told Marsh he was sure there would be a financial opportunity before the session was over, and not to bother about repayment until it was easy.

The Marshes were at the same hotel where they had stayed the previous year, the Dewilton. Mrs. Marsh had announced her arrival to the society editors and was planning to resume her social activities immediately. Something of the fight Marsh had made and its dramatic ending had trickled into Washington, and a correspondent who knew Marsh had made a Sunday story of it for his paper, with Marsh's picture two columns wide. Marsh found he was somewhat of a personage when Congress met, and was pleased to note that the organization leaders were affable and agreeable and apparently knew he was a member. He attended his committee meetings regularly, and had a chance to make a speech that attracted a good deal of attention.

"I see you are getting your name into the papers," observed Senator Paxton one day when he and Marsh were talking together.

"Oh, yes," yawned Marsh; "the reporters pester me a good deal."

"Aha!" said Paxton. "So that's your attitude, is it—bothered by the reporters! Well! Well! That, I should say, is a crying shame. There is only one other thing I can think of that equals it for downright discomfort, and that is not to be pestered by the reporters. Jim, you go and take a long look at yourself in the glass. You will observe a rather sturdy, amiable person, who owes about all he has to the reporters who are pestering him, as he says. If the reporters hadn't mentioned you you would be back there in Morganville practicing law. Don't assume with me that pose of indifference to publicity. It may go with some of the weak-minded ones, but never with me.

"Let me tell you something. The pose of indifference to what the newspapers say about you is the first and one of the greatest signs of that political hypocrisy that is crystallized here in this Washington outfit. There isn't a man in this Congress or in this Government who is indifferent to publicity, who doesn't yearn for pleasant references to himself in the papers, who doesn't read and reread everything complimentary that is said about himself. It is the public boast of one of the biggest men in the Senate that he cares nothing for what the papers say about him, and never reads them; but I know absolutely that each clipping bureau in this country has standing orders from him to send him every item it can find that has his name in it.

"We affect to think we are hardened to criticism, and all the time we hate it, loathe it. We smile in a superior way and say: 'Oh, well, the boys have to have something to fill up with,' whenever they print a pleasant story about us, and privately we gloat over the mention of our names. Quit that pose, Jim! Get all the publicity you can. We need it. It is our staff of life. It works two ways we love it and we fear it. In the old days it was possible to do a good many things we can't do now, because the reporters were not so numerous and the news-distributing facilities not in their present perfected state. Now those chaps are looking into everything, and you don't want to be pestered by them. You want to pester them instead, or cultivate them rather, for they can make you or they can mar you, and it's all in the day's work with those enterprising persons.

"Most public men take a wrong view of the business of the reporter. They think the reporter comes to them because he needs them. That isn't it. The reporter comes to see a public man because that is the way he makes his living. He would much prefer to be having his own fun than to be chasing after a statesman, who nine times out of ten he has sized up to a gnat's heel as to his intrinsic bogusness and his defects and desires. The man who gets along with the highly essential newspaper crowd isn't the man who patronizes them, which they resent, or the man who affects to consider them of no consequence in his career, but the man who meets them face to face, treats them squarely, tells them the truth and doesn't try to weigh them down with confidences. Reporters don't want confidential information. They want stuff they can print. They are wise. Most of them were here when we came, and many who are here now will be here when we go. They know the game, and it is hard to deceive them. All you've got to do to be squarely treated is to treat them squarely. They want no favors. They don't hanker for your companionship. Quit trying to fool yourself on this newspaper business, Jim, and go out and play it straight. You need all the publicity you can get, if you are square, and you don't need any if you are not square. You can help the first and you can't stop the second kind. That's all there is to that."

Paxton walked over to Marsh and patted him on the shoulder. "I'll bet you a box of cigars," he said, "that although you are pestered by reporters, you've got a clipping of that Sunday story with your picture at the top of it in your inside pocket this minute."

Marsh blushed. He had. "Oh, well," he said, "I didn't mean exactly what I said."

"Of course not, and be careful you never do mean it. A public man without publicity becomes a private man so quickly it makes his head swim."

Marsh thought a good deal about what the senator had said, and was impressed when Mrs. Marsh told him incidentally that she considered the society columns in the newspapers to be the greatest levers for social success in Washington.

"Certainly!" commented Mrs. Lyster, who was sitting with them in the hotel parlor when Mrs. Marsh made this remark. "If there is to be no mention of a function in the newspapers a function might as well not be given. What advantage is it to a hostess to work and worry and plan and scheme and intrigue to get distinguished people to come to her dinners or to attend her parties, unless the world knows she is able to snare those distinguished personages? How can she be repaid for all the expense and trouble and the jealousy and the criticism and the social ambitions that run counter to hers, except by having the world know, through the kindly ministrations of the society editors, that this hostess has attained sufficient position to drag these honored guests to her house? If the newspapers were to abolish the society columns the number of social

affairs in this town would dwindle to nothing. And that means every kind of social affair, from the biggest down to the most modest, except, of course, family dinner parties where real friends are asked in.

"It is amusing to watch their efforts," continued Mrs. Lyster. "One month I kept track of the various paragraphs—sent in by herself of course—about a young woman who is in what I call the near-cabinet set, the wife of an assistant secretary, you know. Well, in the thirty-one days of that month there were exactly forty-two items about that ambitious social leader, detailing her every movement. If she expected a guest the expectation was announced; then the arrival; then the fact that the guest was there; then the projected departure of the guest; then the actual departure; and then on the following Sunday a resumé of the entire matter. And there are dozens just like her. The society columns in the newspapers may be predicated on society, but more than that, far more, is society predicated on the society columns. We simply couldn't exist without those aids to our advancement."

Marsh looked at his wife and grinned. Mrs. Marsh said nothing, but when they went upstairs she asked: "Curiously old-fashioned ideas Mrs. Lyster has, don't you think?"

"Oh, I guess her views are open to argument," Marsh replied.

"Well, James"—she had decided she would call her husband James, as better fitting the dignity of their advanced position than the Jim of former days—"Well, James, I do not intend to dispute it with you, and I think it is best for you to know that we are giving a dinner in a fortnight."

"What kind of a dinner?" asked Marsh.

"Oh, a big dinner—thirty or forty guests. I have the invitation list ready."

"And where are we to hold this function, at a dairy-lunch place?"

"We are not. It is to be given at Bangle's."

"Bangle's? Why Bangle is the most expensive caterer in this town, and that means he's the most expensive on earth."

"And the most fashionable," said Mrs. Marsh, "which is precisely why our dinner is to be given there."

"But, Molly, it will cost a heap of money."

"I don't care if it costs ten thousand dollars. We're going to give the dinner and you've got to pay for it. I intend to take my proper place in the society of this city. Heretofore all my functions have been shoddy and second-rate. Now I shall splurge. I have prepared the notices for the papers and sent them in, and the cards are being engraved, so you can't back out."

Marsh made no reply, but he wondered where the money was coming from. Mrs. Marsh spent the next two days over her invitation lists. She had carefully saved the cards of those who had called on her and who were above the ordinary congressional rank, and she sorted those cards over and over. She planned for a dinner for thirty and sent out invitations to the forty most desirable persons, knowing some of them would decline, and she had a second and even a third list ready for emergencies.

Marsh couldn't stop the thing, so he did what he could to help it. He consulted with Mrs. Marsh about her lists, and suggested some names, including those of Quicksall and Rambo. The invitations went out. In a day or two the responses began to come in.

Marsh returned to the hotel on the third night and found Mrs. Marsh crying.

"What's the matter, Molly?" he asked.

"Only six of the people we invited have accepted," she announced tragically, "including Mrs. Paxton for herself and the senator and your friend Quicksall. The rest all politely regretted."

"The devil they did!" exclaimed Marsh. "Well, what's to be done? Shall we give the dinner to the Paxtons and Quicksall and the rest? That would suit my financial condition."

"Oh," flared Mrs. Marsh, "you are always talking about expense! I should think you'd find a way to get some money so your wife could take her proper place here, considering all the friends you have and all your influence."

"Well," Marsh spoke slowly, "what would you have me do—rob the treasury?"

"Don't be absurd!" she retorted. "Others can make money here; why not you?"

Marsh said nothing more. Mrs. Marsh sent out her second flight of invitations, had a dozen acceptances and managed to get together a party of twenty-four. To be sure she carefully included the names of those "invited" in the announcement she sent to the newspapers, and in the notice she sent in on the night of the dinner contented herself with the line, "among those present were," which included only the biggest ones instead of the whole list.

It was a mixed company. Senator Paxton and his wife were there, and an assistant secretary or two, two Latin-American diplomats, a bureau chief from the Treasury Department and an army couple. The rest were representatives. The dinner was a good one, correctly served, and the party was jolly, for Mrs. Marsh had much tact, and knew what to do to make people comfortable at a function of this kind, even if some of the materials were not up to the original standard she had set.

Quicksall had walked up to Bangle's from his hotel, and Marsh took him back in the carriage he had hired, after leaving Mrs. Marsh at the Dewilton.

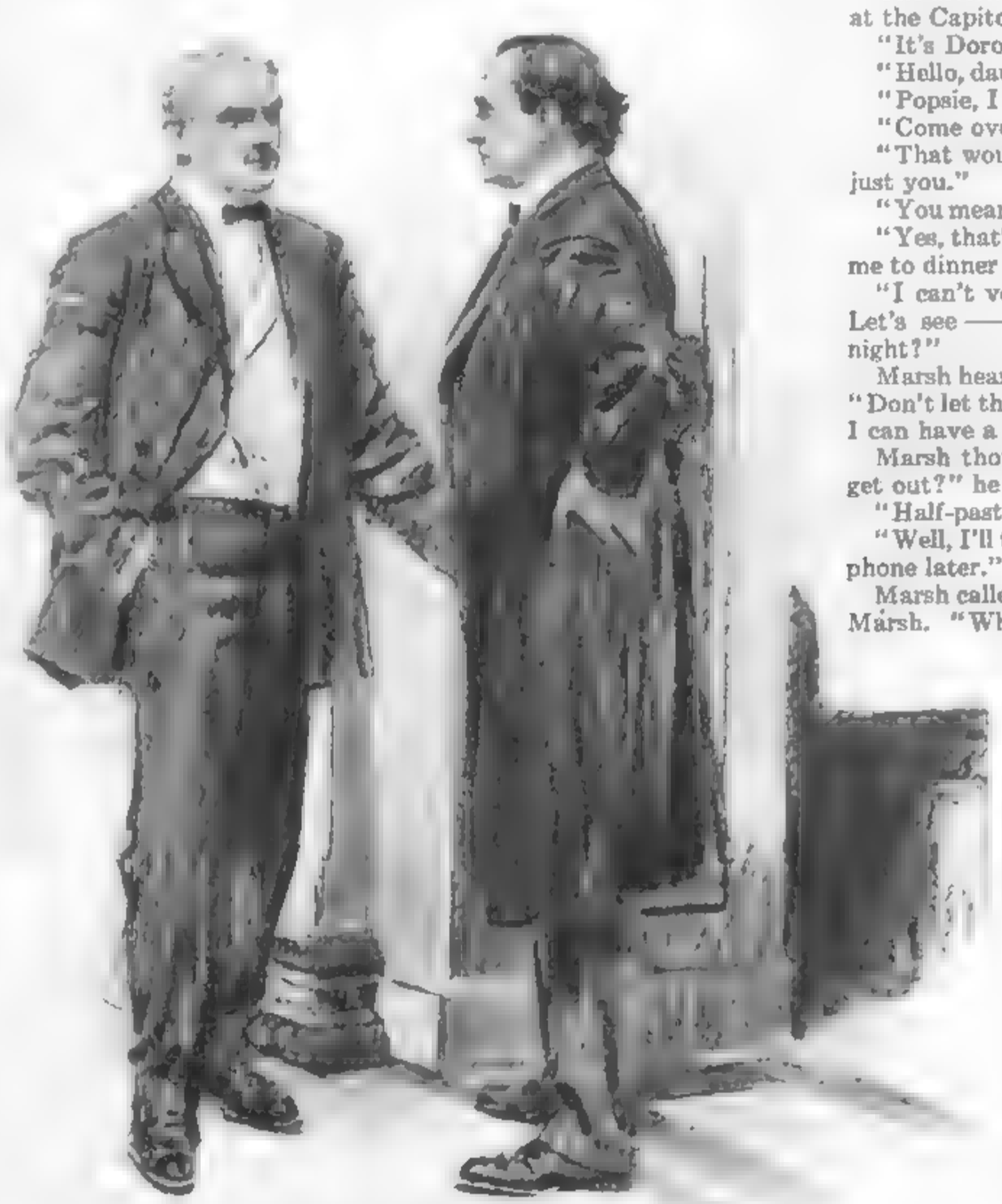
"Nice party," said Quicksall.

"Pretty good," Marsh replied; "but I'm afraid Mrs. Marsh is a bit disappointed."

"Why?"

"Some of the people she figured on couldn't come."

"Oh, well," said Quicksall, "she'll get them yet. She's going to win at this game, don't worry about that."



"What Do You Think of Those Hogs Anyhow?"

Marsh made no comment. They rode in silence for a minute or two and then Quicksall asked, quite irrelevantly, Marsh thought: "Made any money lately?"

"Not much."

"Want to go in on a little pool in copper?"

"Copper?"

"Yes, there's going to be a movement pretty soon, within the next ten days, in a copper stock I know about. I can put you in for a few shares if you like."

"The truth is, Quicksall," said Marsh, "that I'm practically broke. That fight of mine out home took about all my money."

"Oh," Quicksall replied, as if that were a matter of no consequence, "I'll carry you for a chunk of it, and if it loses we can settle afterward."

XIX

DOROTHY MARSH was not a beautiful girl in the sense of having regular features and perfect proportions, but by the time she was nearing her eighteenth birthday she had developed into a most attractive one. She had the black hair and black eyes of her father and her coloring was exquisite. She was slender, graceful, animated and vivacious, was fond of out-of-door things and clever at her books. Good-humored and sensible, like her father, she was inclined to look on her mother's social aspirations rather as a joke. Although she had inherited Mrs. Marsh's taste for dress and her tact in conversation, Dorothy did not share her mother's ambitions, and had little patience with the endless and, as she thought, stupid social routine of Washington society.

Her incarceration—for such she considered it—in the fashionable boarding school had been quite against her wishes, but she tried to make the best of it. So she entered into all the amusements at the school, and studied only enough to maintain herself in the fairly good graces of her teachers. She solemnly went about her lessons in deportment, wherein the rigidly correct ladies who had the girls in charge taught them how to enter a room, how to leave a room, how to sit down, how to stand, how to behave at table, at reception, in a receiving line, at a ball; how to eat, how to sip their beverages from their glasses, how to conduct themselves before their maids—in short, made perfect ladies out of them, fashioning them, as well as they were able, after the accepted ladylike models of the day. Most of the other girls in the school were daughters of over-rich parents, and Mrs. Marsh had been obliged to use much diplomacy and some influence to get Dorothy enrolled, not that her position was not as good as that of the daughter of the manufacturing millionaire, or the cotton-mill owner, but because the Marsh family was not rated high financially.

One afternoon Marsh was called to the telephone at the Capitol.

"It's Dorothy," said a voice.

"Hello, daughter," Marsh replied. "What is it?"

"Popsie, I want to have a talk with you."

"Come over to the hotel then."

"That wouldn't do. I want to have a talk with just you."

"You mean you don't want mamma to be round?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean. Will you take me to dinner somewhere?"

"I can't very well without taking your mother. Let's see —— But how can you get away at night?"

Marsh heard a little laugh at the end of the wire. "Don't let that fuss you, popsie. Just tell me where I can have a chat with you."

Marsh thought a minute. "What time can you get out?" he asked.

"Half-past seven."

"Well, I'll try to arrange it and I'll call you on the phone later."

Marsh called up the Dewilton and asked for Mrs. Marsh. "What are you doing tonight, my dear?" he inquired.

Mrs. Marsh said she had a club meeting to attend.

"And how long shall you be busy?"

Mrs. Marsh thought she would be home by ten o'clock, and asked why he wanted to know.

"Oh," Marsh lied glibly, "I have a conference and I wondered what your plans were. That's all."

He rang off and sent a note to Dorothy, telling her to be at the hotel at eight o'clock. Mrs. Marsh had gone to her club meeting by the time Dorothy danced into the Marsh rooms, her face aglow with excitement. "Isn't it a lark?" she gurgled. "Arranging a secret meeting with one's own father. It's really quite romantic!"

Marsh kissed her. He was devoted to his vivacious daughter.

"What is it, Dodie?" he asked, using her baby name. "But first tell me how you got out of that prison of yours?" He looked at her sternly and then kissed her again.

"Promise never to tell?"

"Never."

"Well, then, I came out by the back door."

"Came out by the back door? But how did you get out of the back door?"

"I unlocked it, stupid, and walked out, walked right out in the exact manner Miss Angeline Prim, our deportment teacher, informs us is the proper way for a perfect lady to leave a room. Like this"—and she gave her father an exaggerated imitation of Miss Prim's correctest method of polite departure after a call is over.

Marsh laughed. "Still," he said, "that doesn't explain how you got a key. I thought all you young ladies were immured in that school except on state occasions, when your teachers or chaperones take you out for the air."

"That's the secret—that's the fateful secret. Promise again you'll never tell, not even mamma."

"I promise!"

"Well," said Dorothy, reaching into her bag, "here's the key." She produced a brass key, which Marsh examined curiously.

"Where did you get it?"

"A girl let me take it."

"Where did the girl get it?"

"That," laughed Dorothy, "is the real secret. Popsie, you are now gazing on the greatest, the most sacred, the most profound of the hidden mysteries of Miss Capulet's Fashionable Seminary for the Training of Young Ladies of the Better Classes. For twenty long and stylish and exclusive years this key has been handed down from one class to another. It is guarded religiously. Only the elect

know it exists. When one set of girls graduates, is 'finished,' those girls give the key to the girls who are to be completed the next year, and here it is, and here am I, being one of the elect. But remember, you mustn't tell."

Marsh promised again. Dorothy sat down. "Seriously, papa, I just had to talk to you or burst!"

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, I hate all this formality and social foolishness that they teach me as if I intended to spend my life gliding gracefully into a drawing room and gliding out again, after I have stood gracefully about or sat gracefully down and risen gracefully, and chatted with graceful animation with the automatons who are gracefully disposed round the room. I hate it. I want to go back to Morganville and forget there is such a thing as exclusive society, and that it is bad form to do this perfectly natural thing, and worse form to be oneself and not a parrot, parroting Miss Prim's correct conversation for correct young ladies."

"But you know that's impossible."

"Why is it? I can go back and live with grandma, where I can get out-of-doors and not be worried about the width of my skirt or the proper way to eat ice cream."

"Pshaw, Dorothy, your mother wouldn't hear of it for a moment."

"Can't you coax her, popsie? Can't you?"

"Coax her?" Marsh laughed. "No, daughter, I can't coax her, nor can I do anything except meekly bear my burdens along with you. She wants to succeed socially, and I want her to, of course. She intends that you shall be a social success. This training is necessary, she says. It is essential, she thinks. Mamma has great ambitions, not only for herself but for you and for me. We must help her, not hinder her."

"But, popsie, I hate it."

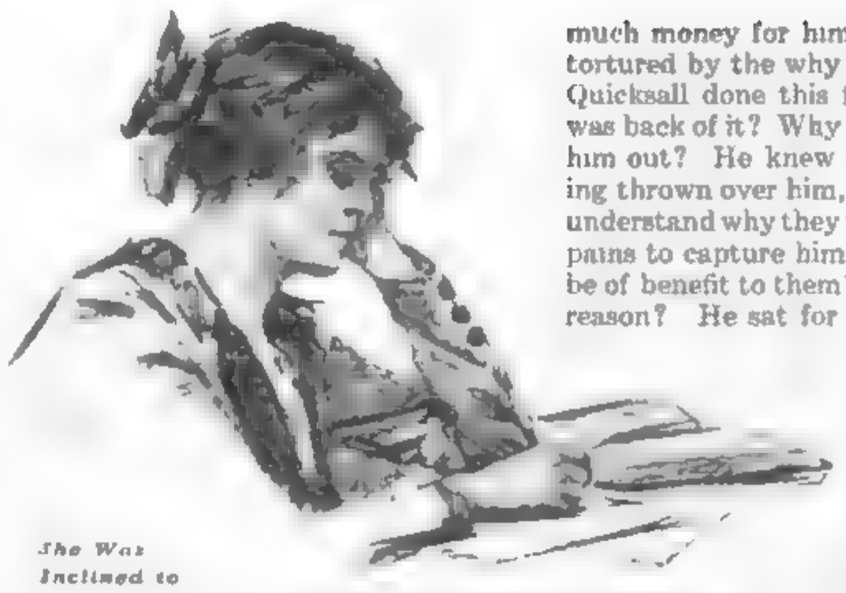
"Possibly you will feel differently about it when you have been finished"—Marsh laughed—"by Miss Capulet and her able assistants and are out having your fling at it here in Washington."

"I never shall. It isn't real. It all seems like a game."

"That is exactly what it is dear—a game," he said gravely. "And you and I are playing that game, my girl, and we must play it according to the rules. You're dead right!" he exclaimed; "it's all a game—my part of it, your mother's part of it, your part of it—and the stakes are what? Place; the right or the assumed right to consider oneself a little better than one's neighbor, to have a little more trumpery importance, to get a little useless distinction according to standards that are as artificial as the things measured by them. You are right, Dorothy, it is a game; but unless we play it we are played upon by it. Once we take a hand we must stay until somebody stronger defeats us, and the whole of it depends on knowing how to play those cards so we shall not be defeated but shall defeat others, no matter what the consequences to the others may be. It's useless to protest, Dorothy. You are in this atmosphere and so am I, and we must breathe this air, for there is no other that will sustain us in the life of the kind we have set out to lead. Come, I'll take you back to school."

Marsh thought a good deal about Dorothy's protest and he was sorry for her, as indeed he was at times sorry for himself, but he could see no way out. He was in the game and he must stay in, or confess failure and come to defeat. There seemed to be some force behind him, invisible but potent, pushing him into intimate relations with men whom he had come to know as selfish, self-seeking politicians, using the party and the country and the people for their own ends, for their own aggrandizement and their own perpetuation in power, and he knew there was only one thing he could do besides continue on as he was being directed—he could revolt. He could declare his independence. That would mean his political ruin, and his career was very dear to him.

A day or two later he had a letter from Quicksall giving him the details of the copper pool. There was a rich prospect in Arizona where the workings had been kept secret. A big vein had been struck, and the syndicate had bought twenty-five thousand shares of the stock of the original company at two dollars a share. Marsh had been put in for three thousand shares. The plan was to make the announcement of the strike, fully verified, for it was a real strike, and at the proper time put the stock on the market. Options at two dollars a share had been taken on a block of fifty thousand shares to be held in reserve. If the mine was as good as it promised to be the stock would be proportioned among the syndicate members to hold; but in any event Quicksall was sure the announcement of the strike would send the stock up some dollars a share and anticipated a good turn, with the optioned stock in reserve, to be sold, kept or turned back by a refusal to take up the option when it expired in case circumstances were not propitious.



She Was Inclined to Look on Her Mother's Social Aspirations as Rather a Joke

Marsh watched the curb-market news carefully for several days. Then one morning the New York papers all had stories of the big strike in the Marnie Mine, and Quicksall telephoned to Marsh that afternoon from New York that the demand had been very active and that the twenty-five thousand shares had been sold at an average profit of nine dollars a share. Next morning Marsh received a letter from Quicksall inclosing a check for $10,500, and notifying him that the remainder of his profit, after deducting the $6000 for the original payment of two dollars a share for his three thousand shares, had been withheld to take up the five thousand shares of the optioned stock allotted to him, for which he would receive certificates in due time.

That meant that Marsh had $10,500 in cash, that he owned five thousand shares, bought for him at two dollars a share, and worth on the market nine dollars a share, or $45,000. The check for $10,500 instead of for $11,000, Quicksall explained, meant that $500 had been deducted for Marsh's share of the expense of the operation, and the commissions.

Marsh was dumbfounded. He had no idea he would make so much money or that Quicksall would make so much money for him. Again he was tortured by the why of it. Why had Quicksall done this for him? What was back of it? Why had they singled him out? He knew the net was being thrown over him, and he couldn't understand why they were taking such pains to capture him. How could he be of benefit to them? What was the reason? He sat for hours trying to get a solution, and all the time the check for $10,500 lay on the table before him, smiling up at him, laughing joyously in his face—and he needed the money. As he walked home that night, after a listless day in the House, he accidentally encountered his friend Rambo.

"Hello, Marsh," said Rambo cheerily, "did you get a slice of that copper melon?"

"Yes," Marsh replied, "Quicksall let me have some of the stock. Say, Rambo, why has Quicksall taken such a shine to me?"

"Oh," said Rambo lightly, "you're a good fellow. Come on in and have a drink!"

Marsh lay awake for hours that night turning the matter over in his mind. He considered all his relations with Quicksall. That friendly person had never asked him to do anything save dine with him. He was far from a reasonable explanation when he fell asleep. At breakfast next morning Mrs. Marsh gave him Dorothy's bill for extras at Miss Capulet's seminary. It was for $600 and covered only half the term. Marsh put the check for $10,500 in the bank on his way up to the Capitol.

Marsh found a note from the speaker's secretary in his box in the House post-office, asking him to drop in to the speaker's room that morning. He went round about eleven o'clock and was soon admitted to the inner office.

"Hello, Marsh," greeted the speaker. "Glad to see you. Sit down."

Marsh said he was equally glad to see the speaker, and waited to hear why he had been summoned.

"Marsh," the speaker continued, "the boys think you are just the man to defend the Administration's reciprocity program on the floor."

"What's that?" asked Marsh.

"I say the boys have been talking the matter over and have decided you are just the man to make the big speech defending the Administration's reciprocity policy on the floor. We've got to have a smashing statement of our side of the case for public consumption. We've got the votes, you know," and the speaker chuckled, "but we need the excuse for them, and we think you can do it better than anybody. What do you say?"

"But, Mr. Speaker," stammered Marsh, "I—I——"

"Oh, hell," said the speaker. "I know what you are thinking. You aren't quite in line with it. Well, forget that, my son. It's a party policy and it's an Administration measure. It's going through whooping, but we want the country to understand it. You are a Republican, and you can take your stand as a loyal member of the Grand Old Party."

"I'll think it over."

"You don't have to think it over; decide now. It's a big chance for you. It shows we have confidence in you, despite that youthful indiscretion of yours when you jumped away from us on that land bill a year or so ago. There are half a dozen men who are aching to make this speech, which will attract attention not only in every state in the Union but abroad, and this is your opportunity. How about it, Marsh?"

"All right," consented Marsh, feeling tremendously flattered. "I'll do my best at it."

"That's the Secret—That's the Fateful Secret. Promise Again You'll Never Tell, Not Even Mamma".

(Continued on Page 39)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 16, 1913

How Little Boys Debate

SAYS Senator McCumber: "This tariff bill is especially endowed with tooth and talon for the injury and destruction of the American farmer. You are about to commit a greater crime against the American farmer than has ever been perpetrated by any political party against any class of people during any period of recorded history."

It is for the sake of this kind of tommyrot that the Senate keeps the country waiting two months. The tariff debate is bankrupt of ideas. On both sides it descends to that frothy violence of language which is a sure sign that the debaters have run out of rational arguments. Senator Thomas is not content to absolve the Wilson tariff of 1894 from responsibility for the panic of 1893. He must say concerning the panic: "There can be no denial of the origin and purpose of this frightful calamity. Mr. Cleveland and the New York banks conspired to wreck the progress and prosperity of the nation that they might be rid of an unwelcome law."

Little boys debate that way: "My pa is forty times as strong as your pa." "Y're a liar. My pa could take your pa in one hand and break him in two."

The new tariff bill, as reported to the Senate, proposes to take the top layers off the tariff wall, reducing average ad-valorem duties by one-fourth. That will endow the nation with a new freedom, open a wide door of opportunity to every worthy man, and spread a thick uniform layer of economic sunshine from coast to coast. On the other hand it will involve the nation in universal and irretrievable ruin. How much the game at Washington is sheer buncombe any way!

Penalizing Our Plutocrats

THE foolish restriction in the Fourteenth Amendment that no state shall "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws" complicates matters fearfully. The vaguely defined region known as Wall Street contains a citizenry that a great many people are anxious to do something to, but the constitutional difficulties of framing a punitive scheme for them that will not react upon a great body of theoretically innocent persons are fairly insuperable.

It was far simpler in the Middle Ages when capitalists—in the vulgar sense of possessors of spare cash—were mainly Jews. By common consent in England the Jews were a personal perquisite of the king, and the history of Plantagenet finance shows that one of the most dependable of all sources of royal revenue was found in "shaking down" Hebrew financiers. In one great pinch Henry III pawned the whole body of Jews in England as security for a loan—exactly as a hard-pressed Central American state now puts its custom houses in hock or as Japan gives a mortgage on its tobacco monopoly.

Probably the Constitution could be amended to reinstate that idyllic condition. One pleasing result would be that our plutocrats, instead of remaining the special target of governmental rancor and denunciation, would immediately become objects of affectionate solicitude. News that Mr. Rockefeller had made another fifty millions, instead of causing dissatisfaction in governmental circles, would provoke very pleasurable emotions—and an order for a fresh pair of forceps. The whole point of view respecting swollen fortunes would be diametrically changed. After an exceedingly rich man had been properly trimmed he might get a monument by the voluntary act of a grateful community, instead of having to pay an outrageously high price for it out of his own pocket, as at present.

Sterilized Capital

STOCKS and bonds in America and Europe have suffered an enormous decline in price the last six months. You read about it and say: "That means nothing more than a different set of quotations; the actual wealth the securities represent is as great as it was before." But that is not necessarily so. The moment capital's power to reproduce itself—which is tantamount to its earning power—is crippled, the capital itself begins to perish. With some exaggeration John Stuart Mill wrote: "The greater part of the wealth now existing in England has been produced by human hands within the last twelve months. A very small proportion of the large aggregate which is now in existence existed ten years ago. The land subsists, and the land is almost the only thing that subsists. Everything which is produced perishes, and most things perish very quickly. Capital is kept in existence from age to age not by preservation, but by perpetual reproduction."

If you turn to the schedule of national wealth issued by the Census Bureau you will see how nearly true this is. There is land and gold and silver. Everything else is a product of very recent years and is passing away even while the enumerator is writing it down—livestock, agricultural products, manufactured products, mining products, merchandise, tools, machinery, railroads, which are constantly wearing out and being renewed. Scarcely a physical particle of the railroad that was in existence twenty years ago exists now. It must reproduce itself year by year. So must practically all capital except land. We rebuild almost our whole transportation and manufacturing plant every twelve or fifteen years. To destroy capital nothing is necessary except to cut off its power of reproduction, or earning capacity—a fact to be kept in mind, for example, in considering railroad rates.

Misplaced Parsimony

W. H. STANLEY, superintendent of an Indian school in California, was required to go among some troublesome Indians to see about Government property. He knew the errand was dangerous, but went and was murdered. As he was an employee of the Government, killed by wards of the Government while in discharge of a hazardous duty to the Government, and as he left a wife and two young children without means of support, some reckless sentimentalists in Congress proposed that the Government give the widow five thousand dollars—equivalent to a pension of about twenty dollars a month. This bold raid upon the Treasury was once defeated; but upon recommendation of the Committee on Claims Senator Bryan recently asked unanimous consent for its reconsideration. Senator Smoot, bristling with doubts and apprehensions concerning so dangerous a precedent, prevented that; and the bill went over for the painstaking deliberation and microscopical examination which its momentous character required.

The last Congress, it may be recalled, added over twenty million dollars a year in a lump to the pension roll—partly to obviate the painful necessity of granting pensions by private bills. In this extra session some ten thousand bills have been introduced—fully two-thirds of them, we should say offhand, being private bills granting pensions or increases of pension. If there is any virtue in long-established precedent nearly all of these private pension bills will be passed as a matter of course. But the widow and minor children of Superintendent Stanley have no votes. We must be very careful, indeed, how we pay public money to them.

The Washington Spenders

IN THE fiscal year ending June thirtieth the Federal Government's revenues, excluding postal receipts, amounted to seven hundred and twenty-four million dollars easily breaking all records. Compared with the beginning of Roosevelt's second term, the increase is almost two hundred million dollars, or quite one-third. Of course the Government spent it all. Even excluding the Panama Canal, expenses topped six hundred and eighty millions. Revenue was thirty-two millions ahead of the preceding year, and expenses, excluding the canal, twenty-nine millions ahead—twenty-one millions of it being accounted for by pensions alone.

Federal expenditures will continue to increase. The next decade—if there is no big reaction in business—will surely see them at the billion mark. We do not object to broadening Federal activities and a consequent steady increase in legitimate expenses. We do object to the enormous waste in Federal disbursements which increase automatically as expenditures rise. Nobody at Washington seems interested in this subject. There has been no hint that Democrats have any more practical regard for economy than Republicans had. Both parties will cheerfully undertake to regulate all other sorts of business. Neither apparently will seriously undertake to reform the business especially intrusted to it—the business of running the Government. To be sure it is not an exciting issue. There is no deadly upas tree to be hacked down or horrendous dragon to be slain. But the country could use advantageously the two or three hundred millions a year which are now wasted at Washington.

The Absorption of Gold

WHEN you pay the grocery bill and read that higher prices are due to increased production of gold, you may easily take too harsh a view of that metal. In twelve years the principal banks of the world have virtually doubled their stocks of gold. Prices have risen; but without the enormous expansion of bank credits that the gold made possible the material development of the world would have proceeded at a less rapid pace. In his last annual report as director of the mint Mr. Roberts observed:

"Never in the history of the world was the supply of money equal to the demand, except in periods of temporary depression and reaction, when the business community was controlled by a spirit of caution instead of by the normal spirit of enterprise. The opportunities for profit in exploiting the latent resources of the world, in developing the multitude of new inventions and new ideas that are forever coming forward, create a practically unlimited demand for capital. These opportunities constantly bid against each other in the investment market, invite the use of credit, and will absorb any amount of money."

All of which is undoubtedly true.

A German Compromise

THE outstanding features of Germany's new and extraordinary "military contribution" act are: first, a general graded tax on the principal of fortunes; second, a sharply graded special income tax beginning with one per cent on incomes of five thousand marks and rising to eight per cent on incomes of over five hundred thousand marks; third, a graded tax, to be levied every three years on the increment of fortunes. All three taxes are framed so as to exclude workmen and the poorer population generally; all three are graded so that the more a man has the more proportionately he pays. Evidently the law goes as far as human ingenuity and the exigencies of practical politics permit, to make this exclusively a tax on the rich and well-to-do.

The Kaiser wanted a hundred and thirty thousand more soldiers. All parties except the Socialists were enthusiastically willing he should have them; but all parties, including the Socialists, were unwilling to pay for them. To extract so huge a mulct from the nation was no easy task. The Socialists have a hundred and ten out of three hundred and ninety-seven votes in the Reichstag. The military contribution bill was modified so much to their satisfaction that they voted for it solidly. In short, the Kaiser gets his new regiments and the Socialists shape, or partly shape, the taxation that will pay for them.

Newsless Booklovers

FORMERLY the marketing of worthy literature was very simple. When a really valuable book appeared Doctor Holmes and Mr. Emerson and Mr. Lowell at once mentioned it to their immediate friends, and those friends mentioned it to their immediate friends. Thus the entire literary area of the United States—consisting of about three square miles—was promptly and completely covered.

That idyllic condition has passed, however. We know from painful experience that there is no practicable way by which reading people can be reliably informed of new books they would like to have. Go to New Orleans or Kansas City or Minneapolis—to Detroit or Denver or Seattle. You will see in the daily papers a few publishers' advertisements—mostly of novels; but from the advertisement it is impossible to form an intelligent opinion as to whether you wish to read the novel. It says the book is thrilling and gripping and illuminating; but so is the next novel, and the next—and the next.

By diligent inquiry you will find a bookstore. The young lady at the counter will cheerfully recommend a book in any line you mention; but she has not read it. Go outside at any of these cities and you cannot even find a real bookstore until you come to the next city of a hundred thousand inhabitants or more. There are some literary reviews, which are quite as apt to overlook the book you want as to mention it, and whose comparatively small helpfulness to the reading public, we think, is indicated by their limited circulation.

How to apprise a reading man reliably of the new book he wants—that is the problem. Most publishers are as deeply in the dark about how to solve it as we are.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Eccentric, But Honest, They Say In Portland

THE gentleman who first enunciated that sterling axiom: "Many men, many minds," surely had the Congress of the United States for his inspiration, and concretely must have considered the Senate thereof as the real, underlying, basic plot for the pronouncement.

Hurdling gracefully over the obtrusive thought that mind, as observed in frequent Congressional instances, is purely a relative term, has it ever occurred to you that the Greatest Mushroom Expert of the Northwest now inhabits the Senate, wearing one of the two togas allotted to Oregon and bearing the neat little name of Harry Lane—not Henry Lane or Hank Lane or Heinie Lane, but Harry? Possibly not, but such is the fact. Harry Lane is the Greatest Mushroom Expert of the Northwest, and a dashing daredevil of a mushroom expert at that, for he often traces to their fungusy lairs in the glades about Portland mushrooms that many another might think were not mushrooms at all, and eats 'em, thus taking his life in his fungus, so to speak—and so far he has escaped.

So far he has escaped! On many a dewy eve and oft Harry Lane has packed back to town things that were the veriest caricatures of mushrooms, and stewed them, and smacked his lips over them, while the neighbors stood poised ready to hustle for the ambulance, the stomach pump, the undertaker and the reporters to tell what a useful and efficient public citizen he was—was—do you get that? But on each occasion Harry has had the laugh on them and the mushrooms in him, and for this reason he has come to be known as the Greatest Mushroom Expert in the Northwest.

Now it is palpably true that the Senate has had from time to time, now and again and *nunc pro tunc*, mushrooms among its distinguished membership, and mushmelons and mushheads, not to be harsh about it. But this, I opine, is the first time we have observed perched there a mushroom expert, and for this probably some small meed of thanks is due, for a mushroom expert might be of inestimable value. Suppose, for example, that Boies Penrose and Robert M. La Follette and Augustus Octavius Bacon and Henry Cabot Lodge and William Joel Stone should form a merry little party and go mushrooming in the bosky dells about Washington, to while away the weary days while awaiting a currency measure or a measure of currency, as the case may be—suppose that. How fortunate for them that Harry Lane is there to accompany them and identify the cute champignons—the trustworthy thallophytes lest some one of these picnicking statesmen might suddenly be hurled hence via the toadstool route!

And Harry Lane is a doctor, too, thus impinging on one of Old Doc Gallinger's claims to fame as the only physician in the Senate, and he will be handy to have round whenever one of the tariff orators is overcome by the heat, or some fiend in human form puts something besides eggs and milk in the eggs and milk he takes for refreshment and is carried gasping from the room. Moreover, Harry Lane has been superintendent of an insane asylum, but there is no need to dwell upon that end of it, for few men are responsible for their actions and thoughts when the temperature is 108 in Washington, and they are talking about a chemical schedule or a corrupt plan for rediscounting commercial paper at a regional reserve bank without the impairment of the national credit.

Anyhow Harry Lane settled all that, for a few days after he had become of the Senate he observed: "Huh, I know all about those fellows in there. I used to boss an asylum, you know." But that is neither here nor there; and mayhap he didn't say it, as perchance he did. What boots it?

Investigations With an Ax

LANE is a native Oregonian. The first time he appeared before the public was in 1887, when he was made superintendent of the state hospital for the insane at Salem. Lane was and is a Democrat, and he was selected for his post by Governor Pennoyer, also a Democrat, whose greatest claim to fame is that upon an occasion he remarked harshly to the late Grover Cleveland, at the moment president of the United States, that if Mr. Cleveland would mind his own business he, Pennoyer, would do the same. Lane didn't hold himself aloof at the asylum. He visited all the patients and found out about them. He discovered a man, quite crazy on various matters, but sane on the matter of sustenance, who told him a lot of things about the food furnished by the state for the patients. This man became the food expert for the mushroom expert—twin souls, so to speak.

The result of it was that Lane made so vociferous a protest that he and Governor Pennoyer had a most exclamatory warfare about the matter, and Lane quit and went back to the practice of medicine.

This was in 1901. Along in 1905 they sort of wished the nomination for mayor of Portland on Lane. He didn't particularly want it, being concerned with his investigations of mushrooms and other scientific subjects, but he got it, and he defeated the patriarchal George H. Williams, who had been attorney-general in one of the Grant cabinets and was the grand old man of Oregon. The city council was Republican and Lane had his troubles. He wanted to quit at the end of his term, but the Democrats renominated him and he was reëlected. The third time they tried it he flatly refused.

He was an interesting mayor. The municipal government of Portland never lacked for excitement while he was in charge. He fought with the members of the executive boards, and most of them resigned. He had the town stirred up all the time. Being curious, he took an ax one day and went out and knocked a hole in the wall of the old Marquam Grand Theater, then Portland's leading playhouse. It was so easy he chopped various other holes in the walls and floors of this temple of Thespis, and finally ordered the place closed as unsafe, much to the disgust of many leading citizens. Also he secured a couple of sharp-pointed steel rods, and he had a way of journeying out along newly paved streets and jabbing holes here and there just to see if the pavements were up to specifications. Naturally this line of investigation incensed the paving contractors to a high degree, but it secured a lot of good pavements for Portland.

At the end of Lane's second term as mayor the people said of him: "He's eccentric, but he's honest," and Lane grinned and began practicing medicine again. He was a doctor from 1909 until 1912, when he went into the primaries as a candidate for senator. As our best classical authors would never say, he had a cinch. There were running for the same job a regular Republican, an independent Republican and a Progressive, and all Lane had to do was to sit back comfortably and take the Democratic nomination. It came to him on a salver, with parsley round it.

Thus was the Greatest Mushroom Expert of the Northwest projected into the Senate, and he is there now, just as curious as in his earlier days when he inquired into the Oregon brands of fungus and punched the holes in the Portland paving.

Somebody told him once that there was considerable jobbery in Indian affairs down at the Capital, and when the Indian Appropriation Bill came up for repassage in the extra session of Congress after Mr. Taft had vetoed the original bill, Lane, by his questions and assertions, got on the nerves of Senator Stone, who was in charge of the bill, to such an extent that there were moments when it seemed as if Senator Stone would take off one of his gum shoes and hurl it at Harry. Which would have been a hideous hurl, and not at all in accordance with the traditions and conventions of the greatest deliberative legislative forum in the world.

Once during a Japanese spasm on the coast Harry came to bat with the information, for the benefit of all concerned and especially of the War Department, that Japanese spies were making maps of the water-works system of Portland, with a view to mischief when the Yellow Peril shall stray into the City of Roses. It is not reported what the senator desired to do about this alarming state of affairs, but it is quite probable he had a plan for welcoming the Yellow Peril hospitably and feeding it toadstools instead of mushrooms, to the consequent discomfort and death of the invaders. And Harry is the boy who knows the septiferous fungi when he sees them. Don't let that glide by you.

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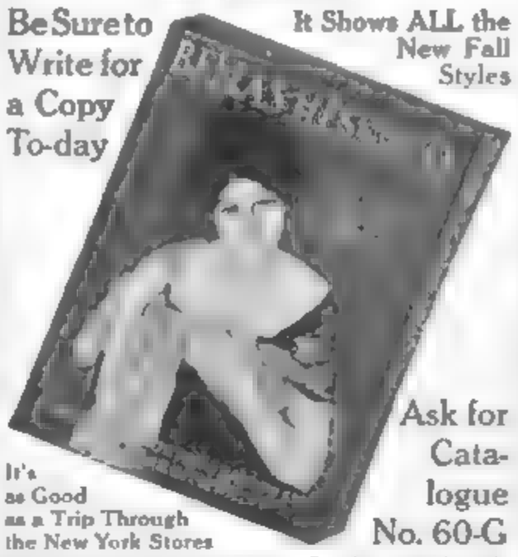

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AS PROOFS OF HOLY WRIT

(Continued from Page 11)

VanTwiller Trust Company of having any heart at all. Why had Welles taken the pains to pose before the Klondike miner as a philanthropist? And why had the imperturbable Ashton Welles been so perturbed the day before?

"Ablest man in this country!" said Stewardson, his mind wrapped in the folds of his unformulated mysteries and his own half-asked questions.

"So I'll get a little more of the stock," said Jerningham.

"Go ahead! You can't go wrong," Stewardson assured him; "in fact, you ought to send some of your gold to the Assay Office and ——"

"What will you lend me on my gold—on the six millions I've got downstairs?" asked Jerningham with a frown. He looked intently at the vice-president with his cold gray eyes, and Stewardson somehow fancied he saw a challenge in them; but he was an old bird at the game. He laughed and said jovially:

"Not a penny!"

"I know it. It shows you how incompetent all these financial institutions are. You think you are doing your duty by being suspicious—what? Well, you don't unless you are intelligently suspicious. Nevermind; you are only the vice-president. I'll buy the stock just the same." And Jerningham laughed, exaggeratedly forgiving, and went away.

Later in the day, when Stewardson thought he might sell his own holdings of VanTwiller Trust stock to Jerningham and trust to luck to pick it up again here and there at a lower figure, he called up a firm of brokers who made a specialty of dealing in bank and trust-company stocks. He was surprised to learn that V.T. stock was scarce and thirty points higher. The vice-president called up specialists and heard the same story—the floating supply had been quietly bought.

"By whom?" he asked Earhart.

"You know very well!" retorted the last broker in an aggrieved tone of voice.

"I do not!" Stewardson assured him.

"Well, it all goes into your office."

"Mine?"

"Yes—yours! And it's paid by your checks. The name signed is Alfred Jerningham. Are you going to cut a melon? Just whisper!"

"Oh!" and Stewardson laughed. "What a suspicious man you are, Dave!"

In the alarmingly inexplicable frame of mind in which Ashton Welles was Stewardson did not feel like speaking to his superior about Jerningham's investment. There was no reason why the Klondiker should not buy all the VanTwiller Trust Company stock he could pay for; but a day or two afterward the vice-president learned that Jerningham had secured control, by purchase outright or by option, at prices ranging from three hundred and ninety-five to five hundred dollars a share, of twenty-two thousand shares. That was important for two reasons: In the first place it was more than Jerningham could pay for even if he sold all his golddust; and, secondly, such a block in unfriendly hands might work injury to the controlling clique. He decided to see the president; but he was told that Mr. Ashton Welles was engaged at that moment.

Jerningham was talking to him. They had exchanged greetings with much cordiality.

"Have you heard from Mrs. Welles?" asked the Alaskan.

"She hasn't arrived yet ——"

"I know it. But I received a wireless from young Wolfe ——"

"What did he say?" asked Ashton Welles before he knew it.

Jerningham looked mildly surprised. He answered:

"It was a funny message. He asked me to go to his room and get his trunks, and send all his belongings to London, as he had decided to stay there indefinitely."

"Yes?" It was all Welles could say.

"So I wired back: 'Are you crazy?'"

"Did he answer that?"

"Yes." Jerningham paused. Then he laughed.

"What did he answer?" queried Welles.

"Oh, he is crazy, all right. He answered: 'Yes—with joy! Please send trunks to Thornton's Hotel ——'"

"What?" Ashton Welles rose to his feet, his face livid. It was the London hotel where Mrs. Deering lived, the hotel to which Mrs. Welles was going!

"What's the matter?" asked Jerningham in amazement.

"N-nothing!" said Ashton Welles huskily. He gulped twice. Then, having spent thirty-five years in Wall Street making money, he explained: "I've got a terrible toothache!" And he put his hand to his left cheek.

"I'm sorry!" said Jerningham so sympathetically that Welles, for all his distress—and nothing is so inherently selfish as suffering—felt a kindly feeling toward the man from Alaska. "Could I ask your advice about a business matter?"

"Certainly!"

Ashton Welles tried to smile. It was ghastly, but Jerningham did not remark it. He said placidly:

"I've bought quite a little bunch of VanTwiller stock because you are its president, Mr. Welles. On my honor, that is my only reason. I've paid good prices too; but you are worth it—to me!" And Jerningham beamed adoringly on the efficient president of the VanTwiller Trust Company.

Ashton Welles said "Thank you!" and even tried to feel grateful to this queer character from the frozen North, who was so naïve in his admiration—and envied him for not having a young wife who had sailed on the same steamer with an exceedingly attractive young man.

"I guess I'm all right in my purchase—what?"

"Oh, yes!" said Welles. He was thinking of the Ruritania. It did not even occur to him that this Monte Cristo might be worth while to pluck.

"Thank you. I hope I didn't bother you. Good morning, Mr. Welles."

"Good morning, Mr. Jerningham. Er—come in any time you think I can be of service to you."

As Jerningham was leaving the president's office he almost bumped into the vice-president.

"You've bought quite a lot of our stock," said Stewardson, full of his errand. His voice had an accusing ring.

"Yes. I was just speaking to Mr. Welles about it."

"And what did he say?"

"Ask him!" teased Jerningham with a smile, and went away.

Stewardson felt it his duty to do exactly as Jerningham had mockingly suggested. It was an abnormal situation. That being the case there was no regular provision—no indicated chapter and verse—for meeting it. The principal function of a chief in business is to supply answers to puzzled subordinates.

Ashton Welles was sitting back in his swivel chair. He was staring fixedly at a hook on the picture-molding that had been left there after the picture was taken away. He was thinking that if he employed private detectives in London he would have to hire them by cable. There are suspicions a man cannot help having, but cannot set down in plain black and white. He cannot hint when he writes, for written instructions must always be explicit and categorical. That is why no love letter of which the real meaning is to be read "between the lines" is ever satisfactory to the recipient.

Ashton Welles turned his head and, still frowning, asked Stewardson sharply:

"Well, what is it?"

"It's about Jerningham. You know he has been buying our stock. But I thought you ought to know ——"

He wished to tell the president what a big block the Alaskan had already secured. But the president, from force of habit, perhaps, or possibly by reason of the irritation of his nerves, assumed the usual financial attitude of omniscience:

"I know all about it," he said. "Anything else you wish to say to me?"

"No, sir!" answered Stewardson, who felt rebuffed and now would not have turned in an alarm of fire if he had seen the place beginning to burn. He was, after all, human.

You cannot, in your lust for absolute power, make your subordinates into subliminated office boys or decorative figure-heads without paying the price sometime. Stewardson was justified in assuming that Mr. Welles was worried about business—it was perfectly obvious; and it was a natural suspicion, also, that said deal

Bent Bones Make Ugly Feet

ARE all your toes straight? Are you conscious of your feet? At the watering places—how many persons are painfully conscious of the looks of their feet—*when they're uncovered!*

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must threaten destruction to the company, since Ashton Welles was so eager to have poor Jerningham buy so much VanTwiller stock. Therefore Stewardson and his intimate friends, in order to be on the safe side, very promptly sold out their own holdings—to poor misguided Jerningham's brokers.

Of course other people who did not wish Welles well heard about it, and the whisper ran about the Street, getting blacker and blacker as it ran, until everybody knew something had happened—everybody except the directors of the VanTwiller Trust Company. And when the transfer books closed for the annual meeting of the stockholders it was found that Mr. Alfred Jerningham owned, by purchase or option, and had irrevocable proxies on a little more than twenty-eight thousand shares of the stock. This, together with the twelve thousand shares owned jointly by Patrick T. Behan and Oliver Judson, the street-railroad magnates, and the blocks controlled by the Garvin Brothers, Tammany contractors, and Mayer & Shanberg, F. R. Chisolm, John Matson & Company, and others of the Behan-Judson clique, which once tried to secure control of the company and were foiled by Ashton Welles, made a combination that was bound to win at the annual election.

Jerningham ceased going to the VanTwiller Trust Company because Ashton Welles had sailed for London on the receipt of a cablegram that read:

"Leaving for Continent. Mother and I cannot return before three months. Will write soon. ANNE."

Instead of calling on his friend Stewardson, Jerningham preferred to spend hours and hours conversing with Patrick T. Behan, "the most dangerous man in Wall Street!"—and the slickest. But on the day before the election Jerningham did call on Stewardson and offered to sell his holdings of VanTwiller stock at six hundred dollars a share.

"Why, I thought you ——" began the vice-president.

"I know you did. I wanted you to. But six hundred dollars is only twenty-five dollars a share more than Behan, and Judson, and Garvin, and the rest of those pirates, have offered me. I've decided not to be a stockholder of the trust company; so just get your friends together and tell them if they want to retain the control they can give you a check for me—six hundred dollars a share on 28,123 shares. Put it down; 28,123 shares. Good day!"

"Wait! I want to say ——"

"Don't say it! Write it! I'm still at the Brabant," said Jerningham coldly. "I advise you to get at Mr. Welles on the steamer by wireless. Good day!"

"But, I ——" shouted Stewardson. Jerningham paid no attention to him and walked away.

Later in the day negotiations were resumed. In the end Jerningham accepted a little less; but the deal yielded him a net profit of about two million dollars. He insisted upon being paid in gold coin. This convinced Stewardson and the other victims that Jerningham was out of his mind; but there is no law that enables officers of a trust company to imprison a gold maniac or to take away his gold, particularly when his lawyers stand very high in the profession.

Five minutes after getting the gold coin in his possession—and drawing every cent of it—Jerningham told Stewardson he would leave the dust in the VanTwiller vaults. That reassured Stewardson, who otherwise might have suspected Jerningham of various crimes. He then sent two cablegrams to London. One was to

"KATHRYN KEOGH,

"Thornton's Hotel, London.

"Your services are no longer needed. Go ahead and have a nice time! Thanks awfully! JERNINGHAM."

The other was to Francis Wolfe—same address. It read:

"You ought to marry Kathryn Keogh. Never mind anything else. I am disappearing for good. God bless you both, my children! Letter follows. JERNINGHAM."

Francis Wolfe showed his cablegram to Miss Keogh and Miss Keogh did not show hers to Francis Wolfe.

A week later Frank asked Miss Keogh to read a letter he had received from Jerningham, and to tell him what to do.

This was the letter.

"*Dear Boy:* I needed a million or two out of Ashton Welles, and the only way I could see of getting it was by selling to him what he already had—to wit, the control of the VanTwiller Trust Company. From previous operations the syndicate I have the honor to represent had accumulated enough cash to render this operation feasible; but Welles watched the trades in VanTwiller stock so closely that we could not have bought a thousand shares without blocking our own game. So we planned our operations very carefully, as we always do. And because I like you I will tell you how we went about it—that you may profit by our example.

"First, I had to become instantly and sensationally known as the possessor of vast wealth. The mere deposit of a million or two in a bank would not do it. We must have the cash and a stupendous cash-making property—hence the mines in the Klondike. Purely mythical mines, dear lad! We sent to Alaska, bought $1,686,000 of golddust, put it in boxes, and put a lot of lead in other boxes—now in the VanT. vaults! thereby increasing our less than two million into more than eight—and nobody hurt thereby! Then the shipment to Seattle, so that every step could be verified—and the special bullion train to New York; and the bluff miner—myself—with his gold—no myth about the gold—what? in a New York hotel; and of course the reporters were only too willing to help and to magnify our golddust.

"The Planet's articles were our letters of introduction to the trust company and to Wall Street. Could not have done better—could we? But how to catch Welles off his guard? By breaking it down, of course. Best way? By rousing jealousy. That's where you come in. Mrs. Welles must go to England with you on the same steamer. How? By winning your friendship and rousing your romantic interest in an unhappy love affair—that would, moreover, explain my interest in Mrs. Welles. Of course there never was any Naida Deering for me to be interested in!

"But you had to meet Welles' wife. How? By means of your sisters. How did I make friends of them? By reforming you and making you my heir.

"How did I make Mrs. Welles take the same steamer that you did? By having her mother cable for her. How did I do that? Ask Miss Keogh.

"I admit that much of what we were compelled to do was not gentlemanly; but, after all, our only crime is the crime of having been business men—buying something at four dollars and selling it at five or six dollars.

"Take my advice, dear boy, and stay on the waterwagon! If you marry Miss Keogh I think you can show this letter to A. Welles and ask him to give you a nice position in the trust company.

"I am sorry I cannot see you again; but believe me, dear boy, that we are very grateful for your efficient assistance. We would send you a check—only we need it in our business. "Yours truly,

"The Tainted Wealth Reducing Syndicate.
"Per ALFRED JERNINGHAM."

(THE END)

Reduced illustration of Aplco controller, one half actual size

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HERE'S a nine-year-old boy starting his car with the Aplco electric engine starter; all he has to do is to drop his hand down to this convenient controller. All the controls—starter, lights, ignition—are right here.

You remember this boy; he is one of the famous Abernathy boys who rode from Oklahoma to New York to meet Colonel Roosevelt. Such a boy isn't easily forgotten by newspaper readers.

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Your next car should have the Aplco Starter

If the Aplco system is in your car you know that you are equipped with the most highly developed electric self-starter that is available; invented and perfected by the pioneer in the field, built to stand the roughest road use and put together so as to give you service every time and all times. This reliability has too much to do with your motoring pleasure not to be considered carefully when you are studying the features of the next car you buy.

Many engineers now agree that Mr. Apple's idea is the right one—24 volts for starting, 6 volts for lighting, ignition, signaling, etc.

When you buy your new car demand an Aplco starter. Write us about it. Getting the right idea about the starter question will help you get a line on the car you're going to buy; qualify you to determine whether the manufacturer has done his best for you on this important feature.

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Think what this means—a portable adder which can be placed close to one's books and papers. An individual adder for every user instead of one central machine.

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This machine was perfected by men who know. It is built and guaranteed by one of the largest metal-working concerns in America.

The machine is infallible, and it checks the user against mistakes in copying.

Big offices use it to enable each clerk to compute at his desk. It saves vast waste of time.

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This machine has become a sensation. It is needed in every office. And there is nothing at anywhere near the price which can do what this Adder does. We ask you to prove it out.

Ask for a Trial

We place the Adder on trial, let you use it ten days, and if not satisfactory in every way we will take it back. It will make this offer because we know that a coupon and we will have a machine sent to you at once. Do not delay—send coupon now.

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DEALERS WANTED. We seek dealers in every city with facilities for handling this Adder. Exclusive agency given. This is a rare business opportunity.

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY
Adding Machine Division
CHICAGO NEW YORK

REGISTERED

(Continued from Page 7)

to see it that way; but it was quite another matter for the same visitor from the underworld to be dancing with Eva Haverford in the Waupegan Casino. It did not strike him on the spot as being funny.

"If you're free for a moment I have a message for you," he remarked.

"Certainly," said the girl, nodding to her escort.

The Streak bowed his thanks for the dance, and then as Burgess turned away he remarked carelessly:

"'The eye of Prudence may never shut,' as the old wag Waldo puts it. Later? We must talk further."

"Glad to have met you!" said Burgess, for Eva to hear.

As he glanced over his shoulder from the door he saw the Streak returning to Nellie Arnold, who was talking with her accustomed vivacity to Whittlesey. The promoter was plainly annoyed by the turn of affairs, and Burgess saw his discomfiture with satisfaction.

"You know," he began, when he had established Eva in a cool corner of the veranda where the music stole out to them softly, "Gertie and I have always been immensely fond of you. You know that."

"I appreciate all that, Mr. Burgess," said the girl. Her voice reached him faintly; she was wholly miserable.

"We want you to be happy; and if we can we want to keep you from making mistakes. And about Orbison—I can assure you that any stories you may have heard affecting his honor are false. We needn't discuss the story in itself; a man repeated it at the club yesterday and I made him tell me where the story started. It's a lie out of whole cloth! I have a telegram from Colonel Westfield that disposes of it in very strong terms. The mischiefmaker made a fatal blunder in dating his story: Tom Orbison wasn't with his regiment in Manila then, but off on a difficult duty. That can be proved at the department in Washington if the colonel's word isn't enough."

"It was so horrible!" said the girl chokingly. "And I had believed in him so!"

"Well, you may as well begin believing in him again. The sooner you straighten this out the better; and the quicker you get done with Whittlesey the happier we shall all be."

He spoke with an undisguised asperity now; the bare thought of her marrying Whittlesey angered him. The sight of the man had intensified his distrust and antagonism. What he was after was her money—and there was a good lot of it, as Burgess well knew.

"I hate to believe any one would be low enough to start a story like that," said Eva. "And I'm sure that if Mr. Whittlesey is responsible he felt he had some justification; he felt that it was a duty."

"When a man does a thing like that you have a right to look for a motive. And the motive is as plain as that lamp on the dock down there. You must remember that you're not exactly a poor girl. And I happen to know that Whittlesey is broke. You've got to stand off and look at this thing with both eyes."

"But I've known Dick a long time, and I never had any reason to think he wasn't perfectly honorable. I can't believe that he had any such motive. Every time a man has been nice to me somebody has warned me at once that he was trying to marry me for my money. A girl would like to think once in a while that she had some value in herself—that it wasn't just a question of dollars."

"They said it about Orbison; they are always saying it about army men. But, as to Orbison, his father's one of the richest men in Maine—owns two or three banks and no end of lumber mills. Tom's in the army because he loves it. He has brains and the Government is glad to use them. When the wise men in Washington look down the list for some fellow they can shove a difficult and dangerous job on they're pretty likely to stop at Orbison."

"Yes," she said lifting her head proudly, "that must be true that was what I thought of him."

"You let Whittlesey poison your mind, and just as soon as he thinks the poison has taken effect he will ask you to marry him. Why didn't you give Tommy a chance to defend himself?"

"But he didn't answer my letter—that's what hurt! That's what made me suspect there was something wrong. I wrote and asked if there was anything in his life that he wouldn't be willing to tell me, and whether he had any enemy who had any cause for attacking him—and he never answered; not one word have I heard from him! I've waited nearly three weeks—and that ought to be long enough!" she answered defensively.

"How could he answer when he's been shot!" Burgess blurted.

He had meant to spare her this, for the time at least; but it had slipped from him. Her face went white, and she moaned and caught his arm. The music floated out jubilantly as though rejoicing in her heartache. He told her the little he knew. Orbison was hurt; and the matter had been kept quiet for diplomatic reasons. She seemed stunned and laid her head on her arms on the railing and wept.

"Oh, if I hadn't done that!" moaned Eva

"Well," he said kindly, "what have you done?"

"I wrote him a cruel letter only today abusing him for refusing to answer my question. I was very bitter. I don't know what I said!"

"You needn't worry about that; I'll telegraph the colonel to burn any letters from you as fast as they get there. He'll take my word that it's all right."

"But I sent back my ring and his letters, and the little things he'd given me. And he might die while they're on the way to him! Oh, if he should die——"

"He's not going to die. But he mustn't get your letter kicking him downstairs. He'd take the first train north and shoot Whittlesey, and that would make a nice mess for all of us. We'll head off your letter. You can trust the colonel's discretion."

"But it will be so long getting there, and there might be some mistake after all!" she urged. "After I had mailed the package this afternoon I was sorry. I knew Gertrude would scold me when she found it out. And when I had got halfway across the lake I made the man turn back so I could get the letter from the post-office; but the postmaster had gone and the clerk wouldn't give it to me. I had registered it and they said it couldn't be stopped. It had to go!"

Burgess drew out a timetable that he nursed in his pocket to be ready for flight the instant Waupegan became intolerable. Trains were few—all too few; and there was none between three in the afternoon and five in the morning.

"Eva," he asked calmly, thrusting the timetable into his pocket, "what time did you mail that letter?"

"About five, I think." She was crying softly.

"There's a bare chance," said Burgess, "that we may stop that letter; but don't tell Gertie that I'm trying to find it!" He left Eva drying her eyes while he went to find his wife and send them home.

"Well, Web, I hope you realize now what I've been going through!" said Mrs. Burgess when he found her.

"Take her home and put her to bed. I've got to wake up the operator and send a message. And don't sit up for me!"

He saw Whittlesey gloomily pacing the end of the veranda. The Streak, having danced every dance, was handing Nellie Arnold down to her launch. Burgess saw him nod to Whittlesey with the cheerfullest of grins. As the Arnold launch began to chug-chug there was a calling of farewells and fluttering of handkerchiefs. The Streak had undoubtedly enjoyed himself! He bowed—from the hips—to the Burgess launch as it swung free of the pier.

Burgess paused to light a cigar and when he looked up the Streak had vanished.

IV

"NO TRAIN, suh, befo' the five-seventeen. That puts you in Chicago at 'bout eleven A. M., suh!"

"Sure there's no garage where I could get a machine? It's important for me to get away tonight if possible."

The negro porter laughed contemptuously.

"Not heah, suh. Some gentleman might take you fo' 'commodation, but they ain't no machine to hiah on this lake. Mighty sorry, suh. You might catch a freight; but they's mighty unsuttin. Well—good night, suh."

Burgess, having walked into the grounds of the Kingfisher, overheard this colloquy between Whittlesey and the porter at the front door. He did not grasp its import; but he had disposed of Whittlesey and was not interested in his affairs. It was the Streak he wished to see.

As he seated himself on a garden bench the door slammed upon Whittlesey. An instant later a white figure crawled out from the shrubbery that infolded the piazza. It was the Streak, who was whistling softly through his teeth. Burgess jumped at the apparition and the Streak took a leap that landed him at the banker's feet.

"Ah! I beg your pardon. I didn't know you were on the job. The Law of Compensation again! Hoped to detain Mr. Whittlesey for a little conversation, but he's gone to bed. Here you are, however, all sober and dressed up; so I can't kick." The Streak was observing the upper hotel windows. "Third room in the left wing, front. That's just right. Mine is the next. Thanks—I don't mind if I do'"

Burgess, fearful of losing him again, pressed a cigar upon the Streak and suggested that they walk down to the pier for a smoke. Lifting his eyes he saw Whittlesey in his shirtsleeves drawing down the windowshade. The Streak's sigh expressed relief. They strolled out of the grounds together.

"Nice folks at the dance. I just blew in, struck a boy wearing my frat pin—and the rest was easy. Not much here for grown men, but I could stand an evening once in a while."

"I suppose you need relaxation now and then, like the rest of us?" Burgess replied.

His sensations in swinging his legs over the edge of the pier with this light-hearted yegg were those of deepest satisfaction.

"That Miss Haverford," the Streak was saying, "rings the bell every shot! I like a girl to look just a little sad sometimes—shows a deep nature and that sort of thing. You could see that chap Whittlesey hated me for butting in. Haven't seen a girl that interested me so much for a mighty long time. Dangerous to be exposed to those brown eyes very long! There used to be a girl on the cashier's desk at the station eating house in Kalamazoo—or maybe it was Eau Claire—who had eyes like hers; not quite so much soul in them, but you thought about them afterward."

"I wonder," said Burgess, his heart thumping hard, "if you could be persuaded to do something for Miss Haverford? She's in trouble—a lot of trouble! You're the only man on earth just now who's in a position to help her."

The Streak's cigar had gone out and he threw it away and lighted a cigarette, listening to the hiss of the match as it struck the water.

"Grow lucid, brother—what's the game?" he asked.

"Well, Miss Haverford has almost made a mistake that would ruin her whole life. She's engaged to a fine fellow in the army; he's away down in Texas, laid up in a hospital. This man Whittlesey——"

"Ah!" observed the Streak, as though the name in itself were illuminating.

"Whittlesey has been telling her the man she's engaged to is all sorts of a crook. He wants to marry her himself for her money. She registered a package today, sending back her engagement ring, and wrote a letter saying things she's sorry for. I want to stop that package. I want to hand it to her at the breakfast table in the morning and take that sad smile off her face. And it occurs to me that perhaps——"

The Streak flicked the ash from his cigarette with a snap of the finger. His eyes were turned to the starry heaven meditatively.

"Ever been much in jail?" he inquired politely as though asking the banker whether he had ever been in Westminster Abbey or Cologne Cathedral. "Take it from me, there are cheerfuller places."

"I suppose there are," Burgess replied; "but of course I mean to make it worth while."

"My dear fellow!" the Streak laid his hand gently on the banker's knee. "you don't suppose I'd try to make money out of a thing like that? Not on your life! Don't shake a wad in my face or I may push you into the watery depths beneath. But"—he added quickly—"that girl is a

nice girl, and her eyes reminded me of one of the few thrills I've ever had in this dark vale of tears. I like to relieve suffering where I can—the Lord knows I cause enough! Let me see! The minimum for a first offense is two years; but the boys say the warden at Leavenworth is a good fellow and it's pleasanter out there than at Stillwater or Columbus. If you'd like to take a little flier with me we'll see what can be done—but not for money; let us say it's just for a pair of brown eyes."

Burgess' imagination kindled. He had hoped for nothing so flattering as that the yegg should invite him to participate in a robbery. His curiosity in all such matters was infinite, and here was a chance to satisfy it.

"It's a little early," remarked the Streak. "Commune with Nature until I change my glad rags. Meet me over there—where you see that switch target—in an hour." He declined another cigar, rose, stretched himself and sauntered toward the hotel.

V

WITH conflicting emotions of fear and delight the president of the White River National Bank, and of numerous philanthropic and social organizations that made two columns in the Indianapolis Blue Book, crouched behind a pile of boxes at the back of the confectioner's. The Streak had appeared with a canvas bag, which he gave to Burgess to hold while he attacked the lock of the rear door. A match burned in his fingers for an instant, there were faint sounds that Burgess only vaguely followed, and the door yielded noiselessly.

The Streak crept to the fence and scanned the side street.

The town clock struck one. A watchman was passing in front of the shops, striking the pavement occasionally with his stick. When he had passed, the Streak took the toolbag and indicated by a tug at Burgess' dinner coat that he was to follow. In a moment they were inside the storeroom and behind the lettercase. Between the end of the lettercase and the confectioner's counter stood a small iron safe. The Streak helped himself to a piece of butter-scotch from a tray and examined the safe critically. Suddenly he slid behind the lettercase and jerked Burgess after him.

"Watchman coming! He only goes down past the hotel—then back again. About now village watchmen go to sleep. We'll take a chance he does. The only use they have for a calaboose in towns like this," he explained, "is for the police force to sleep in." He swallowed his butter-scotch, knelt on the floor and unrolled the canvas cloth. He tossed Burgess a pair of pincers.

"Cut the battery off the telephone—we'll need it."

While Burgess detached the battery the Streak crawled behind the counter to a chandelier of oil lamps halfway to the door, took one down, lighted and replaced it. He then turned out the lamp suspended above the safe. With this rearrangement a careless glance from the watchman would be likely to satisfy him that he saw the usual light burning. The Streak, moving quickly and silently, changed the position of a screen used to shield exclusive patrons of the shop from observation while they were enjoying the delights of the soda fountain. It now threw a shadow across the safe, before which the yegg knelt with his tools. He lighted a candle and stuck it in a soda-water glass.

Burgess, who had by this time freed the battery, viewed with interest jimmies and drills, a hot-water bottle, and a broken piece of soap fashioned into the shape of a shallow cup, which the Streak had laid out before him. This last article the Streak tossed to Burgess, with a candle.

"Get behind there and make a light. Here's a cake of soap. Take this knife and hollow out a new cup—a trifle smaller. I had to raid the hotel laundry to get this soap. Went all over the place and never jarred a soul."

"What's the hot water for?" queried Burgess in an awestruck whisper, digging away at the soap.

"Soup of the evening, beautiful soup—nitroglycerine, for short. Federal law against carrying it on passenger trains. Improved kind—warranted not to blow up."

Burgess moved away from the water bottle with a start that caused the Streak to look up and grin.

With a putty-knife the burglar plugged the cracks in the safe door with soap, humming softly to himself as he worked. Before his admiring accomplice had completed the carving of the cup the Streak had finished and was amusing himself by rattling the tumblers in the dial.

"If the blithesome cop has insomnia he'll be back in just about twenty minutes. I timed his beat while you counted the stars in the lake. That will do—cut it in half; that's right."

"I suppose it won't take more than an hour to get through and clear out?" suggested the banker, brushing the soap crumbs from his hands.

"Bless your eyes, if we're not out of here in fifteen minutes I'll lose my card in the union! Some of the boys swear they can pop the dope and be away out to Old Aunt Mary's in twelve minutes. But I never make any money by being in a hurry. Old Waldo says ——"

"Thought you had to bore holes?" Burgess interrupted.

"Those were in the olden, golden days of which the poets sing. Where're your pincers? All right—thanks. In old times they wore masks and carried dark lanterns, the vile bouquet of which latter always offended my esthetic sense. Take another look—better crawl up front and view Main Street."

Webster G. Burgess did not relish going out alone to look at Main Street. He thought the Streak was reserving for himself the higher joys of the adventure. An insolent nail protruding from a barrel tore a hole in his dinner coat on the return trip. As he reported a clear coast the yegg was putting the finishing touches to the soap in the cracks of the safe and munching a fresh piece of butter-scotch.

"Get busy! Hold the cup to that little hole." He put his finger on a spot where he had been working a jimmy to widen the crack. "Now pour the libation, as we used to say in college."

He ceased talking and gave his attention strictly to the proper bestowal of the fluid. The spectacle of a bank president in a dinner coat pouring liquid destruction into a crack in a safe is fortunately one not frequently offered to gods or men. Burgess heard the gurgle of the dynamite juice not without apprehension; his hand shook and a spurt from the bottle covered his coat-cuff. He could hear his heart pounding and despised himself for being afraid.

The Streak had kept his ear to the safe door during the pouring, and he hissed to signify that the dose was sufficient. His movements became more rapid as he adjusted a fuse and made ready with the battery.

"They say this kind is noiseless; but there's no use in being foolish."

He packed empty mailsacks round the safe, jamming them down with his feet; then he snatched an old fur overcoat from the wall and flung it over the top. He jerked his head toward the back door.

"Skip—and wait outside!"

It seemed to Burgess that ten years passed while he clung to the back steps with both arms. He thought daylight would come and find him there by the post-office door, a perfectly respectable banker, with soap grease and dribbles of liquid death on his coatsleeves. Then he heard a low boom as though a roll of carpet had been dropped upon the floor or a horse had stamped suddenly on a barn floor.

He waited a moment and crawled back. The safe doors were open. The Streak, at work on the inner shell with a jimmy, bade Burgess hold the candle. The moment he had pried the door open he blew out his candle and began tossing behind the lettercase the packages that lay inside. There were half a dozen small parcels bearing stamps and registry marks ready for the early mail.

"Quick, now! Get what you want?"

Burgess struck a match and ran his eye over the registered articles hastily. A neat parcel addressed to Captain Thomas R. Orbison, U. S. A., Texas City, Texas, was the third one he scanned. He held it up and nodded. The Streak closed the safe doors, softly changed the position of the screen, extinguished the lamp he had lighted and relighted the one over the safe. In a moment he had rolled up his tools and was dragging his bewildered accomplice after him into the open. Outside he sniffed the cool night air.

"It's Wordsworth, I believe, who says something about the very houses being asleep; sorry I've forgotten the exact quotation."

"Pardon me," said Burgess diffidently, "but is this all you're going to take?"

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STAG

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"Social—purely social," murmured the Streak. "Give me that package! You'd better not be nipped with the goods on."

At this instant a man rose up directly in the gateway—a dark shadow that seemed as tall as a steeple to Webster G. Burgess.

"Cut!" the Streak hissed. In a flash he charged the bewildered watchman, who stood stupefied in the starlight, knocked him down and sprinted off through the village, with Burgess hot at his heels. They ran through an alley to the railroad, took breath behind a line of freight cars on a siding, where Burgess turned round once and was lost. In a tumult of terror he plunged through the dark across a dock used for landing the cottagers' freight and fell with a mournful splash into the lake.

The Streak hauled him out with difficulty and they started afresh down a lane that bisected the highway which followed the lake's long curve. The banker's unpremeditated dive from the freight dock evoked laughter from the Streak.

"Sloppy work!" he ejaculated. "You'll do better next time."

What Burgess said is unprintable. After a gallop of half a mile on the lake road he sank down, winded.

"Now you can take care of yourself, old sport! Your social standing will save you; I'm up against crawling into my bunk at the hotel before that fool rouses the town. You can stroll round the lake until you find a boat; then paddle your own canoe for home."

The Streak justified his reputation for rapid motion without further ado; and, heavy with forebodings, Webster G. Burgess began stumbling along the rough highway alone. He had definitely enrolled himself among those who break in and steal! He had assisted in robbing a post-office; he had grossly affronted the peace and dignity of the United States. Not to put too fine a point upon it, he was an escaping criminal. The wild clamor of a bell drifted faintly across the water from Waupegan. The watchman was ringing the village fire bell to rouse the town!

. . . . . .

Just what he said to Mrs. Burgess when he dragged himself in as the dawn broke over the lake is not for this writing. It was not the first time he had drawn upon his imagination to explain a belated return; and after a man of indubitable social and financial standing has assisted in robbing a post-office it is comparatively easy for him to lie to his wife.

After an hour's troubled slumber Burgess took a dip in the cool waters of the lake—his second of the morning—but this time in a bathing suit. Then he dressed with his usual care and on going down to the piazza found Eva Haverford. She too had spent a bad night.

"I think," said Burgess in the tone of one who would acquire merit, "that, instead of you and Gertie going down to Texas to see Tommy, I'd better get him up here as soon as he's able to travel."

She smiled happily at the suggestion, but her face clouded instantly and her eyes filled. She had hoped against hope that he would restore the registered letter, and her disappointment was supreme.

"But my letters and the engagement ring!" she cried pitifully. "I heard the train whistling this morning as it carried them away! Oh, it's terrible! I shan't have an hour's peace while I know they're on the way to him. And his being wounded away off there makes it so much more horrible!" she sobbed.

Burgess chewed a cigar, which tasted bad. He hated to see women cry and the domestic weather signs all pointed to minus. Eva would weep and Gertrude would not forgive him for his failure to solve the girl's problems. He knew the engagement ring Eva believed to be speeding toward her lover was not on the train she had heard whistling on its course round the lake. For all Webster G. Burgess knew it might be locked up with the Streak in the Waupegan calaboose!

He was explaining the various routes to Texas when Eva detected a canoe dancing brightly over the water.

"If that should be Dick ——" she faltered.

Burgess resolved that if Whittlesey appeared he would kill him and bury him in the lake.

A canoe is a pretty thing, and this one was driven by vigorous arms that sent it onward steadily and smoothly. Eva stepped to the railing to watch it. In a moment Burgess became more deeply interested. The craft was approaching the Burgess pier, and its passenger sprang out and drew the rope round the pier-post. He shook the cramp out of his legs, drew on his coat, and stooped to pick up a package that lay in the bottom of the canoe. It was the Streak, beyond any doubt! Burgess stared wide-eyed as the thief ran up the veranda steps with his loot in his hand. "Good morning, everybody!"

The Streak shook hands with the girl and nodded to Burgess.

"Nothing like a good night's sleep to set a man up! You look as fresh as a daisy." Burgess' feelings were quite otherwise, but his eyes rested on the package greedily. "Miss Haverford, here's a piece of registered mail matter that has your name written in the corner. A registered package, all right—but I happened to find it lying in the street. Post-office was robbed last night and the thieves seem to have dropped this as they broke for the timber. Thought maybe you'd rather not trust the mails again. Queer," he continued, turning to Burgess; "but after they'd gone to the trouble of blowing up the safe they were scared off by the village watchman before they could load the sugar. Hard luck, I call that! Overlooked three hundred dollars in real money!"

Eva had run to the end of the veranda and was eagerly breaking the seal of the packet. In a moment the recovered engagement ring shone upon her finger, and she gathered up the letters and ran into the house with a glad cry.

The culprits eyed each other guiltily. The Streak grinned broadly and touched his beaded forehead with an impeccable handkerchief.

"Narrow escape! The hotel porter came near nailing me as I was sneaking in at the parlor window; but I was in bed all right when the fire bell rang up the town."

"You oughtn't to have waited, though, you ought to have got away!" The banker spoke in a hoarse whisper, moving down the steps toward the pier to hasten his visitor's departure.

"Bless you, no! I haven't finished my job yet."

"Good Lord! You're not going to try it again!" cried Burgess, aghast.

"Not on your life! But I've missed that early train and can't get away until noon. Neither, for that matter, can our friend Whittlesey."

"Whittlesey?"

The Streak chuckled.

"Before I joined you on our midnight picnic I stole his shoes and trousers so he wouldn't turn up missing in case I didn't get back on schedule. I carelessly dropped them into the cistern in the hotel yard. 'Nothing great,' says the wise man of Concord, Massachusetts, 'was ever achieved without enthusiasm.'"

Burgess drew his hand across his aching head helplessly. The Streak was too much for him!

"You see," the inexplicable one continued, "I never told you I was a safe-blower, or that I was Bennett, alias Woods, alias the Streak. You cheerfully assumed all that—a highly flattering assumption! I'm a detective from the Trumbull Agency, in Chicago. I have friends among the post-office inspectors and I happened to be in Mercury on a private job—case of an Illinois bank teller who had bet wrong on the corn market and was supposed to be visiting his wife's relations in Mercury. Nailed him and gave him to the sheriff to hoist for papers.

"I picked up the Streak just by chance. Had to leave Mercury on the jump and found him in a freight car in which I was riding north. Seeing he'd been on a job I nailed him, changed cars to a fast train and turned him over to the inspectors at Indianapolis at four o'clock yesterday afternoon. That was too late for the newspapers you read on the Waupegan train. 'Those tools we used'—Burgess banked at the emphasized plural—'on that preposterous safe in the post-office belonged to the Streak. I asked the Government boys to let me hold them a few days as I want to see if we can't nail a chemist in Chicago who supplies the yeggs with that new juice—a variation on nitroglycerine that is safe and noiseless."

"But I don't see where Whittlesey comes in," said Burgess. "You don't mean ——"

"I mean just that! They were afraid he would hit the trail for Canada and hence my haste in getting here. Your friend seems to have buncoed a Chicago bank with crooked collateral. We travel together as soon as I can get back and find him some pants." Then with a glance over the lake he exclaimed: How dear old Waldo would have loved this!

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rimes the oar forsake!"

Burgess glanced round nervously. This was not a detective of any school made familiar by fiction or drama.

"But that business last night—you took big chances; I want you to know I appreciate that."

"Oh, there was more or less risk, of course; but I always wanted to try my hand at prying the lid off one of these base-burners the country folks keep their money in, and that looked like a good chance. Helps me in my profession, you see. And my having the tools seemed just providential. We ought to make the postmaster whole on his loss, though; it's hardly square to smash his safe and not pay the bill. You might head a subscription list of the cottagers to buy him a new safe—I see the humor of that appeals to you! Good; that will be the end of it. Inspector Roberts will come up in the train I leave on, and I'll give him the wink. He's so grateful to me for nailing the Streak for him that he'll not be bothersome."

Mrs. Burgess and Miss Haverford were heard in rapturous conversation within.

"I can't let you go this way," said Burgess. "Stay and have breakfast anyhow. By George!—what is your name?"

"Waldo Brown, care Trumbull Agency, Chicago. Some of the yarns I told you on the train are fiction, but it's true about the pie and old Waldo Emerson! Only I wasn't bounced from college—I took the whole course; and I'm sleuthing to get enough money to go back for the law course. Great scheme for building up a line of clients! They use me mostly on society jobs because I can wear a dress suit without appearing self-conscious. Began by nipping a swell who was stealing his guests' diamonds—house party—festive dance. He thought I was a regular guest."

Waldo Brown threw off his coat and dropped lightly into the canoe.

"If there's ever anything I can do to help you—money ——" began Burgess.

"Nothing doing! Leave it all to the Law of Compensation. The look on that girl's face when she danced into the house with her engagement ring has made me rich for life."

Eva appeared on the piazza above and looked down in consternation as Brown sent the canoe into the lake with a splashless stroke.

He looked back once as he rested for a moment far out upon the shimmering water. Mrs. Burgess and Eva stood beside Burgess at the end of the pier; and as Brown waved his hand they all saluted him with a great flourish of handkerchiefs.

Imitation Cells

ONE of the great number of scientists who are devoting their time to the study of the beginnings of life has recently succeeded in imitating living cells. His tiny imitations he can make absorb nutrition, grow, reproduce, become sick and die—or, rather, imitate these processes, for of course he does not claim to have created living cells, but only to have simulated them. Down at the foundation of all life are living cells. To be entitled to the term "alive," a cell must show certain characteristics, such as ability to absorb nutrition, to grow and to reproduce. This scientist set out to imitate these processes with chemicals, and recently has announced his results.

Drops of one kind of liquid in another kind formed the basis of his experiments; and finally he succeeded in getting the right combinations, so that the drops took shapes surprisingly similar to living cells, with the typical shape and nucleus. A strange natural force called osmotic pressure controlled them. He succeeded in making these artificial cells absorb nutrition, reproduce as living cells do, and even bind together in a collection as living cells do.

Most extraordinary of all, he succeeded in making some of his cells shun the light, as some lower forms of animal life in the sea, for instance, shun light and seek darkness. He prepared a salt solution in a glass, half illuminated and half dark, and into this dropped a little liquid tinted with India ink, when the particles of color took refuge in the dark part of the glass.

THE GIRL WHO WENT RIGHT

(Continued from Page 4)

Miss Myrtle lowered her voice discreetly. "Her own folks don't know where she lives. They says she sends 'em money every month, but with the understanding that they don't try to come to see her. They live way over on the West Side somewhere. She makes her buying trip to Europe every year. Speaks French and everything. They say when she started to earn real money she just cut loose from her folks. They was a drag on her and she wanted to get to the top."

"Say, that pin's real, ain't it?"

"Real? Well, I should say it is! Catch Jevne wearing anything that's phony. I saw her at the theater one night. Dressed! Well, you'd have thought that birds of paradise were national pests, like English sparrows. Not that she looked loud. But that quiet, rich elegance, you know, that just smells of money. Say, but I'll bet she has her lonesome evenings!"

Ray Willets' eyes darted across the long room and rested upon the shining black-clad figure of Miss Jevne moving about against the luxurious ivory-and-rose background of the French Room.

"She—she left her folks, h'm?" she mused aloud.

Miss Myrtle, the brainless, regarded the tips of her shabby boots.

"What did it get her?" she asked as though to herself. "I know what it does to a girl, seeing and handling stuff that's made for millionaires, you get a taste for it yourself. Take it from me, it ain't the six-dollar girl that needs looking after. She's taking her little pay envelope home to her mother that's a widow and it goes to buy milk for the kids. Sometimes I think the more you get the more you want. Somebody ought to turn that vice inquiry on to the tracks of that thirty-dollar-a-week girl in the Irish crochet waist and the diamond bar pin. She'd make swell readin'."

There fell a little silence between the two—a silence of which neither was conscious. Both were thinking, Myrtle disjointedly, purposelessly, all unconscious that her slow, untrained mind had groped for a great and vital truth and found it; Ray quickly, eagerly, connectedly, a new and daring resolve growing with lightning rapidity.

"There's another new baby at our house," she said aloud suddenly. "It cries all night pretty near."

"Ain't they fierce?" laughed Myrtle. "And yet I dunno ——"

She fell silent again. Then with the half-sigh with which we waken from day dreams she moved away in response to the beckoning finger of a saleswoman in the evening-coat section. Ten minutes later her exquisite face rose above the soft folds of a black charmeuse coat that rippled away from her slender, supple body in lines that a sculptor dreams of and never achieves.

Ray Willets finished straightening her counter. Trade was slow. She moved idly in the direction of the black-garbed figure that flitted about in the costly atmosphere of the French section. It must be a very special customer to claim Miss Jevne's expert services. Ray glanced in through the half-opened glass and ivory-enamel doors.

"Here, girl," called Miss Jevne. Ray paused and entered. Miss Jevne was frowning. "Miss Myrtle's busy. Just slip this on. Careful now. Keep your arms close to your head."

She slipped a marvelously wrought garment over Ray's sleek head. Fluffy drifts of equally exquisite lingerie lay scattered about on chairs, over mirrors, across showtables. On one of the fragile little ivory-and-rose chairs, in the center of the costly little room, sat a large, blonde, perfumed woman who clanked and rustled and swished as she moved. Her eyes were white-lidded and heavy, but strangely bright. One ungloved hand was very white too, but pudgy and covered so thickly with gems that your eye could get no clear picture of any single stone or setting.

Ray, clad in the diaphanous folds of the *robe-de-nuit* that was so beautifully adorned with delicate embroideries wrought by the patient, needle-scarred fingers of some silent, white-faced nun in a far-away convent, paced slowly up and down the short length of the room that the critical eye of this coarse, unlettered creature might behold the wonders woven by this weary French nun and, beholding, approve.

"It ain't bad," spake the blonde woman grudgingly. "How much did you say?"

"Ninety-five," Miss Jevne made answer smoothly. "I selected it myself when I was in France my last trip. A bargain."

She slid the robe carefully over Ray's head. The frown came once more to her brow. She bent close to Ray's ear. "Your waist's ripped under the left arm. Disgraceful!"

The blonde woman moved and jangled a bit in her chair. "Well, I'll take it," she sighed. "Look at the color on that girl! And it's real too." She rose heavily and came over to Ray, reached up and pinched her cheek appraisingly with perfumed white thumb and forefinger.

"That'll do, girl," said Miss Jevne sweetly. "Take this along and change these ribbons from blue to pink."

Ray Willets bore the fairy garment away with her. She bore it tenderly, almost reverently. It was more than a garment. It represented in her mind a new standard of all that was beautiful and exquisite and desirable.

Ten days before the formal opening of the new twelve-story addition there was issued from the superintendent's office an order that made a little flurry among the clerks in the sections devoted to women's dress. The new store when thrown open would mark an epoch in the retail drygoods business of the city, the order began. Thousands were to be spent on perishable decorations alone. The highest type of patronage was to be catered to. Therefore the women in the lingerie, negligée, millinery, dress, suit and corset sections were requested to wear during opening week a modest but modish black one-piece gown that would blend with the air of elegance which those departments were to maintain.

Ray Willets of the lingerie and negligée sections read her order slip slowly. Then she reread it. Then she did a mental sum in simple arithmetic. A childish sum it was. And yet before she got her answer the solving of it had stamped on her face a certain hard, set, resolute look.

The store management had chosen Wednesday to be the opening day. By eight-thirty o'clock Wednesday morning the French lingerie, millinery and dress sections, with their women clerks garbed in modest but modish black one-piece gowns, looked like a levee at Buckingham when the court is in mourning. But the ladies-in-waiting, grouped about here and there, fell back in respectful silence when there paced down the aisle the queen royal in the person of Miss Jevne. There is a certain sort of black gown that is more startling and daring than scarlet. Miss Jevne's was that style. Fast black you might term it. Miss Jevne was aware of the flurry and flutter that followed her majestic progress down the aisle to her own section. She knew that each eye was caught in the tip of the little dog-eared train that slipped and slunk and wriggled along the ground, thence up to the soft drapery caught so cunningly just below the knee, up higher to the marvelously simple sash that swayed with each step, to the soft folds of black against which rested the very real diamond and platinum bar pin, up to the lace at her throat, and then stopping, blinking and staring again gazed fixedly at the string of pearls that lay about her throat, pearls rosily pink, mistily gray. An aura of self-satisfaction enveloping her, Miss Jevne disappeared behind the rose-garlanded portals of the new cream-and-mauve French section. And there the aura vanished, quivering. For standing before one of the plate-glass cases and patting into place with deft fingers the satin bow of a hand-wrought chemise was Ray Willets, in her shiny little black serge skirt and the braver of her two white shirtwaists.

Miss Jevne quickened her pace. Ray turned. Her bright brown eyes grew brighter at sight of Miss Jevne's wondrous black. Miss Jevne, her train wound round her feet like an actress' photograph, lifted her eyebrows to an unbelievable height.

"Explain that costume!" she said.

"Costume?" repeated Ray, fencing.

Miss Jevne's thin lips grew thinner. "You understood that women in this department were to wear black one-piece gowns this week!"

Ray smiled a little twisted smile. "Yes, I understood."

"Then what ——"

Ray's little smile grew a trifle more uncertain. "I—I had the money—last week—I was going to —— The baby took sick—the heat I guess, coming so sudden. We had the doctor—and medicine—I —— Say, your own folks come before black one-piece dresses!"

Miss Jevne's cold eyes saw the careful patch under Ray's left arm where a few days before the torn place had won her a reproof. It was the last straw.

"You can't stay in this department in that rig!"

"Who says so?" snapped Ray with a flash of Halsted Street bravado. "If my customers want a peek at Paquin I'll send 'em to you."

"I'll show you who says so!" retorted Miss Jevne, quite losing sight of the queen business. The stately form of the floor manager was visible among the glass showcases beyond. Miss Jevne sought him agitatedly. All the little sagging lines about her mouth showed up sharply, defying years of careful massage.

The floor manager bent his stately head and listened. Then, led by Miss Jevne, he approached Ray Willets, whose deft fingers, trembling a very little now, were still pretending to adjust the perfect pink-satin bow.

The manager touched her on the arm not unkindly. "Report for work in the kitchen utensils, fifth floor," he said. Then at sight of the girl's face: "We can't have one disobeying orders, you know. The rest of the clerks would raise a row in no time."

Down in the kitchen utensils and household goods there was no rule demanding modest but modish one-piece gowns. In the kitchenware one could don black sateen sleevelets to protect one's clean white waist without breaking the department's tenets of fashion. You could even pin a handkerchief across the front of your waist, if your job was that of dusting the granite ware.

At first Ray's delicate fingers, accustomed to the touch of soft, sheer white stuff and ribbon and lace and silk, shrank from contact with meat grinders, and aluminum stewpans, and egg beaters, and waffle irons, and pie tins. She handled them contemptuously. She sold them listlessly. After weeks of expatiating to customers on the beauties and excellencies of gossamer lingerie she found it difficult to work up enthusiasm over the virtues of dishpans and spice boxes. By noon she was less resentful. By two o'clock she was saying to a fellow clerk:

"Well, anyway, in this section you don't have to tell a woman how graceful and charming she's going to look while she's working the washing machine."

She was a born saleswoman. In spite of herself she became interested in the buying problems of the practical and plain-visaged housewives who patronized this section. By three o'clock she was looking thoughtful—thoughtful and contented.

Then came the summons. The lingerie section was swamped! Report to Miss Jevne at once! Almost regretfully Ray gave her customer over to an idle clerk and sought out Miss Jevne. Some of that lady's statuesqueness was gone. The bar pin on her bosom rose and fell rapidly. She espied Ray and met her halfway. In her hand she carried a soft black something which she thrust at Ray.

"Here, put that on in one of the fitting rooms. Be quick about it. It's your size. The department's swamped. Hurry now!"

Ray took from Miss Jevne the black-silk gown, modest but modish. There was no joy in Ray's face. Ten minutes later she emerged in the limp and clinging little frock that toned down her color and made her plumpness seem but rounded charm.

The big store will talk for many a day of that afternoon and the three afternoons that followed, until Sunday brought pause to the thousands of feet beating a ceaseless tattoo up and down the thronged aisles. On the Monday following thousands swarmed down upon the store again, but not in such overwhelming numbers. There were breathing spaces. It was during one of these that Miss Myrtle, the beauty, found time for a brief moment's chat with Ray Willets.

Ray was straightening her counter again. She had a passion for order. Myrtle eyed her wearily. Her slender shoulders had carried an endless number and variety of garments during those four days and her

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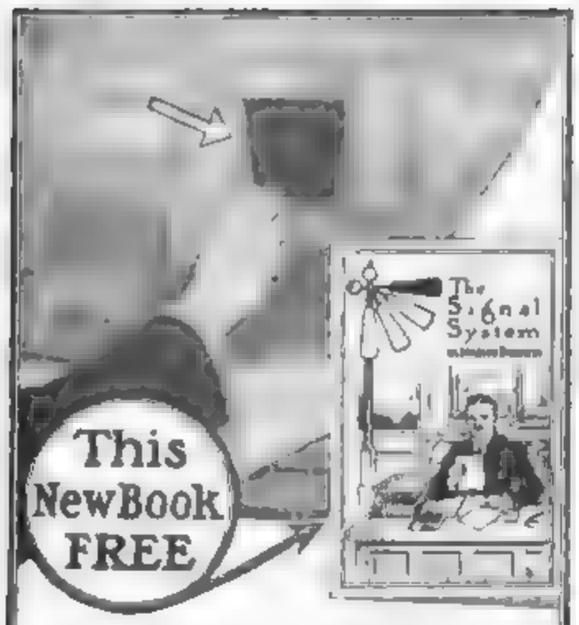

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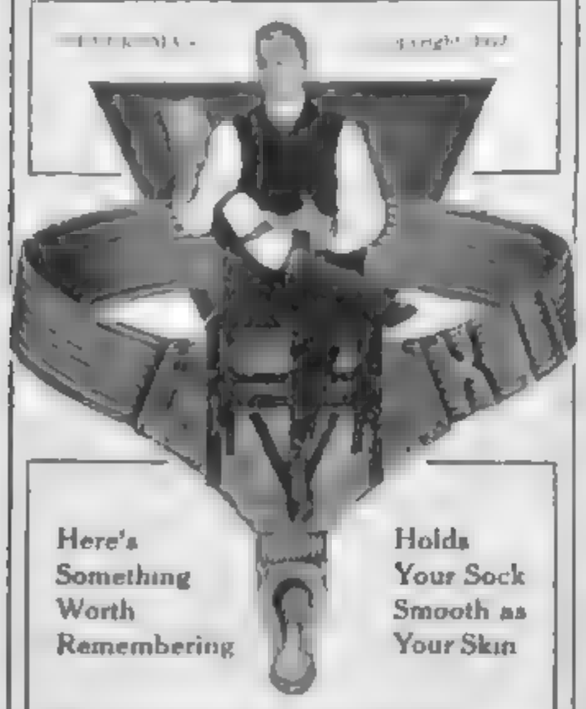

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feet had paced weary miles that those garments might the better be displayed.

"Black's grand on you," observed Myrtle. "Tones you down." She glanced sharply at the gown. "Looks just like one of our eighteen-dollar models. Copy it?"

"No," said Ray, still straightening petticoats and corset covers. Myrtle reached out a weary, graceful arm and touched one of the lacy piles adorned with cunning bows of pink and blue to catch the shopping eye.

"Ain't that sweet!" she exclaimed. "I'm crazy about that shadow lace. It's swell under voiles. I wonder if I could take one of them home to copy it."

Ray glanced up. "Oh, that!" she said contemptuously. "That's just a cheap skirt. Only twelve-fifty. Machine-made lace. Imitation embroidery ——"

She stopped. She stared a moment at Myrtle with the fixed and wide-eyed gaze of one who does not see.

"What'd I just say to you?"

"Huh?" ejaculated Myrtle, mystified.

"What'd I just say?" repeated Ray.

Myrtle laughed, half understanding. "You said that was a cheap junk skirt at only twelve-fifty, with machine lace and imitation ——"

But Ray Willets did not wait to hear the rest. She was off down the aisle toward the elevator marked "Employees." The superintendent's office was on the ninth floor. She stopped there. The gray superintendent was writing at his desk. He did not look up as Ray entered, thus observing rules one and two in the proper conduct of superintendents when interviewing employees. Ray Willets, standing by his desk, did not cough or wriggle or rustle her skirts or sag on one hip. A consciousness of her quiet penetrated the superintendent's mind. He glanced up hurriedly over his left shoulder. Then he laid down his pencil and sat up slowly.

"Oh, it's you!" he said.

"Yes, it's me," replied Ray Willets simply. "I've been here a month today."

"Oh, yes." He ran his fingers through his hair so that the brown forelock stood away from the gray. "You've lost some of your roses," he said, and tapped his cheek. "What's the trouble?"

"I guess it's the dress," explained Ray, and glanced down at the folds of her gown. She hesitated a moment awkwardly. "You said you'd send for me at the end of the month. You didn't."

"That's all right," said the gray superintendent. "I was pretty sure I hadn't made a mistake. I can gauge applicants pretty fairly. Let's see—you're in the lingerie, aren't you?"

"Yes."

Then with a rush: "That's what I want to talk to you about. I've changed my mind. I don't want to stay in the lingeries. I'd like to be transferred to the kitchen utensils and household goods."

"Transferred! Well, I'll see what I can do. What was the name now? I forget."

A queer look stole into Ray Willets' face, a look of determination and shrewdness.

"Name?" she said. "My name is Rachel Wiletzky."

A SINGER'S STORY

Continued from Page 16

paralyzed, waiting. We saw Maretzek's pale, anxious face. The silence held a second longer; then the house came down. The thunders echoed and beat about our wondering ears.

"Success!" gasped Maretzek. "Success! Success! Success!"

Yet read what the critics said about it. The musicians picked it to pieces, of course, and so did the critics, much as the German reviewers did Wagner's music dramas. The public came, however, packing the house to more than its capacity. People paid seven and eight dollars a seat to hear that opera, an unheard-of thing in those days when two or three dollars was considered a very fair price for any entertainment. Furthermore only the women occupied the seats on the Faust nights. I speak in a general way, for there were exceptions. As a rule, however, this was so, while the men stood up in regiments at the back of the house. We gave twenty-seven performances one season; seven performances in Boston in four weeks; and I could not help the welcome knowledge that, in addition to the success of the opera itself, I had scored a big personal triumph.

As I have mentioned we often took wicked liberties with operas, such as introducing the Star-Spangled Banner and similar patriotic songs into the middle of Italian scores. But nothing could give any one so clear an idea of the universal acceptance of this custom of interpolation as the following criticism, printed during our second season: "The production of Faust last evening by the Maretzek troupe was excellent indeed. But why, oh why, the eternal Soldiers' Chorus? Why this everlasting, tedious march, when there are so many excellent band pieces on the market that would fit the occasion better?"

Pretty Praise From Longfellow

Dear Longfellow came to see the first performance of Faust; and the next day he wrote a charming letter about it to Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston. Said he:

"The Margaret was beautiful. She reminded me of Dryden's lines:

So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky."

To most persons *opéra comique* means simply comic opera. If they make any distinction at all it is to call it "high-class comic opera." As a matter of fact tragedy and comedy are hardly farther apart in spirit than are the rough and farcical stuff that we look upon as comic opera nowadays and the charming old pieces that formed the true *opera comique* some fifty years ago. *Opéra bouffe* even is many degrees below *opéra comique*. Yet *opera bouffe* is, to my mind, something infinitely superior and many steps higher than modern comic opera. So we have some delicate differentiations to make when we go investigating in the fields of light dramatic music.

It was my good fortune to sing in the space of a year three delightful rôles in *opéra comique*, each of which I enjoyed hugely. They were Zerlina in Fra Diavolo, Rosina in Il Barbiere; and Annetta in Crispino e la Comare. Fra Diavolo was first produced in Italian in America during the autumn of 1864, the year after I appeared as Marguerite, and it remained one of our most popular operas throughout the season of 1865–1866. I loved it and always had a good time the nights it was given. We put it on for my benefit at the end of the regular winter season at the Academy. The season closed with the old year and the benefit took place on the twenty-eighth of December. The benefit custom was very general in those days. Everybody had one a year and so I had to have mine, or at least Maretzek thought I had to have it. Fra Diavolo was his choice for this occasion, as I had made one of my best successes in the part of Zerlina, and the opera had been the most liked in our whole repertoire with the exception of Faust. Faust had remained from the beginning our most unconditional success, our *cheval de bataille*, and never failed to pack the house.

I don't know quite why that Fra Diavolo night stands out so happily and vividly in my memory. I have had other and more spectacular benefits; but that evening there seemed to be the warmest and most personal of atmospheres in the old Academy. The audience was full of friends, and what with the glimpses I had of these familiar faces, and my loads of lovely flowers, and the kindly, intimate enthusiasm that greeted my appearance, I felt as if I were at a party and not playing a performance at all. I had to come out again and again, and finally became so wrought up that I was nearly in tears.

As a climax I was entirely overcome when I suddenly turned to find Maretzek standing beside me in the middle of the stage, smiling at me in a friendly and encouraging manner. I had not the slightest idea what his presence there at that moment meant. The applause stopped instantly. Whereupon he made a little speech in the quick hush. He said some charming and overwhelming things about the young girl whose musical beginning he had watched and who in a few years had reached "a high pinnacle in the world of art"—the young girl, he went on to say, "who at twenty-one was the foremost prima donna of America."

"And now, my dear Miss Kellogg," he concluded, holding out to me a velvet case, "I am instructed by the stockholders of the Opera Company to hand you this to remind you of their admiration and their pride in you!"

I took the case, and the house cheered and cheered as I lifted out of it a wonderful flashing diamond bracelet and diamond ring. Of course I couldn't speak. I could hardly say "Thank you." I just ran off, with eyes and heart overflowing, to the wings where my mother was waiting for me. The bracelet and the ring are among the dearest things I possess.

Annetta was my second creation. There could hardly be imagined a greater contrast than she presented to the part of Marguerite. Gretchen was all the virtues in spite of her somewhat spectacular career—gentleness and sweetness itself. Annetta, the ballad singer, was quite the opposite. I must say that I really enjoyed making myself shrewish, sparkling and audacious. Perhaps I thus took out in the lighter rôles I sang many of my own suppressed tendencies. Although I lived such an essentially ungirlish life, I was, nevertheless, full of youthful feeling and high spirits; so when I was Annetta or Zerlina or Rosina I had a flying chance to bubble just a little bit. Merriment is one of the finest and most helpful emotions in the world, and I dare say we all have the possibilities of it in us one way or another. But it is a shy sprite and does not readily come at one's call.

Crispino had made a tremendous hit in Paris the year before when Malibran had sung Annetta with brilliant success. It has been sometimes said that Grisi created the rôle of Annetta in America; but I still cling to the claim of that distinction for myself. Our first Cobbler in Crispino e la Comare was Rovere, a good Italian buffo barytone. He was one of those extraordinary artists whose art grows and increases with time, and by some law of compensation comes more and more to take the place of mere voice. Rovere was in his prime in 1852 when he sang in America with Mme. Alboni. Later, when he sang with me, a few of the New York critics remembered him and knew his work and agreed that he was "as good as ever." His voice—no. But his art, his method, his delightful manner—these did not deteriorate. On the contrary they matured and ripened.

Ronconi's Marvelous Versatility

Our second Cobbler, Ronconi, was even more remarkable. He was, I believe, one of the finest Italian barytones that ever lived, and he succeeded in getting a degree of genuine high comedy out of the part that I have never seen surpassed. He used to tell of himself a story of the time when he was singing in the Royal Opera of St. Petersburg. The czar, father of the one who was murdered, said to him once:

"Ronconi, I understand that you are so versatile that you can express tragedy with one side of your face when you are singing and comedy with the other. How do you do it?"

"Your Majesty," rejoined Ronconi, "when I sing tomorrow night I will do myself the honor of showing you."

And accordingly the next evening he managed to turn one side of his face, grim as the Tragic Mask, to the audience, while the other, which could be seen from the imperial box only, was excessively humorous and cheerful. The czar was greatly amused and delighted with the exhibition.

Ronconi sang with me some years later when I gave English opera throughout the country, and I came to know him quite well. He was a man of great elegance and decorum.

"You know," he said to me once, "I'm a sly dog, a very sly dog indeed! When I sing off the key on the stage or do anything like that, I always turn and look in an astounded manner at the person singing with me, as if to say, 'What on earth did you do that for?' and the other artist, perfectly innocent, invariably looks guilty. Oh, I'm a very sly dog!"

Of the three rôles, Zerlina, Rosina and Annetta, I always preferred that of Rosina. It was one of my best rôles, the music being excellently placed for me. Yet I was fond of Fra Diavolo too. I was forever working at the rôle of Zerlina, or rather playing at it, for the old *opéra comique* was never really

(Concluded on Page 44)

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ROUGHING IT DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 9)

"You Can't Put Me Off the Train Between Stations!"

stone and mortar—each of them wearing away its infinitesimal mite—until through years and years the firm stone was scored away and channeled out and left as it is now, with curves in it and deep hollows.

Given a dime's worth of imagination to start on, almost any one could people that spot with the dead-and-gone figures of that shadowy past; could forget the trolley cars curving right up to the walls; the electric lights strung in globular festoons along the ancient ceilings of the porticoes; the roofs of the new, shiny modern bungalows dotting the gentle slopes below—could forget even that the brown-cowled, rope-girthed father who served as guide spoke with a strong German accent; could almost forgive the impious driver of the rig that brought one here for referring to this place as the Mish. But be sure there would be one thing to bring you hurtling back again to earth, no matter how far aloft your fancy soared—and that would be the ever-present souvenir-collecting tourist, to whom no shrine is holy and no memory is sacred.

There is no charge for admission to the Mission. All comers, regardless of breed or creed, are welcomed; and on constant duty is a gentle-voiced priest, ready to lead the way to the inner rooms where priceless relics of the day when the Spaniards first came to California are displayed; and into the church itself, with its candles burning before the high altar and the quaint old holy pictures ranged thick upon the walls; and through the burying-ground—and to all the rest of it; and for this service there is nothing to pay. On departing the visitor, if he chooses, may leave a coin behind; but he doesn't have to—it isn't compulsory.

Souvenir Larceny

There is a kind of traveler who repays this hospitality by defiling the walls with his inconsequential name, scratched in or scrawled on, and by toting away as a souvenir whatever portable object he can confiscate when nobody is looking. Up in the bell tower the masonry is all defaced and pocked where these vandals have dug at it with pocketknives; and as we were coming away, one of them—a typical specimen—showed me with deep pride half of a brick pouched in his coat pocket. It seemed that while the priest's back was turned he had pried it loose from the frilled ornamentation of a vault in the burying-ground at the cost only of his self-respect—admitting that he had any of that commodity in stock—and a broken thumbnail. It was, indeed, a priceless treasure and he valued it accordingly. And yet, at a distance of ten feet in an ordinary light, no one not in the secret could have said offhand whether that half-brick came out of a Mission tomb in California or a smokehouse in Arkansas.

We didn't see any Indians when we ran down into Mexico. However, we only ran into Mexico for a distance of a mile and a half below the California state boundary, and maybe that had something to do with it. By automobile we rode from San Diego over to the town of Tia Juana, signifying, in our tongue, Aunt Jane. Ramona, heroine of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel, had an aunt called Jane. I guess they had a grudge against the lady, they named this town after her.

Selling souvenirs to tourists, who come daily on sightseeing coaches from Coronado Beach and San Diego, is the principal pastime of the natives of Tia Juana. Weekdays they do this; and sometimes on a Sunday afternoon they have a bullfight in their little bullring. On such an occasion the bullfighting outfit is specially imported from one of the larger towns farther inland. Sometimes the whole troupe comes from Juarez and puts on a regular metropolitan production, with the original all-star cast. There is the gallant performer known as the armadilla, who teases the bull to desperation by waving a red shawl at him; the no less daring parabola, sticking little barbed boleros in the bull's withers; and, last of all, the intrepid mantilla, who calmly meets the final rush of the infuriated beast and, with one unerring thrust of his trusty sword, delivers the porte-cochère, or fatal stroke, just behind the left shoulder-blade, while all about the assembled peons and peonolas rend the ambient air with their delighted cry: *"Hoi Polloi! Hoi Polloi! Dolce far niente!"*

Spanish at a Glance

Isn't it remarkable how readily the seasoned tourist masters the difficulties of a foreign language? Before I had been in Mexico an hour I had picked up the intricate phraseology of the bullfight; and I was glad afterward that I took the trouble to get it all down in my mind correctly, because such knowledge always comes in handy. You can use it with effect in company—it stamps you as a person of culture and travel—and it impresses other people; but then I always could pick up foreign languages easily. I do not wish to boast—but with me it amounts to a positive gift.

It was a weekday when we visited Tia Juana, and so there was no bullfight going on; in fact, there didn't seem to be much of anything going on. Once in a while a Spigotty lady would pass, closely followed by a couple of little Spigots, and occasionally the postmaster would wake up long enough to accept a sheaf of postcards from a tourist and then go right back to sleep again. We had sampled the tamales of the country, finding them only slightly inferior to the same article as sold in Kansas City, Kansas; and we had drifted—three of us—into a Mexican café. It was about ten feet square and was hung with chromos furnished by generous Milwaukee brewers and other decorations familiar to all who have ever visited a crossroads barroom on our own side of the line. Bottled beer appeared to be the one best bet in the drinking line, and the safest one too; but somehow I hated—over here upon the soil of another country—to be calling for the domestic brews of our own St. Louis! Personally I desired to conform my thirst to the customs of the country—only I didn't know what to ask for. I had learned the bullfighting language, but I hadn't progressed very far beyond that point. While I was deliberating a Mexican came in and said something in Spanish to the barkeeper and the barkeeper got a bottle of a clear, almost colorless fluid out from under the counter and poured him a sherry-glassful of it. So then, by means of a gesture that is universal and is understood in all climes, I indicated to the barkeeper that I would take a little of the same.

The moment, though, that I had swallowed it I realized I had been too hasty.

It was mescal—an explosive in liquid form that is brewed or stilled or steeped, or something, from the juices of a certain variety of cactus, according to a favorite family prescription used by Old Nick several centuries ago when he was residing in this section. For its size and complexion I know of nothing that is worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with mescal, unless it is the bald-faced hornet of the Sunny South. It goes down easily enough—that is not the trouble—but as soon as it gets down you have the sensation of having swallowed a comet.

As I said before I didn't see any Indians in Old Mexico, but if I had taken one more swig of the national beverage I am satisfied that not only would I have seen a great number of them, but, with slight encouragement, might have been one myself. For the purpose of assuaging the human thirst I would say that it is a mistake on the part of a novice to drink mescal—he should begin by swallowing a lighted kerosene lamp for practice and work up gradually; but the experience was illuminating as tending to make me understand why the Mexicans are so prone to revolutions. A Mexican takes a drink of mescal before breakfast, on an empty stomach, and then he begins to revolute round regardless.

On leaving Tia Juana we stopped to view the fort, which was the principal attraction of the place. It was located in the outskirts just back of the cluster of adobe houses and frame shacks that made up the town. The fort proper consisted of a mud wall about three feet high, inclosing perhaps half an acre of bare clayey soil. Outside the wall was a moat, upward of a foot deep, and inside it was a barrack. This barrack—I avoid using the plural purposely—was a wooden shanty that had been whitewashed once, but had practically recovered from it since; and its walls were pierced—for artillery-fire no doubt—with two windows, to the frames of which a few fragments of broken glass still adhered. Overhead the flag of the republic was flying; and every half-minute, so it seemed to us, a drum would beat and a bugle would blow and the garrison would turn out, looking—except for their guns—very much like a squad of district-telegraph messengers. They would evolute across the parade ground a bit and then retire to quarters until the next call to arms should sound.

No Spies Allowed

We could not get close enough to ascertain what all the excitement was about, because they would not let us. We were not allowed to venture within fifty yards of the outer breastworks, or kneeworks; and even then, so the village authorities warned us, we must keep moving. A woman camera fiend from Coronado was along, and she unlimbered her favorite instrument with the idea of taking a few snapshots of this martial scene.

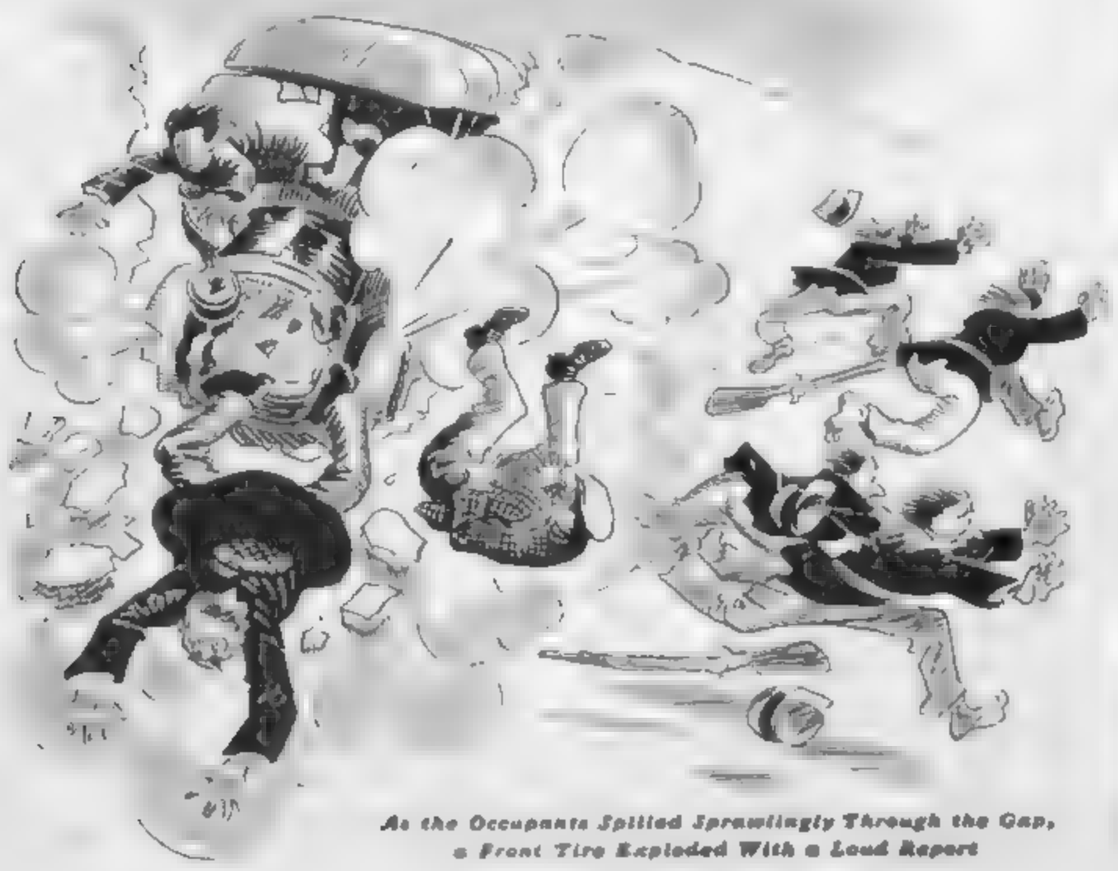
As she leveled the lens a yell went up from somewhere, and out of the barrack and over the wall came skipping a little officer, leaving a trail of inflammatory Spanish behind him in a way to remind you of the fireman cleaning out the firebox of the Through Limited. He was not much over five feet tall and his shabby little uniform needed the attentions of the dry cleanser, but he carried a sword and two pistols, and wore a brass gorget at his throat, a pair of huge epaulets and a belt; and he had gold braid and brass buttons spangled all over his sleeves and the front of his coat, and a pair of jingling spurs were upon his heels. There was a long feather in his cap too—and altogether, for his size, he was most impressive to behold. He charged right up to the abashed camera lady and, through an interpreter, explained to her that it was strictly against the rules to permit a citizen of a foreign power to make any pictures of the fortifications whatsoever. He appeared to nurse a horrid fear that the secret of the fortifications might become known above the line, and that some day, armed with this information, the Boy Scouts or the Young Ladies' High School might swoop down and capture the whole works. He explained to the lady that, much as he regretted it, if she persisted in her suspicious and spylike conduct he would have to smash her camera for her. So she desisted.

The Motor Bombardment

The little officer and his merry men had ample reason for being a mite nervous just then. Their country was in the midst of its spring revolution. The Madero family had just been thinned out pretty extensively, and it was not certain yet whether the Diaz faction or the Huerta faction, or some other faction, would come out on top. Besides, these gallant guardians of the frontier were a long way from headquarters and in no position to figure out in advance which way the national cat would jump next. All they knew was that she was jumping.

Every morning, so we heard, they were taking a vote to decide whether they would be Federalists that day or Liberalists, or what not; and the vote was invested with a good deal of personal interest, too, because there was no telling when a superior force might arrive from the interior; and if they had happened to vote wrong that day there was always the prospect of their being backed up against a wall, with nothing to look at except a firing squad and a row of newmade graves.

We were told that one morning, about three or four weeks before the date of our visit, the garrison had been in the barrack casting their usual ballot. They were strong Maderists that morning—it was Viva Madero! all the way. Just about the time the vote was being announced a couple of visiting Americans in an automobile came down the road flanking the fort. There had been a rain and the road was slippery with red mud. As the driver took the turn at the corner his wheels began skidding and he lost control. The car skewed off at a tangent, hurdled the moat, tore a hole in the mud wall; and, as the occupants spilled sprawlingly through the gap, a front tire



As the Occupants Spilled Sprawlingly Through the Gap, a Front Tire Exploded With a Loud Report

The family in a group photograph—before they have left the old fireside and gone out into the big world—Ever think of it?

Nothing preserves the home atmosphere and home memories like a group picture—with father and mother in the center.

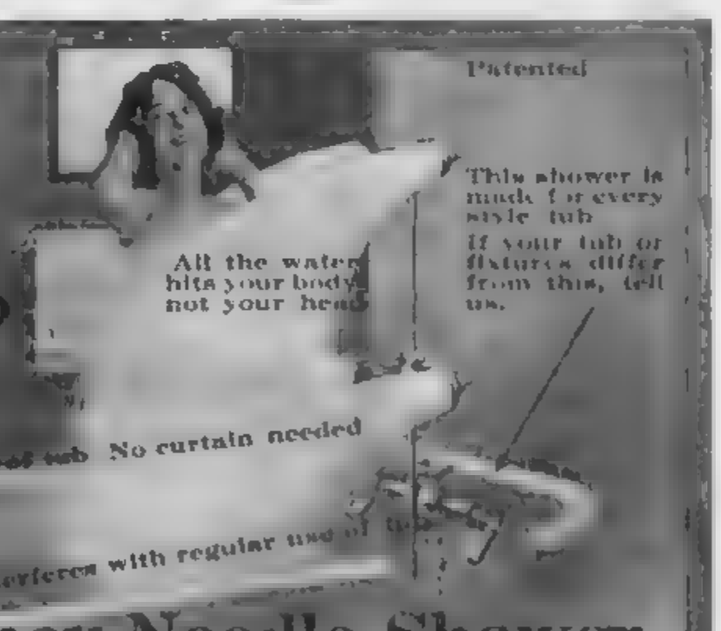
And, when the family is scattered how glad you will be that you had it done in time.

Photography almost puts this obligation on us. Make the appointment to-day.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Enjoy a Shower—in any Bath Tub


Patented
This shower is made for every style tub
If your tub or fixtures differ from this, tell us.
All the water hits your body not your head
No curtain needed
Does not splash outside tub
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The Kenney Needle Shower

Fits any Bath Tub. Put it up Yourself in two minutes.
Needs No Curtain. Don't Have to Wet Your Hair.

SENT ON TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

No Money in Advance. Only $6 If You Keep It.

Just to show you how much enjoyment you can get out of it and how it will help you stand the hot weather we want to LEND you free for ten days a KENNEY Four-Stream Needle Shower.

We want you to attach it to your bath tub that will only take a minute and enjoy it ten days, free.

You won't have to send us a single cent in advance. And you won't have to pay us a penny if you are willing to return the shower after a trial.

And it will cost you only $6 if you keep it—no where near as much as the cheapest old-style shower you can get.

No Curtain Needed

The KENNEY SHOWER works on a brand new principle, yet a surprisingly simple one. It throws four converging needle-spray streams.

Each of these streams strikes the body at an angle which makes all the water glance or "break" downward and inward toward the center of the body and the center of the tub instead of splashing off to the side.

Not a drop splashes out of the tub. Doesn't mess up either the wall or the floor. It's all in that converging angle a patented feature. That is what keeps the water from scattering and splashing. That is what eliminates all need for a curtain or hood.

No Shock To The Head

When you stand erect in using a KENNEY SHOWER not a drop of water touches your head. All shoots direct against the body from the shoulders down. Don't have to drench your hair. But if you want to douse your head, simply bend over a trifle.

All Metal. Easy To Put UP

A very handsome fixture. Heavy nickel finish over brass. Nothing to wear out or get out of order. Easily put up. No plumber needed. Never interferes with regular use of tub.

Don't Send Any Money

Just order on your letterhead or enclose business card or reference and you'll get the shower complete and prepaid for ten days' free enjoyment.

If you want to keep it, simply send $6 in full payment; if not, return it.

Make the trial now. Don't put it off. Have a refreshing cool you off shower to keep the heat from sapping your energy during these hot days.

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You cannot be sure you are using the best—that you are realizing the utmost in economy and shaving comfort—until you try

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SHAVING LATHER

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exploded with a loud report. The garrison took just one look out the front door, jumped to the conclusion that the Diaz crowd had arrived and were shooting automobiles at them, and unanimously adjourned out the back way into the woods. Some of them did not get back until the shades of night had descended upon the troubled land.

Such is military life in our sister republic in times of war, and yet they sometimes have a very realistic imitation of the real thing over there. Revolution before last there were two separate engagements in this little town of Tia Juana. A lot of belligerents were killed and a good many more were wounded.

In an iron letter box in front of the post-office we saw a round hole where a steel-jacketed bullet had passed through after first passing through a prominent citizen. We did not see this citizen. He was up at the little cemetery on the hill.

In vain I sought the red brother on my saunterings through California. In San Francisco I once thought I had him treed. On Pacific Street, a block ahead of me, I saw a group of pedestrians, wrapped in loose flowing garments of many colors. Even at that distance I could make out that they were dark-skinned and had long black hair. I said to myself: "It is probable that these persons are connected with Doctor Somebody's Medicine Show; but I don't care if they are. They are Indians—more Indians than I have seen in one crowd at one time since Buffalo Bill was at Madison Square Garden last spring. I will look them over."

The Spoiled Egyptians

So I ran and caught up with them—but they were not Indians. They were genuine Egyptian acrobats, connected with a traveling carnival company. When Moses transmitted the divine command to the Children of Israel that they should spoil the Egyptians, the Children of Israel certainly did a mighty thorough job of it. That was several thousand years ago and those Egyptians I saw were still spoiled. I noticed it as soon as I got close to them.

In Salt Lake City I saw half a dozen Indians, but in a preserved form only. They were on display in a museum devoted to relics of the early days. In my opinion Indians do not make very good preserves, especially when they have been in stock a long time and have become shopworn, as was the case with these goods. Personally I would not care to invest. Besides, there was no telling how old they were. They had been dug out, mummified, from the cliff-dwellers' ruins in the southern part of the state, along with their household goods, their domestic utensils, their weapons of war and their ornaments; and there they were laid out in glass cases for modern eyes to see.

To my mind the most interesting relic in the whole collection was the spry octogenarian who acted as guide and showed us through the place—for he was one of the few living links between the Old West and the New. As a boy-convert to Mormonism he came across the desert with the second expedition that fled westward from Gentile persecution after Brigham Young had blazed the trail. He was a pony express rider in the days of the overland mail service. He was also an Indian fighter—one of the trophies he showed was a scalp of his own raising practically, he having been present when it was raised by a friendly Indian scout from the head of the hostile who originally owned it—and he had lived in Salt Lake City when it was a collection of log shanties within the walls of a wooden stockade. And now here he was, a man away up in his eighties, but still brisk and bright, piloting tourists about the upper floor of a modern skyscraper.

We visited the museum after we had inspected the Mormon Tabernacle and had looked at the Mormon Temple from the outside—and had seen the Beehive and the Lion House and the Eagle Gate and the painfully ornate mansion where Brigham Young kept his favorite wife, Amelia. The Tabernacle is famous the world over for its choir, its organ and its acoustics—particularly its acoustics. The guide, who is a Mormon elder detailed for that purpose, escorts you into the balcony, away up under the domed wooden roof; and as you wait there, listening, another elder, standing upon a platform two hundred feet away, drops an ordinary pin upon the floor—and you can distinctly hear it fall. At first you are puzzled to decide exactly what it sounds like; but after a while the correct solution comes to you—it sounds exactly like a pin falling. Next to the Whispering Gallery in the Capitol at Washington I don't know of a worse place to tell your secrets to a friend than the Mormon Tabernacle. You might as well tell them to a woman and be done with it!

In Salt Lake City I had rather counted upon seeing a Mormon out walking with three or four of his wives—all at one time. I felt that this would be a distinct novelty to a person from New York, where the only show one enjoys along this line is the sight of a chap walking with three or four other men's wives—one at a time. But here, as in my quest for the Indian, I was disappointed some more. Once I thought I was about to score. I was standing in front of the Zion Coöperative Mercantile Establishment, which is a big department store owned by the Church, but having all the latest improvements, including bargain counters and special salesdays. Out of the door came an elderly gentleman attired in much broadcloth and many whiskers, and behind him trailed half a dozen soberly dressed women of assorted ages.

Filled with hope I fell in behind the procession and followed it across to the hotel. There I learned the disappointing truth. The broadclothed person was not a Mormon at all.

He was a country bank president from somewhere back East and the women of his party were Ohio school-teachers.

And so, disappointed in my dreams of seeing Indians on the hoof and Mormon households taking the air in family groups, I left Salt Lake City, with its fine wide streets and its handsome business district and its pure air and its background of snow-topped mountains, and started on the long homebound hike. It was late in the afternoon. We had quit Utah, with its flat plains, its garden spots reclaimed from the desert, and its endless succession of trim red-brick farmhouses, which seem to be the universal dwelling-places of the prosperous Mormon farmer.

Convinced Against His Will

We had departed from the old trail that Mark Twain crawled over in a stagecoach and afterward wrote about in his immortal Roughing It. The Limited, traveling forty-odd miles an hour, was skirting the lower part of Wyoming before turning southward into Colorado. We were in the midst of an expanse of desolation and emptiness, fifteen miles from anywhere, and I was sitting on the observation platform of the rear car, watching how the shafts of the setting sun made the colors shift and deepen in the cañons and upon the sides of the tall red mesas, when I became aware that the train was slowing down.

Through the car came the conductor, with a happy expression upon his face. Behind him was a pleased-looking flagman leading by the arm a ragged tramp who had been caught, up forward somewhere, stealing a free ride.

The tramp was not resisting exactly, but at every step he said:

"You can't put me off the train between stations! It's the law that you can't put me off the train between stations!"

Neither the conductor nor the flagman said a word in answer. As the conductor reached up and jerked the bellcord the tramp, in the tone and manner of one who advances an absolutely unanswerable argument, said:

"You know, don't you, you can't put me off the train between stations?"

The train halted. The conductor unfastened a tail-gate in the guard-rail, and the flagman dropped his prisoner out through the opening. As the tramp flopped off into space I caught his remark:

"You can't put me off the train between stations!"

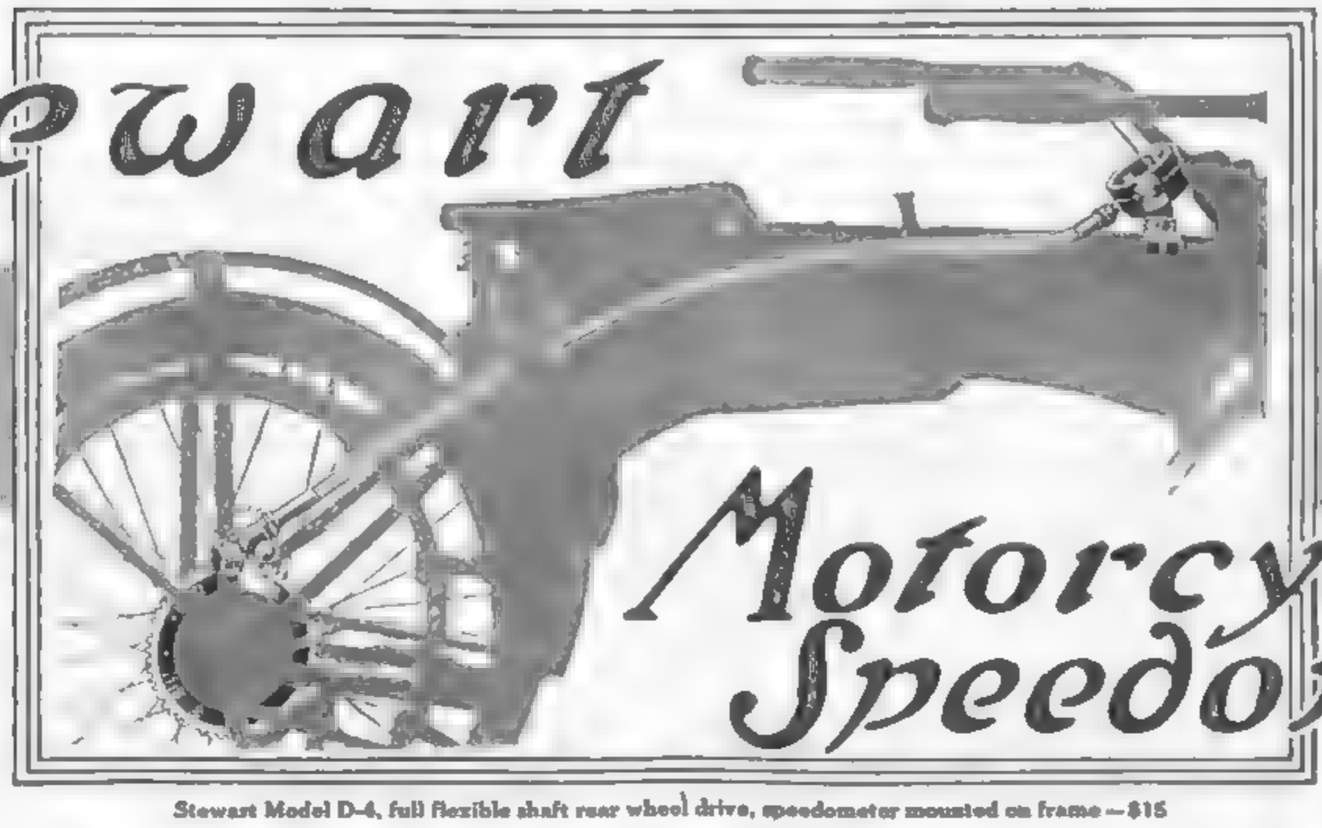
The conductor tugged another signal on the bellcord, and the wheels began to turn faster and faster. The tramp picked himself up from between the rails. He brushed some adhering particles of roadbed off himself and, facing us, made a megaphone of his hands and sent a message after our diminishing shapes. By straining my ears I caught his words. He spoke as follows:

"You can't put me off the train between stations!"

In my whole life I never saw a man who was so hard to convince of a thing as that tramp was.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb

Stewart Motorcycle Speedometer



Stewart Model D-4, full flexible shaft rear wheel drive, speedometer mounted on frame—$15

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THUS it stands to reason that we know more about the proper speedometer construction, practical speedometer principles and correct methods of speedometer driving than anyone else in the industry. Our huge volume of business is proof of this. We supply speedometers in hundred thousand lots.

There is not another accessory in the automobile or motorcycle industry that has met with such marked and individual success as the Stewart Speedometer. It dominates in the motorcycle field as it does in the automobile field.

Our success is largely due to the fact that from years of actual and hardened experience we understand and know more about the mechanical requirements and drawbacks of a motorcycle (as applied to a speedometer) than any other speedometer manufacturer in the world.

We have the largest line on the market. There are five distinctly different Stewart motorcycle speedometer drives—one for every preference.

These five types are all shown on this page. You have a wide choice—and each one is backed by the famous Stewart element of accuracy, ruggedness and protection against the injuries that come from fork twist and road shock.

If you prefer a speedometer driven from the rear wheel, there is Stewart Model D-4, illustrated at the top of this page. It is mounted on the frame back of the handlebar and at an angle just right for quick reading from the seat. The drive is by a cast sprocket, fibre pinion and new angle joint, and through a full flexible shaft that is carried along the frame. Its angle joint has no clutches to become displaced and no mileage can be lost track of—a point to note particularly. This angle joint will outwear any motorcycle.

Stewart Model D-4 is the most practical and durable rear wheel driven motorcycle speedometer ever produced.

Model D is our most popular model. Over 50,000 of these have been bought during the last four months. This has the new, two-belt front wheel drive, mounted on the mudguard.

Each of the other Stewart models listed on this page has its following among particular motorcyclists. Each is dependable under all conditions. Each lasts and is faithfully accurate.

All Stewart motorcycle speedometers are built on the famous magnetic principle, which has so proved its superiority that today eighty-five per cent of all the speedometers made in the world are built on this principle. Each Stewart Speedometer is backed by an experience which eliminates all that is weak and unreliable in design, material and making, and guarantees all that is strong, lasting and accurate.

When you buy a Stewart you do not buy an experiment. We have been in this work for years. We know when a thing is right and when it is wrong—and the "wrongs" never go out.

When you buy a Stewart you secure Stewart *service*—an ability and willingness to serve wherever in the whole world you may go. We maintain the largest chain of speedometer service stations in the world. You cannot afford to accept a speedometer that is not backed by a universal service.

Each Stewart motorcycle instrument has a 75-mile speedometer, a 100-mile trip odometer and a 100,000-mile season register. Can be reset to any tenth of a mile without disturbing the total season mileage.

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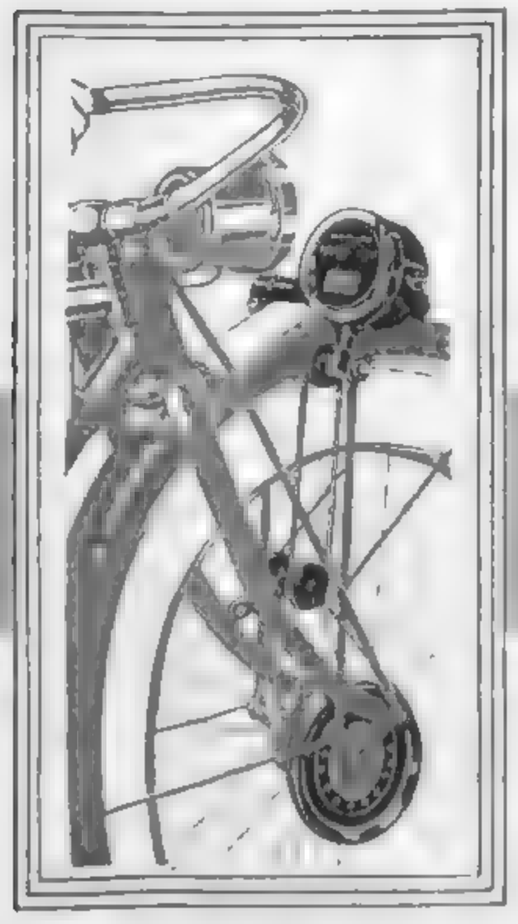
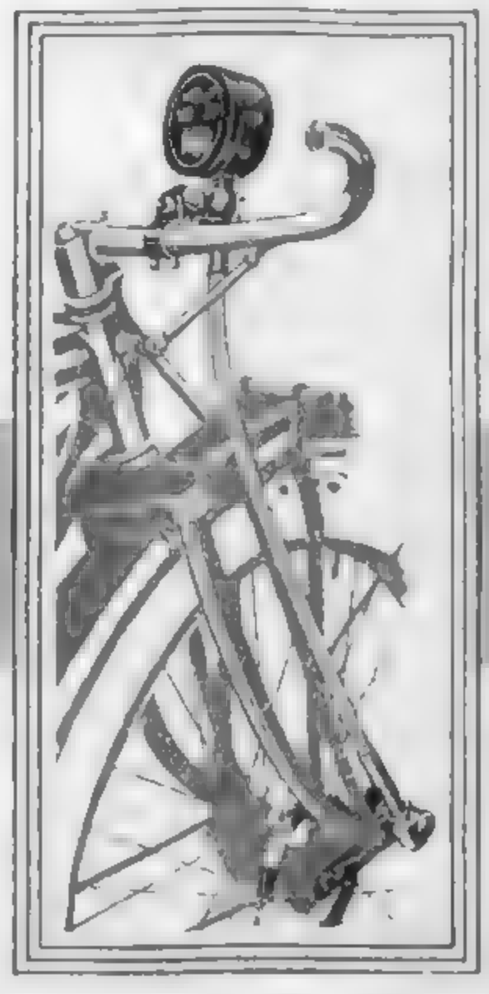
Stewart Model D, two belt front wheel drive, speedometer mounted on mudguard—$12

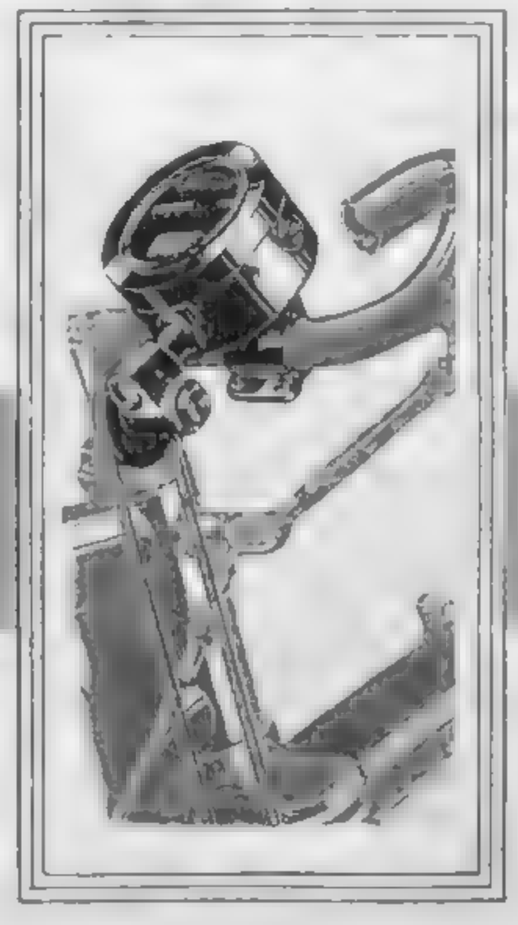


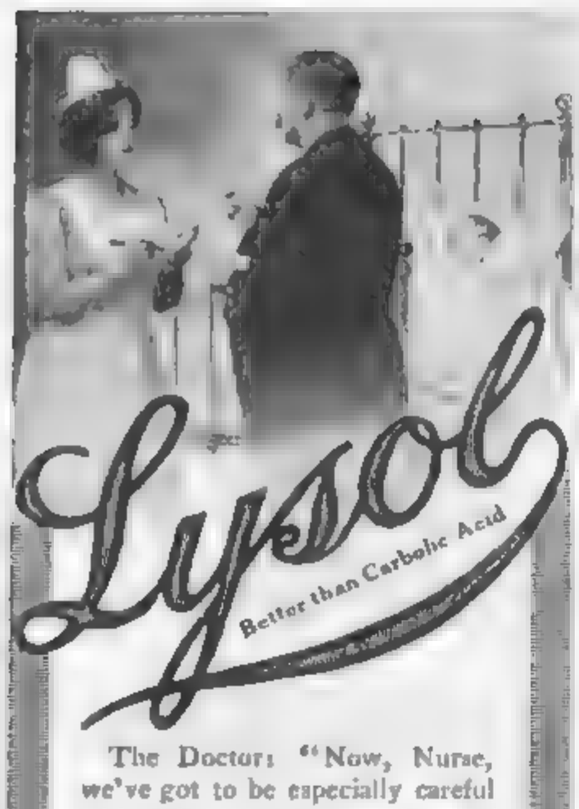
Stewart Model D-2, combination of flexible shaft and belt front wheel drive, speedometer mounted on handlebar—$15

Stewart Model D-3, full flexible shaft, front wheel drive, speedometer mounted on handlebar—$15



Stewart Model D-1, two belt front wheel drive, speedometer mounted on handlebar—$12





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AN INTIMATE VIEW OF THE SUPREME COURT

(Concluded from Page 13)

Supreme Court. When a case is argued, whether an ordinary case or one of great public importance, none of the justices—not even the chief justice, who is the administrative officer of the court—knows who will be called upon to express the views of the court.

Let me set forth the daily grind of a justice of the Supreme Court, as I have it from members of that highest court.

Monday is set aside by the court for the handing down of decisions. As the opinions have been finally approved and printed, the justices wake up Monday morning all prepared for the day. The first work-day of the week, therefore, the justices may take it a little easy—that is, compared with other days except Sunday, which is a day of rest for the court.

The justices reach the Capitol before noon, go to the gowning room, where they lay aside hats and coats and don their black-silk robes, and then just before the stroke of twelve they cross the corridor to the room adjoining the Supreme Court Chamber. If you have been to Washington you may have seen the attendants stretch the red-velvet ropes to enable the justices to pass through the crowds of onlookers in the hallway.

Monday Morning in Court

The first order of business, once the court is sitting on Monday, is the reading of the opinions, which operation may consume from one to three hours. This is not the least interesting of all proceedings of the court. Beginning with the junior justice, each member of the court who has an opinion ready proceeds to state the case orally, and then gives in a clear succinct way the law applicable as determined by the court; after which he states the judgment to be entered in the case. If one or more justices dissent from the view of the court the dissenting opinion is then announced. The vigor with which these opinions and dissents are delivered often impresses one that the tables are turned—that the justice is endeavoring to convince the bar.

After this procedure the chief justice announces the action of the court upon motions and petitions submitted at previous sessions. Next motions are made to admit attorneys to the bar of the court—they must have practiced three years before the highest court in their state. Follows the making of motions in pending cases.

Soon thereafter the first case on call—the one next on the docket—is argued. The general rule is three hours to a case, one and one-half hours for each side; only two counsel allowed to a side. But by application before argument, additional time is allotted in the discretion of the court and additional counsel permitted to take part in the argument. At two o'clock the court takes a recess of a half-hour for luncheon. Some of the justices have their luncheons brought to the Capitol from their homes; others send down to the Senate restaurant for their midday meal. Plain temperate living, especially at luncheon, must be an axiom of the court. Otherwise no bandage might be required for the eyes of Justice—she would be in the arms of Morpheus.

At four-thirty o'clock the court adjourns for the day. But this does not mean that the work of a justice is confined to the period between twelve and the hour of adjournment. There is morning work, six days a week, before a justice goes to the Capitol. His physical exercise, if he takes any, is largely confined to the walk from Capitol Hill to his home. After his dinner the justice goes to his private office, where he may work until midnight.

No case is considered by the justices in conference—made the subject of general discussion—until all have read the record and expressed a readiness to have it considered. A justice may have gone over the record and yet may feel that more time should be taken in study of the case before it is discussed in conference; in which case it goes over without objection one week, a fortnight, thirty days, sometimes sixty days, all depending on the importance of the case.

The discussion in conference is quite informal, devoid of anything savoring of strict parliamentary procedure. It begins with the senior member of the court. This is a reverse of the rule that obtained some years ago, when the practice was to have discussion begin with the youngest member of the court—youngest in point of service. The idea then was that the junior, if called upon to express his views after the older members of the court had given their construction of the law, would feel backward about taking a very vigorous part in the discussion, particularly if he found himself in disagreement with his seniors. So the practice was to have him speak first, and then to proceed from justice to justice in the reverse order of seniority. When it came to taking the vote on a case the junior was also required to cast his vote first. Thus he not only broke the ice in the discussion, but he recorded his judgment before the seniors had recorded theirs.

"We found," said one of the older members of the court, "that we were breaking the backs of our juniors—they had to begin the discussion and they had to record their conclusions first."

The order of discussion was therefore reversed; but the junior of the court continues to cast the first vote. This voting is done verbally, after the full discussion of the case is concluded.

Reverting to the misconceived notion, already discussed, that a certain justice takes charge of a case, beginning with the argument, let us see how protracted is the uncertainty regarding the justice who is to record the views of the court. It is Saturday evening, we'll say. The conference of the court lasted until five o'clock. Certain cases have been finally determined. The chief justice, shortly after the conference was over, or perhaps at his home, assigns these cases to the several justices for the writing of opinions—to himself as well as to the eight associates. From this you see that the designation of a justice to prepare an opinion which is expressive of the decision of the court is not made until after the oral argument by counsel in open court, after the record has been read by each justice, after full and complete discussion and the final vote in conference.

As to Dissenting Opinions

There is an important exception to be noted here—something that very few lawyers know anything about. Suppose that in a case five judges vote to affirm the decision of the lower court and four to reverse, and that the chief justice is one of the four dissenters. In that situation the chief justice does not designate the justice who is to write the opinion of the court—record the views of the majority. Rather the senior justice of the majority makes the designation. In other words, majority rule governs in the deliberations, the findings and the awards of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Through the careful study of each case by every justice, and then by the unrestrained discussion in conference, discordant ideas are harmonized as far as possible, and the majority of the court is brought to the support of the opinion as ultimately written. Not so long ago, within ten years, dissents were frequent. There was a pride of opinion, of diverse opinion; it stunned the layman and confused the lawyer. Five-to-four decisions did not strengthen the influence of the court. Happily this era of judicial contrariety seems to be passing. Collectively and severally the court appears to be desirous of reaching a common ground of decision. That there is a general willingness and desire on the part of individual justices to yield to the majority, once the principles in a line of cases have been determined, is apparent. Incidentally, but of surpassing consequence, this leads to greater respect for law.

Thus through the grinding of the minds of nine men, chosen from ninety million people, our laws are becoming unified and a great system of American jurisprudence is being perfected. This is not due entirely to the uncommon ability of the court, but also to the prevailing atmosphere of the Supreme Court Chamber and the conference room, which unconsciously affected the crier and was reflected in the revised version of his salutatory, admonishing everybody "to get busy!"

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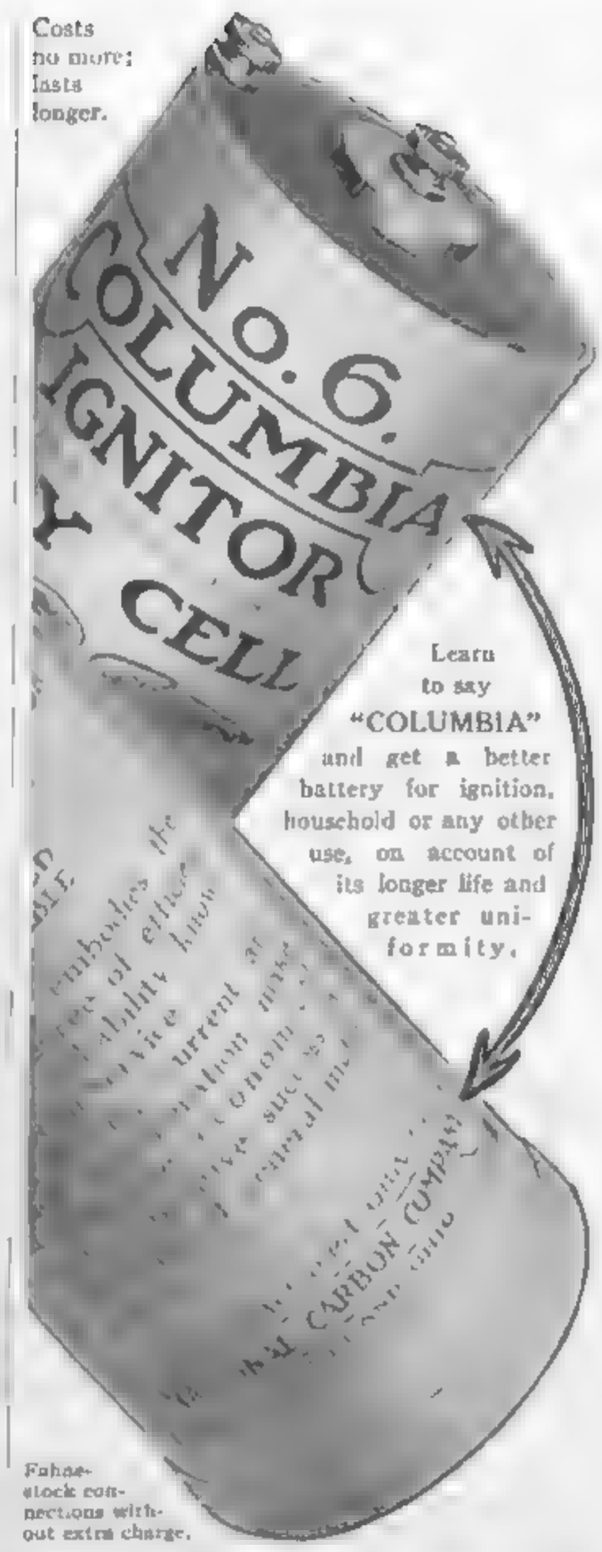
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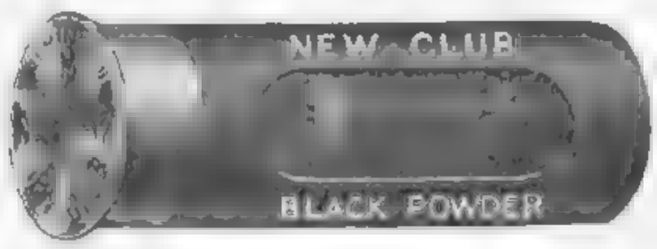

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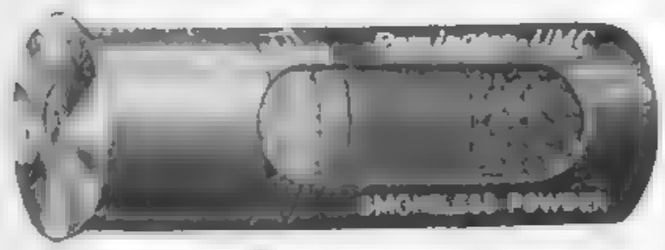

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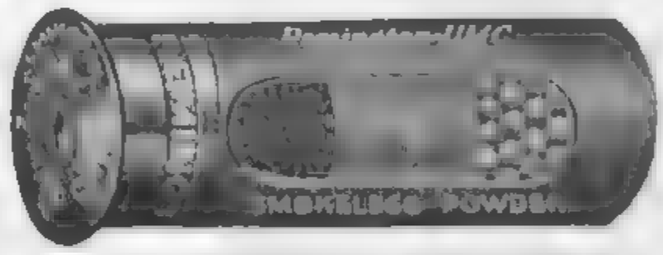

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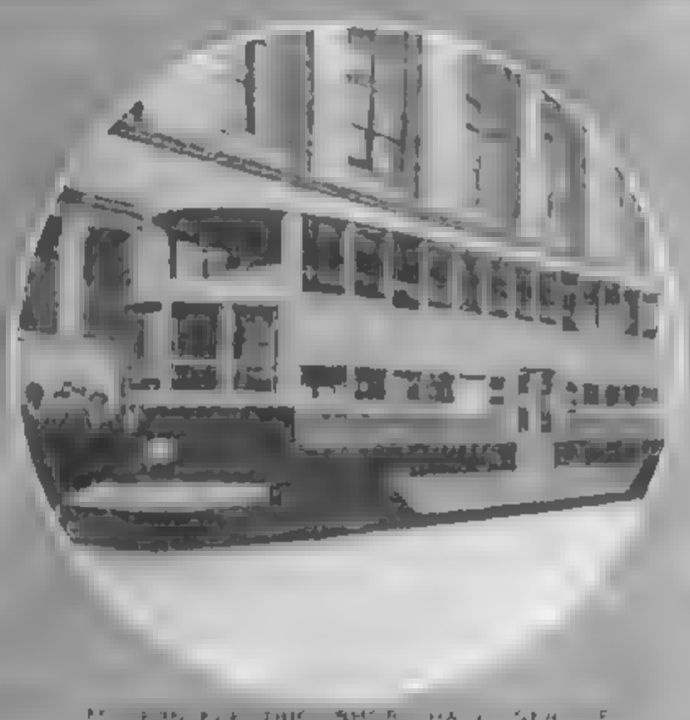

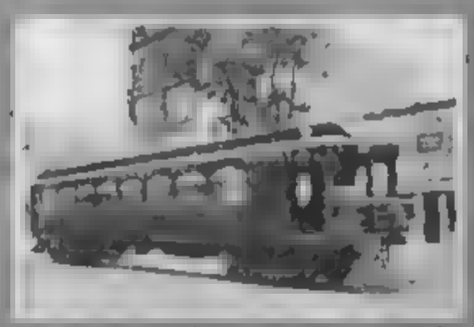

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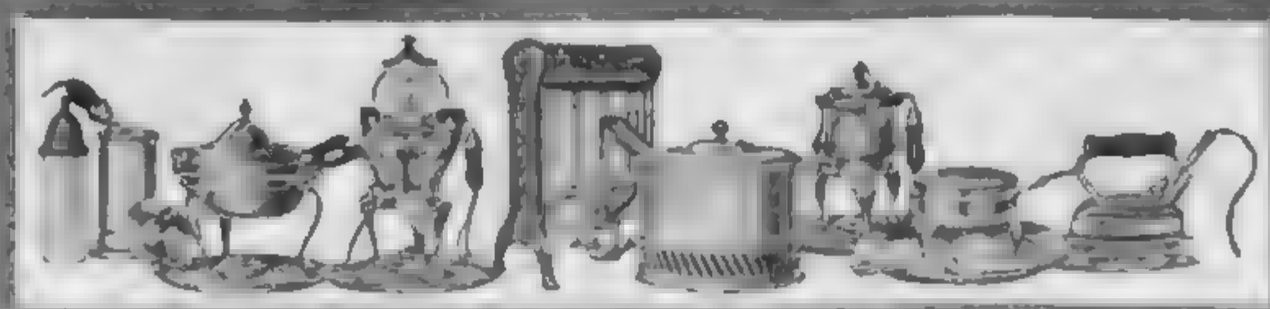

THE PRICE OF PLACE

(Continued from Page 19)

"Good boy," said the speaker, reaching over and patting him on the arm. "Go to it. This is Tuesday. Can you be ready on Friday afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Fine. It will come up about two o'clock. I'll see to it that all the boys are on hand to hear you. By the way, seen our friend Quicksall lately?"

"A few days ago," answered Marsh, looking keenly at the speaker.

"Good boy, Quicksall; nice a fellow as I know. His people are interested in this proposition."

Marsh felt tempted to refuse, but he walked out. He was beginning to see things. Later in the day Byron, with an afternoon paper in his hand, came over and sat down beside Marsh, who was listening to a Democratic attack on Republican extravagance by a perfervid orator from the South.

"Marsh," said Byron, handing him the paper, "I see they have hooked you."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, it is announced in this paper that you are to make the speech defending this rotten reciprocity program of the organization."

"What of it?" Marsh asked, secretly feeling that he had indeed been hooked, for he realized that the news had been given to the reporters as soon as he had consented to speak.

"Oh, nothing, if you can't see it yourself," Byron said, moving off. "Nothing at all, my dear boy; only you started out right, and they've thrown a switch on you and run you in on their particular sidetrack. More power to you, only when the big bust-up comes don't say I didn't warn you."

MARSH spent Wednesday and Thursday in retirement preparing his speech. He knew he must make a great speech, not only because his own reputation was in the balance but because it seemed to him, after considering the situation from every angle, that his future lay with the organization; and he knew from what he had seen and heard that the organization took good care of its inner members. He argued that his selection for this important action proved he was being considered at any rate for membership, and he knew that the ordinary member, who was used merely as a voting unit when the time came, had about as many legislative functions as a sheep and resembled that docile animal in many particulars. He decided he wouldn't be a sheep, and concluded he might just as well forget his qualms of conscience and do as he was constantly advised to by men who were eminently successful both in obtaining and keeping position and perquisites for themselves—play the game.

Word had gone out that the majority members should all be in their seats on the afternoon for the speech, and they were all there. The newspapers had printed paragraphs about the forthcoming defense of the Administration and had given brief resumés of Marsh's career in Congress. He was spoken of as an eloquent and forceful orator, and that was enough to jam the galleries, for Washington people love a show, especially when it is free. Mrs. Marsh, who was most becomingly dressed, and a party of ladies from the Dewilton had front seats in the reserved gallery.

Marsh looked up at her and smiled and waved his hand, and a little description of this loving act was included in the running stories of the event the boys in the press galleries were sending to the wires, sheet by sheet.

Two o'clock came. The regular order was demanded by the majority leader. There was a hush for a moment and everybody turned toward Marsh, who had taken a seat on the center aisle. His clerk sat beside him with a great pile of notes and reference books. Marsh was a man of excellent memory. It was his custom to write a speech, read it once, and then talk without referring to the manuscript. He rarely strayed away from his original text, but when he did it was merely to elaborate some point, and he always came back to the words as he had written and memorized them. He was fluent, graceful, logical, and his voice was musical and had excellent carrying properties. He had put on his frock coat, wore a red carnation in his buttonhole and was smiling and self-possessed.

He rose, and the chairman of the Committee of the Whole recognized him. He spoke for two hours, marshaling a great array of facts to show the virtue of the Administration contention, making his plea logical and consecutive and demolishing the claims of the opposition with a volley of eloquent denunciation. He ridiculed the Democrats, scoffed at those members of his own party who were opposed to the measure, showed how this was a great and historic party policy, quoted figures to prove that it would benefit the people—to whom he referred frequently and with great affection—and concluded with a burst of eloquence that brought cheers from the galleries. Applause had been liberal. His colleagues listened intently, and encouraged him by loud handclapping. He was not interrupted many times by questions, for his speech was so strong all wanted to hear it, and when he had finished, had passed his hand for the last time over his hair and then flung his arm out as if he were desirous of throwing away his fingers—his favorite gesture—they all surrounded him, congratulated him, patted him on the back, and Marsh felt he had arrived. The newspapers carried long stories about the speech. Marsh was a figure in the House.

He read the reports of his speech eagerly and was gratified to find the correspondents had used a considerable amount of the advance copy he had carefully sent to them and to the news agencies.

As he was deep in the New York papers next day Senator Paxton walked into Marsh's room.

"Ha, Jim," he said. "I observe that that little subject of publicity seems to interest you. The reporters didn't pester you any yesterday, I take it."

Before Marsh could reply half a dozen members, whom he did not know save by sight, came in and shook hands with him effusively, complimenting him on the speech and talking as if they were life-long friends of his.

Paxton laughed as they filed out. "There they go," he said, "the reflected-glory boys, the chaps who cannot do anything themselves, but seek to get importance by attaching their colorless personalities to the man who can do things. Washington is full of them. They strut and sputter and declaim roundly how 'My friend Marsh' said this or that to them, and how 'I said to my friend Marsh,' and thus and so, with the 'I' in every sentence. Poor chaps, they are only twelfth-carbon-copies of the real thing and know it, and they strive to elevate themselves by tacking on to others. Vanity, Jim, all vanity, the pitiful, pitiable, but innumerable galaxy of reflected-glory boys!"

The senator laughed again. "I used to know a pompous newspaper correspondent here, who made up with fake dignity and loud-voiced opinions what he lacked in ability. He was a perfect type of the reflected-glory boy. About twice a week he would go over to the White House and stand round for an hour or so until he got a glimpse of the president. Then he would go back to his office and write a long slug of his own windy ideas on political affairs, which always began: 'I saw President Cleveland today,' giving the impression that all the piffle he spun out came from the president. And even his astute editors fell for it, until old Grover put out a brief statement one day saying he hadn't spoken to this chap for six months, and that ended his little exaltation of his negligible self."

"How'd you like the speech?" asked Marsh.

"Bully! It was a corker! I'm glad you made it, for you are in the swim now, which not only adds to your personal and political increment but also does a heap for the flourishing firm of Paxton and Marsh."

They discussed some political affairs out in the home state, including several pressing matters, talked over various candidates for postmasterships, and decided to recommend one or two to replace McManus men. As the senator was leaving, he said:

"By the way, Marsh, I've put you down for a few shares in the Atlas Land Company that's in process of organization."

"What's the Atlas Land Company?"

"Oh, some of us are going to do some operating in real estate just outside the city. It might be a good thing. I can fix it if you want in. Better take some."

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"How much will it cost?" asked Marsh.

"Not much. The capital is $200,000, but only a tenth of it is paid in. I've put you down for a hundred shares, par a hundred dollars, and you'll have to pay in only a thousand dollars at the start."

"All right," said Marsh.

A few days later there came a request to the District of Columbia Committee to allow one of the street-car companies to extend its lines for a few miles out one of the main streets. Nobody objected and the permission was whipped into legislative shape and recommended.

Rambo met Marsh in the hotel about a week later.

"What do you think of those hogs anyhow?" he asked. "They bottle up a good thing, and when it is ready to spill they grab it all themselves. You and I should have had some of that."

"Some of what?"

"Why, some of that street-car extension melon."

"How was there any melon-cutting in that?"

Rambo laughed. "Marsh," he said, "for a gent who is playing in this game you have less conception of the value of your cards or of how to play them than any man I know. Why, when that extension is made of course the land out there will be available for subdivision and can be unloaded profitably. Nothing doing though. As soon as I heard about it I hustled hot-foot round to the real-estate fellows to try to get a few acres of it at acre prices, and I found a company has bought every good acre there is."

"What company?" asked Marsh, with a sudden sinking of the heart.

"Oh, a bunk organization called the Atlas Land Company. I don't know who is in it, but they are wise all right."

Marsh went to see Senator Paxton. "Paxton," he said, "I can't take that Atlas Company stock."

"Why not?"

"Because that company is directly interested in the extension of that street-car line, and when I voted on it I was voting contrary to law, because I had a direct interest, too, as a stockholder."

"Pshaw!" the senator replied, laughing. "If you will examine the records you will discover that the Atlas Land Company didn't take over that land until the extension was authorized by law."

"But," protested Marsh, "who sold the land to the Atlas Company?"

"That," said Senator Paxton, "is another story and not of concern in this discussion. I figure we'll make a little money out of that, not much, but enough to buy a few cigars."

Marsh went away. He argued with himself that it was all right. He knew in his heart that it wasn't, but he was playing the game.

Mrs. Marsh talked with her husband that night about money. She had heard many stories of how representatives and senators make large fees and she thought Marsh should have some of these.

"Besides," she said, "you have opportunities for information that should be valuable to you with all your influential friends."

"What kind of information?" asked Marsh.

"Any kind," she replied vaguely. "I know that there are chances here to make money, and that it is necessary for us to have more money than you are making, as necessary for my social success as well as for your political success. In order to achieve what I am aiming for I must be able to compete with other women who are engaged in aiding their husbands socially. I am as economical as I can be, but I need money.

"My plans are maturing. I can see my way clear to success. But you must help me, not hinder me by refusing to make the most of your opportunities."

"Molly," said Marsh, "I am afraid you don't understand."

"There is one thing I understand," she replied, "and that is that you have had information that helped you, and if you know at all what is going on you must have information and influence that will help others. Besides, you are a lawyer. Why can't you get retainers here? There must be men who could use your services if you would look round and find them instead of devoting yourself all the time to that stupid congressional work."

"I have obligations I must respect," said Marsh.

"You have obligations to me that are fully as great as any you owe to politics or party," she snapped. And Marsh made no reply.

xxi

MRS. MARSH had achieved a rather notable success in her social campaign. She had devoted nearly every waking hour to it, had assiduously cultivated those higher in position and with greater wealth, had wept privately over rebuffs, but had met them publicly with smiling face and apparent indifference, had pruned and pruned again her calling list, dropping an undesirable from one end of it as soon as she was able to add a desirable at the other. She made her calls regularly and studied the social fabric of Washington, that is, the official social fabric, for residential society in the Capital, except so far as it comprehends a certain residential set that flocks with itself, is but an adjunct to official society.

She had learned about rank early, and had predicated her campaigns on the somewhat elastic system of precedence, which, she found, could be rigid enough on occasion. She knew that the head and center of official society was the White House, of course, and she had regularly left her cards there, and had received not only the invitations to the big receptions, which were common and came as a matter of course to her as wife of a representative, but had been asked twice to smaller functions given by the wife of the president, and had high hopes of being one of the select party in the Blue Room at some notable event.

She had found the classification of the various branches of the Government, in a social sense, to be as old as the Government. After the White House there came the ladies of the Supreme Court of the United States, then the ladies of the Cabinet, then the senatorial ladies and then the congressional ladies, who had various degrees of importance. Interlocked in a way was the near-cabinet set, and also the wives of certain subordinate officials, such as commissioners and bureau chiefs. Then, too, there was the army and navy society and the diplomatic set. She discovered many subdivisions in this, or cliques, rather, and had not been long in ascertaining that there was a sharp demarcation in importance and prestige between the European diplomatists and the diplomatists from the Far East and the Latin-American countries. The ambassadors of the great powers were the leaders naturally, but second and even third and fourth secretaries of the chancelleries of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Russia and Italy considered themselves far superior in a social way to ambassadors and ministers from Latin-American countries, and, having made the distinction themselves, were so considered by aspiring hostesses.

Her four seasons in Washington had taught her many things, the most important of which was that there were scores of other women who were engaged in the same warfare as herself, battling to push themselves into the exclusive circles. She early realized the advantage the socially ambitious woman has when she comes to Washington through the rule that permits her to call first on the older residents—either official or local—of the city, instead of waiting for these experienced and advanced persons to come to call on her. She found she could call on anybody, and if she wanted recognition she must go out and seek it herself and not wait for recognition to come to her. By the simple expedient of leaving her cards regularly she was included in many invitation lists for general affairs, even at the embassies, and when her husband began to get recognition in the House the Marshes were asked to smaller and more exclusive functions, especially after his reciprocity speech. Word had gone out that Marsh had been taken up by the organization, and there were plenty of people in official life who were anxious to cultivate the wife of a man who was in the good graces of the organization and most likely would come to be a part of it.

Her experience had taught her that the society of Washington is not based on any desire for human intercourse, but on a desire for influence. Every person in Washington wants something and almost every person in Washington wants everything. Hence the people to get on good terms with are the people who may be useful in advancing social, political or other ambitions. She early had a lesson as to this phase of it. She grew to know the wife of an important man in the State Department, the

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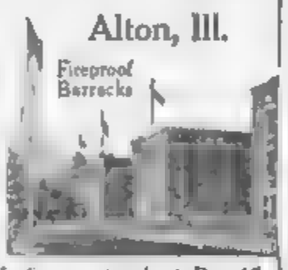

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head of a bureau. This wife had made her diplomatic calls for two years, leaving her cards and the cards of her husband, her husband's cards having nothing on them but his name.

One day in the third year the wife discovered, when she was about to set out on her round of diplomatic calls, that she had none of her husband's plain cards left, and she took a handful of his official cards, bearing his name and the line: "Department of State." She called as usual and was received everywhere in the usual indifferent fashion. No one remembered her. The hostesses didn't seem to care whether she stayed a minute or an hour. But within a few days invitations began to shower in on them, invitations to all the general functions and to some of the more exclusive ones. That line, "Department of State," on the husband's card had worked the change. The astute diplomatic hostesses had observed it, and they hurried to compliment a woman whose husband, as they had learned after her visit, held an important place in the State Department.

Mrs. Marsh also had learned the value of titles. She knew the distinction it gave a paragraph in the social columns to have an under-secretary or two, who was a count or some other kind of a sprig of nobility, included in the names of "Among those invited." She had discovered that a reputation for good food and plenty of wine helps as much as anything else. She had resolved to take a house when she returned to Washington the following season, for she considered herself on secure enough footing to do some real climbing. So she made her plans to that end, having in mind, of course, the great ambition of her life, next to her own success, which was to introduce Dorothy to society as one of the buds of the forthcoming season, and to marry her to some man whose money and position would give her own and Dorothy's careers added impetus. She had watched the little, titled under-secretaries, but decided that neither Dorothy nor her father would consent to a marriage merely for a decadent title, even if such a marriage could be arranged; so she had rather regretfully dismissed that idea from her mind, and had decided to look about among the young men of good family and of wealth. She had several desirable chaps in mind, and she assayed them carefully, inquired into their social standing and their fortunes, and finally selected four, any one of whom she considered a desirable person for an alliance with the house of Marsh.

Meantime her own evolution had been remarkable. She had made herself over practically and was a charming and a very attractive woman. She was artificial, without much of heart or sentiment, but she concealed that rather cleverly, and was so vivacious, so clever, so up-to-the-minute both in her gowns and in her information that the men liked to talk to her. She was a genius at economies in luxury. She had discovered a stable, kept by a man named Maxwell, where she could obtain stylish carriages with an "M" on the door, and she made an arrangement to have one of these and a particular coachman, the best looking one, every time she went out, thus giving the impression that it was her private carriage.

She had found how to get a hairdresser by the month to come to her each morning, saving her the bother of going to the hairdressing shops, and she engaged this girl also at a rate. Under her direction the hairdresser fashioned coiffures for Mrs. Marsh that were the envy of her friends as they were the admiration of her acquaintances. She engaged a maid who had a rudimentary knowledge of facial massage and the application of creams and lotions, and she taught her how to manicure, for in the long years when she had manicured her own nails Mrs. Marsh had become proficient at it. A skilled and competent negro woman, who went out to private houses, was engaged as her masseuse at a dollar a treatment; and her dressmaker was terrorized at her definite knowledge of how she wanted her gowns made, and driven to desperation by her exactions, but careful to keep her patronage, for Mrs. Marsh had become one of the most stylishly gowned women in the city.

As soon as she heard of her husband's copper windfall she went to New York and bought a set of expensive furs, and she demanded a jewel or two to supplement the rather mediocre rings and brooches that she had obtained in years past as birthday and anniversary presents. She had other

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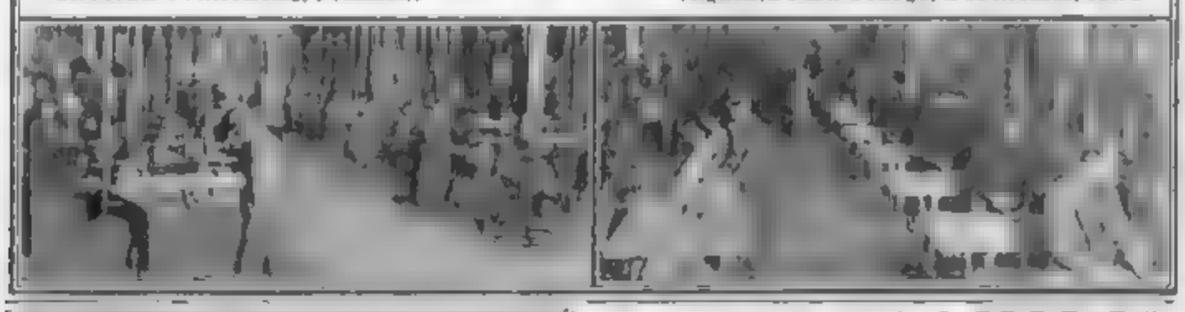

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jewels in mind, but she was content to wait, only she insisted on turning in a number of her smaller jewels and supplementing the proceeds with as much money as she could get, in order to get one striking diamond ornament, preferring one good jewel to a number of inferior ones. She sent abroad for a certain kind of imitation pearl she heard about, and wore them at a function of importance, mentioning in the note she sent to the society editors that "Mrs. Marsh wore a magnificent pearl necklace." Everybody congratulated her on this beautiful ornament, although they said behind her back that it positively must be imitation. However, so were all the pearls the carpers wore.

About this time automobiles began to be the thing. Mrs. Marsh spent hours in finding an automobile that would suit her purposes. She finally ran down a young man who had a machine with a crest on its door, and who was not averse to renting both machine and crest, with a chauffeur, for a reasonable price by the hour. She paid half the cost of a new uniform for the chauffeur, adopted the crest for her own, and people soon thought the automobile was hers and not hired. She went through all the florists' shops until she found a little one on a side street where the florist was glad enough to make rates for her on promise of steady business. She insisted that Marsh should cultivate the keeper of the botanical gardens and get what could be obtained there, for she came to know that one of the perquisites of an influential member of Congress is the loan of potted plants, ferns and other of the rare specimens grown in the old greenhouses near the Capitol. She discovered this one morning after a coming-out party for the daughter of a Western senator. She was a guest at the function, and had observed the fine palms in the drawing room and envied them. Next morning she was driving past this house and she saw men carrying out these palms and placing them in a wagon, and on the side of the wagon was painted: "U. S. Botanical Gardens." A few inquiries were made and then Marsh, under her direction, demanded his share of the ferns, palms and plants whenever Mrs. Marsh needed any for her social affairs.

Dorothy saw her father now and then, and was progressing rapidly toward her completion as a perfected specimen of Miss Capulet's idea of a society young lady. Her commencement came in May, when she was given a diploma that recited that she had graduated with honors from Miss Capulet's institution, was overwhelmed with flowers, cried over by Mrs. Marsh and congratulated on her escape by her father. Congress was still in session, so Dorothy came to the Dewilton to stay a few weeks before going to Morganville and to enjoy Washington, which at that season of the year is the most beautiful city in the world.

A few nights after Dorothy returned to the Dewilton Mrs. Marsh introduced the subject nearest to her heart. They were sitting on a balcony outside their room. The air was balmy and the night perfect. Marsh was smoking, Dorothy was looking down toward the Monument, which towered, a shaft of silver in the moonlight, when Mrs. Marsh began:

"Dorothy," she said, "I trust you have made no plans for the summer."

"Why, no, mother," the girl replied; "except to go back to Morganville."

"We shall spend a very quiet summer," Mrs. Marsh continued.

"Thank Heaven!" said Marsh beneath his breath.

"Yes, we shall spend a very quiet summer resting and preparing for social duties in the fall."

"Oh, mother," protested Dorothy; "you don't intend to shove me into your society, do you?"

"Shove you?" replied Mrs. Marsh, annoyed. "No, I do not intend to shove you, but I intend you shall be introduced in a manner that befits your position."

"What's that?" asked Marsh.

"I said," repeated Mrs. Marsh, "it is my intention to bring Dorothy out in the fall."

"Bring her out of what?" Marsh frowned as he asked the question.

"Bring her out into society. Introduce her formally. She is eighteen now, her education is completed and she must be introduced."

"Oh, mother!" protested Dorothy again, taking her father's hand. "Must I?"

"I fail to see where the hardship exists. I consider you very fortunate. This fall several daughters of very well-known families are to be brought out, and I hear that one of the daughters of the president is to make her début. Think of the advantage that will bring you! Think of the social éclat in coming out the same year as a president's daughter! Why, you will be invited everywhere. You will have the entrée to the very best houses. It is a wonderful opportunity."

"She can trail along with the big ones, eh?" commented Marsh. "I can't see much in that."

"It doesn't make any difference whether you can see much or little in it, James Marsh," Mrs. Marsh replied, "for all my plans are made. Why, I know two women in this city who have held back their daughters—one for a year and another for two years—so that they might bring them out next fall with the daughters of some of the exclusive families. One poor girl is over twenty, and she has been kept in school and in schoolgirl frocks for two years waiting for this year."

"I still fail to see what difference it makes," insisted Marsh. "Why must Dorothy be thrown into this bogus game just because the daughter of a president is coming out and the daughters of a few of the important people?"

Mrs. Marsh shrugged her shoulders. "I am not much interested in what you think of the matter," she said. "The advantages are apparent to me. In the first place I shall set Dorothy's coming-out party early, and the invitation list will include all the recognized smart girls who are coming out this year. Dorothy will be pictured in the papers in company with the daughter of the president and the daughters of the other prominent families. She will be invited to the houses of these people. She will have the tremendous benefit of their social prestige. She will be a bud in the same year with very fashionable girls and for that reason come to be one of their set. These girls will come to our house——"

"To our house?" exclaimed Marsh.

"Yes," Mrs. Marsh repeated calmly, "to our house. Of course now that Dorothy is of an age to be introduced to society we shall take a house and live as befits our position and the position she will assume, instead of poked up in a common hotel with a lot of common people. It is all decided. I have inspected several suitable places, and we shall rent one, the lease to date from the first of next October."

"How much will it cost?" asked Marsh.

"It is too early to talk of that. The great question is to get the right house. I found one place that I think will suit, where the rent is three thousand dollars a season, furnished."

"Three thousand dollars a season!" Marsh jumped from his chair.

"Sit down, James," said Mrs. Marsh. "We must have a house even if it costs four thousand, so you might as well make up your mind to it. Ever since I have been in this city I have slaved and toiled to advance you. I have now arrived at a place where my efforts are beginning to bear fruit. We are in position to grasp a wonderful opportunity."

Dorothy looked at the Monument, still silvery in the moonlight. Her lip quivered and she pressed her father's hand. Mrs. Marsh left the balcony and went into the apartment.

"Poor Dodie," soothed her father. "But we can't help it. It's a part of the game."

"Oh, father," pleaded Dorothy, "I want to go back to Morganville and live there. I hate it all, the sham, the mean plotting and scheming, the falseness and the fraud of it. I want to live a real life, among real people, not in this miserable, artificial, intriguing place. I hate it!"

"Cheer up, dear," comforted her father. "Maybe it will all come out right."

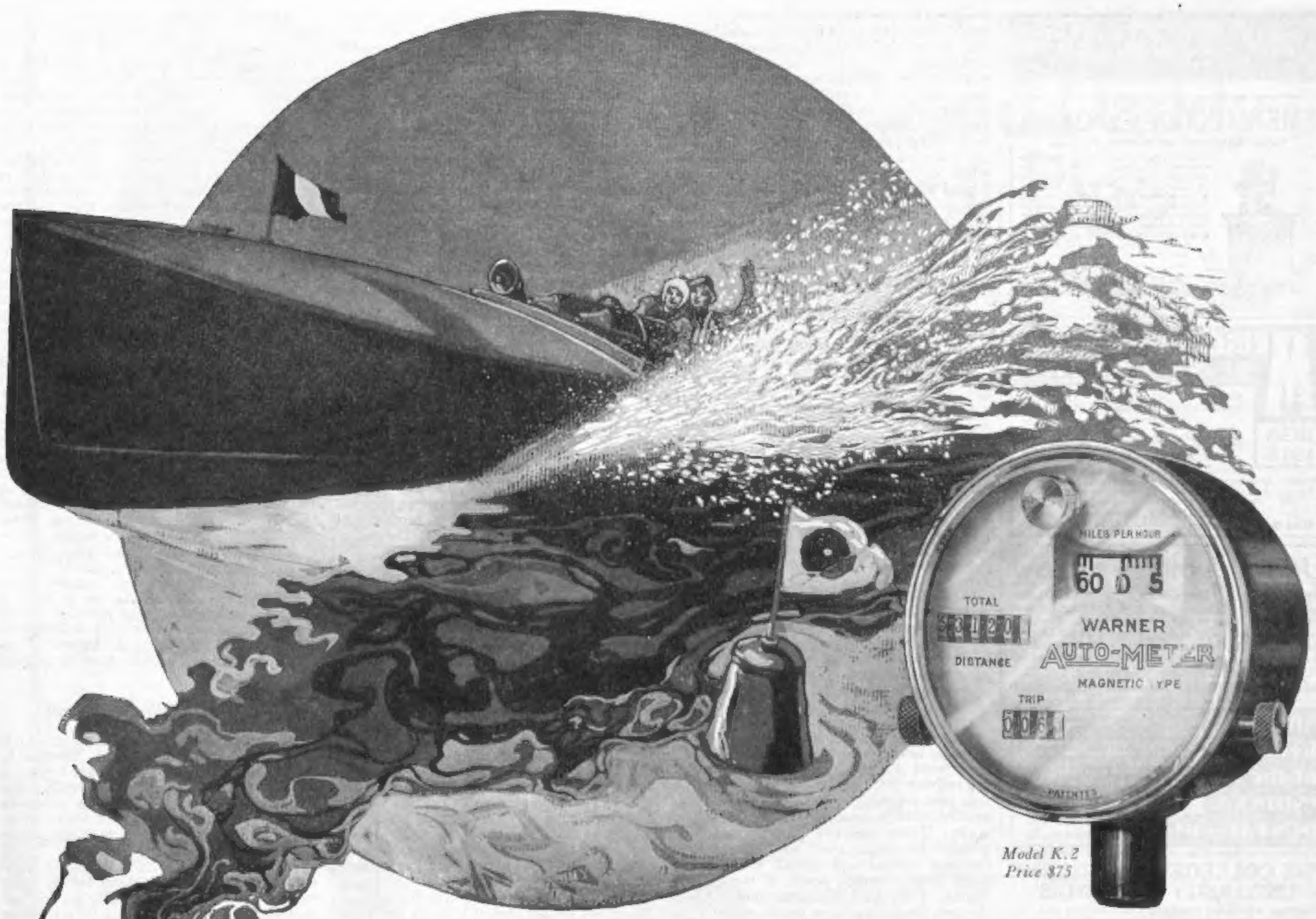
Later in the evening, after Dorothy had gone to bed, very wobegone, Mrs. Marsh said to her husband:

"I cannot understand Dorothy's attitude. She does not appreciate her advantages. She is really a most fortunate girl. Not only will she be introduced into society at a most propitious time, but she is certain to meet some very desirable young men."

"Do you mean to tell me," gasped Marsh, "that you intend to carry this social craze of yours so far that you are deliberately planning to marry that girl off for the sake of position?"

"I am thinking of you and Dorothy," replied Mrs. Marsh.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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(Concluded from Page 30)

work to me. It was all infectious and inspiring; the music full of melody, the story light and pretty. Many of the critics said that I ought to specialize in comedy, cut out my tragic and romantic rôles, and attempt even lighter music and characterization than Zerlina. People seemed particularly to enjoy my going-to-bed scene. They praised my neatness and daintiness and found the whole picture very pretty and attractive. I used to take off my skirt first, shake it well, hang it on a nail, then discover a spot and carefully rub it out. That little bit of business always got a laugh, I do not quite know why. Then I would take off my bodice dreamily as I sang: "Tomorrow—yes, tomorrow I am to be married!"

Green, but Decent

One night while I was carrying the candle in that scene a gust of wind from the wings made the flame gutter badly and a drop of hot grease fell on my hand. Instinctively I jumped and shook my hand without thinking what I was doing. There was a perfect gale of laughter from the house. After that I always pretended to drop the grease on my hand, always gave the little jump and always got my laugh. As I say, nearly everybody liked that scene. I was myself so girlish that it never struck anybody as particularly suggestive or immodest, until one night an old couple from the country came to see the opera and created a mild sensation by getting up and going out in the middle of it. The old man was heard to say, as he hustled his meek spouse up the aisle of the opera house:

"Mary, we'd better get out of this! It may be all right for city folks, but it's no place for us. We may be green; but, by cracky, we're decent!"

One of the pleasant affairs that came my way that year was Sir Morton Peto's banquet in October. Sir Morton was a distinguished Englishman, who represented big railway interests in Great Britain and was then negotiating some new and important railroading schemes on this side of the water. There were two hundred and fifty guests; practically everybody present, except my mother and myself, standing for some large financial power of the United States. I felt much complimented at being invited, for it was at a period when very great developments were in the making. America was literally teeming with new projects and plans and embryonic interests.

The banquet was given at Delmonico's, then at Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and the rooms were gorgeous in their drapings of American and English flags. The War was about drawing to its close and patriotism was at white heat. The influential Americans were in the mood to wave their banners and to exchange amenities with foreign potentates. Sir Morton was a noted capitalist and his banquet was a sort of hands-across-the-sea festival.

I sang that night after dinner. My services had not been engaged professionally, so when Sir Morton wanted to reward me lavishly I of course did not care to have him do so. We were still so new to prima donnas in New York that we had no social code or precedent to refer to with regard to them; and I preferred personally to keep the episode on a purely friendly and social basis. I was an invited guest only, who had tried to do her part for the entertainment of the others. I was honored too. It was an experience to which any one could look back with pride and pleasure.

However, being English, Sir Morton Peto had a solution, and within a day or two sent me an exquisite pearl and diamond bracelet. It is odd how much more delicately and graciously than Americans all foreigners—of whatever nationality indeed—can relieve a situation of awkwardness and do the really considerate and appreciative thing that makes such a situation all right. I later found the same tactful qualities in the Duke of Newcastle whom, with his family, I counted among the closest friends I had in England. Indeed I was always much impressed with the good taste of English men and women in this connection.

An instance of the American fashion befell me during the winter of 1863–1864 on the occasion of a big reception. I was invited to go and asked to sing, my host saying that if I would not accept a stipulated price he would be only too glad to make me a handsome present of some kind. The occasion turned out to be very unfortunate and unpleasant altogether, both at the time and with regard to the feeling that grew out of it. I happened to wear a dress that was nearly new, a handsome and expensive gown, and this was completely ruined by a servant upsetting melted ice cream over it. My host and hostess were all concern, saying that, as they were about to go to Paris, they would buy me a new one. I immediately felt that if they did this they would consider the dress as an equivalent for my singing and that I should never hear anything more of the handsome present. Of course I said nothing of this, however, to any one.

Well, they went to Paris. Days and weeks passed and I heard nothing from them about either dress or present. I went to Europe. They called on me in Paris. In the course of time we all came home to America; and the night after my return I received a long letter and a set of Castilian gold jewelry, altogether inadequate as an equivalent. There was nothing to do but to accept it, which I did, and then proceeded to give away the ornaments as I saw fit. The whole affair was uncomfortable and a discredit to my entertainers. Not only had I lost a rich dress through the carelessness of one of their servants, but I received a very tardy and inadequate recompense for my singing. I had refused payment in money because it was the custom to do so, but I was a professional singer and I had been asked to the reception as a professional entertainer. This, however, I must add, is the most flagrant case that has ever come under my personal notice of an American host or hostess failing to "make good."

It was at about this time that the Meyerbeer craze was at its height. Good, sound music it was too, if a little brazen and noisy. L'Étoile du Nord had been sung in America by my old idol, Mme. de Lagrange, nearly ten years before I essayed Caterina. My *première* in the part was given in Philadelphia; but almost immediately we came back to New York for the spring opera season and I sang this piece as principal attraction. Later I sang it in Boston. It was always good fun playing in Boston, for the Harvard boys adored "suping" and we had our extra men almost without the asking. They were such nice, clean, enthusiastic chaps. The reason why I remember them so clearly is that I never can forget how surprised I was when, in the boat at the end of the first act of L'Étoile du Nord, I chanced to look down and caught sight of Peter Barlow—now Judge Barlow—grinning up at me from a point almost underneath me on the stage. I nearly fell out of the boat.

Memories of Minnie Hauck

We had difficulty in finding a satisfactory Prascovia. Prascovia is an important soprano part and had to be well taken. After many trials a satisfactory singer was found. This was Minnie Hauck. She came into the theater and sang a song of Meyerbeer's, and we knew that we had found our Prascovia. Her voice was very light but pleasing and well-trained, for her teacher was a good one. She undoubtedly would add value to our cast. So she made her début as Prascovia, although she afterward became better known to the public as one of the most famous of the early Carmens. Indeed many people believed that she created that rôle in America, although as a matter of fact I sang Carmen several months before she did. As Prascovia she and I had a duet together, very long and elaborate, which we introduced after the tent scene and which made an immense hit. We always received many flowers after it—I particularly, to be quite candid. By this time I was called The Flower Prima Donna, because of the quantities of wonderful blossoms that were sent to me night after night. When singing The Star of the North there was one bouquet that I was sure of getting regularly from a young man who always sent the same kind of flowers. I never needed a card on them or on the box to know from whom they came. Miss Hauck used to help me pick up my bouquets. The only trouble was that every one she picked up she kept. As a rule I did not object, and, anyway, I might have had difficulty in proving that she had appropriated my flowers after she had taken the cards off. But one night she included in her general haul my own special, unmistakable bouquet. I recognized it, saw her take it, but as there was no card had the greatest difficulty in getting it away from her. I did though in the end!

My general impressions of this period of my life include those of the two great pianists, Thalberg and Gottschalk. They were both wonderful, although I always admired Gottschalk more than the former. Thalberg had the greater technic, Gottschalk the greater charm. Sympathetically the latter musician was better equipped than the former. The very simplest thing that Gottschalk played became full of fascination. Thalberg was marvelously perfect as to his method; but it was Gottschalk who could "play the birds off the trees and the heart out of your breast," as the Irish say. Thalberg's work was, if I may put it so, mental; Gottschalk's was temperamental.

Gottschalk was one of the first big pianists to come to New York touring. He was from New Orleans, having been born there in the French Quarter, and spoke only French, as was the case with so many persons from that city up to thirty years ago. But he had been educated abroad and always ranked as a foreign artist. He must have been a Jew from his name. Certainly he looked like one. He had peculiarly drooping eyelids and was considered to be very attractive. He wrote enchanting Spanish-sounding songs; and gave the banjo quite a little dignity by writing a piece imitating it. He was in no way a classical pianist. Thalberg was. Indeed they were altogether different types. Thalberg was nothing like so interesting, either as a personality or as a musician, although he was much more scholarly than his predecessor. I say predecessor, because Thalberg followed Gottschalk as a touring pianist. Gottschalk began his work before I began mine, and I first sang with him in my second season. He and I figured in the same concerts, not only in those early days but also much later.

Gottschalk Wins a Wager

Gottschalk was a gay Lothario and women were crazy about him. Needless to say my mother never let me have anything to do with him except professionally. He was pursued by adoring women wherever he went, and inundated with letters from girls who had lost their hearts to his exquisite music and magnetic personality. I shall always remember Gottschalk and Brignoli comparing their latest love letters from matinée girls. Some poor, silly maiden had written to Gottschalk asking for a meeting at any place he would appoint. Said Gottschalk:

"It would be rather fun to make a date with her at some absurd, impossible place, say a ferryboat, for instance."

"Nonsense," said Brignoli, "a ferryboat is not romantic enough. She wouldn't think of coming to a ferryboat to meet her ideal!"

"She would come anywhere," declared Gottschalk, as one stating a simple truth. "I'll make her come. And you shall come, too, and see her do it!"

"Will you bet?" asked Brignoli.

"I certainly will," replied Gottschalk.

They promptly put up quite a large sum of money and Gottschalk won. That dear, miserable goose of a girl did go to the ferryboat to meet the illustrious pianist of her adoration, and Brignoli was there to see. If only girls knew as much as I do about the way in which their stage heroes take their innocent adulation, and the wicked lightheartedness with which they make fun of it! But the girls do not; and the only way to teach them, I suppose, is to let them learn by themselves, poor little idiots!

As I look back I feel a continual sense of outrage that I mixed so little with the people and affairs that were all about me—interesting people and important affairs. My dear mother adored me. It is strange that we can never even be adored in the particular fashion in which we would prefer to be adored. My mother's way was to guard me eternally. She would have called it protecting me; but really it was a good deal like shutting me up in a glass case, and it was a great pity. My mother was an extraordinarily fine woman, upright as the day and of an unusual mentality. Uncompromising she was, not unnaturally, considering her heritage of race and creed and generation. Yet I sometimes question if she were as uncompromising as she used to seem to me, for was not the life she led with me, as well as her acceptance of it in the beginning, one long compromise between her nature and the actualities?

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of articles giving the Reminiscences of Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch. The third will appear in an early issue.

The Great Grand-Daddy of the Jimmy Pipe

THIS pipe Sir Walter Raleigh carried back to England and used incessantly, and is no doubt a souvenir of the first authentic introduction of tobacco into England. When Raleigh's fall came, simultaneous with the weakening of Queen Elizabeth's power, and he mounted the scaffold, he held the stem of this pipe in his teeth.

It is related that he handed the pipe to Bishop Andrewes, who administered the last sacraments of the church to him, and the goodly bishop passed it to the Carews, of Beddington, England. From this family it came into the possession of the Glovers, of Croydon, and afterwards to the Bryants, of Reigate, England. W. A. Bryant, of this family, exhibited the relic at Guildhall Museum, London, forty-eight years ago. At that time a parchment was introduced authenticating its history.

The pipe is now the property of Horace G. Blundell, 10 Stile Hall Parade, Chiswick, London, W., England, who received it two years ago from his grandfather, who had married into the family of Bryant.

This pipe is in a splendid state of preservation and is made of Virginia maple wood and is rudely carved with two dogs' heads and four faces of Indian squaws. There is also a whistle cut in the pipe, by which, it is said, Sir Walter Raleigh summoned his servants. It is made in four pieces and is 2½ times larger than this photograph.

This old he-one is the original jimmy pipe that Sir Walter Raleigh probably sat up nights carving while he smoked one extra pipeful before turning in. If Sir Walter had had

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to puff on, he'd have made the original jimmy pipe the size of a log of wood and stayed up all night, because P. A. can't bite the tongue or make you pipe-tired, it's patented.

Those were good Injuns that tipped Sir Walt off to the joy of pipe smoking. Sir Walt deserves a specially soft cloud for introducing the jimmy pipe to Johnny Bull and the rest of us. Prince Albert deserves the everlasting love of pipe fans, for it has brought into the game the real joy of smoking fragrant, delicious tobacco minus the tongue sting and throat torture.

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